

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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ART. I.—THE CRISIS OF FREEDOM IN THE OLD WORLD
AND THE NEW.

THE stupendous, and, we may say, the awful events, tidings of which have been coming to us during the last few months, like successive claps of thunder, or like earthquake-throes, from the other side of the world, must have moved every mind capable of thought to its deepest thinking. The awfulness of this tremendous crisis in human affairs, to our minds, lies especially in this, — that men, civilized men, are now irretrievably committed to the solemn trial of self-government. What this implies, what qualities it demands, — what wisdom and sobriety, what social effort and what social disinterestedness, are necessary to make the experiment safe, — whether it has been well and wisely begun by the rush of multitudes into city streets to break down and to build up, — all this, to our view, is matter of momentous inquiry. But whatever shall be thought of it, whatever shall be thought of this great experiment on a scale as vast as Christendom, — whether it be regarded as a light thing or as a serious thing, — it is certain that the time has come! Big with unseen and incalculable issues, the birth-time of momentous ages, the beginning of what no mortal eye can see to the end, — it is come! The great hour has struck, in the fortunes of men! Looked for, waited for, believed in, expected, — but expected to come only after long preparation, expected among the slow results of centuries of changes, — the hour has struck suddenly, decisively, with startling distinctness, with a

stroke like that of doom, which tells us that the hand upon the dial can never go back. Hereditary power had only two reliances, — the strength of opinion, and the standing army. Both have fallen. Reverence is gone; the standing army has melted into the mass of the people. The people are now the incontestable sovereigns. All the slighter the demonstration of their power is, all the stronger is the argument that seals the doom of absolute monarchies.

And were ever causes so apparently slight followed by consequences so stupendous? The story almost exceeds belief. Really, it is difficult to comprehend it, to credit it, to feel that it is not a dream. A few thousands of people gathered themselves in the streets of Paris, one Thursday morning (it was the twenty-third of February last), — a mere populace was there, — without plan, without organization, without leaders. The monarch sat secure in his guarded palace; he remembered that

“Such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason does but peep to what it would”;

he remembered, too, that thirty thousand troops hedged him around, and that a hundred thousand were almost within call; he was secure, he smiled at danger; when suddenly the cry comes, “The people are up!” and on the instant, the Bourbon monarch springs through his palace-gates, like a thief at night, glad to escape on any terms. Times have changed: no hurdle bore the last king of France to the guillotine, but a common street-carriage served to carry him through the gates of the city; and he is gone!

“What!” exclaim the people of Europe, “so easy? So easy to be rid of a king?” And in Vienna, and in Munich, and in Berlin, they gather themselves together, — they had already done it in Naples, — they gather themselves together without concert, — sometimes a crowd of students, sometimes a throng of artisans, — they come under the king’s windows, and they say, “Give us a constitution; give us the freedom of the press; give us trial by jury; give us liberal and just institutions”: and immediately, from all palace-gates and windows, comes the answer, “We will, we will, good people; we will do any thing; we will concede every thing.”

Is not the battle fought? Is not the victory won? Can there be any more doubt of the ascendancy of the people?

It seemed to us, perhaps, imbecile and pusillanimous for monarchs thus to submit ; but they understood the crisis better than we did. They knew that resistance was vain. They knew, light as these demonstrations seemed, that there was an overmastering force behind. They knew that these popular ebullitions in their capitals were but as street dust and rubbish, swept up by the first breath of a rising storm, and that the whole atmosphere of the world would soon come rushing on in the same resistless current.

A change is come over the civilized world, as it were in a night. The people are precipitated upon self-government. Are they prepared for it ? But we wish to take a larger view of this crisis, — of what it is, — of what it involves. We think that a Christian journal owes a duty at the present moment to the cause of right thinking. To fulfil it, as we may, is our design ; and it is taken up as modestly, we are sure, as the subject is vast and momentous. If there be any want of modesty in our undertaking, it will appear in the fact, that we are about to express some opinions which apparently, if we may judge from the newspaper press and from legislative congratulations, are not in accordance with those which prevail around us. We have sympathies with the great movement in Europe, which we share with many. But we have doubts, at the same time, which apparently are entertained but by few.

It is true that they are matters of opinion which we propose to discuss ; but let no one think that they are matters of idle speculation. It is one of the incumbent, the urgent *duties* of the present epoch, to form, if possible, right opinions. What is the stupendous force that is upheaving almost all the institutions and governments of the Old World ? It is opinion. Ideas have got in among the people, fostered by education and circulated by the press. Ideas have got in and gone down among the people ; theories, industrial, social, and political ; thoughts of a better condition ; notions, perhaps, of some impracticable freedom and felicity ; but for these, all would have remained quiet. “ Vain theories ! ” says the obstinate conservative, intrenched in his own theories and his time-hallowed institutions ; “ vain theories ! Utopian dreams, like those of Rousseau ! ” But those dreams, let us tell him, have startled the world to waking life. And what is it that now agitates our own country, also, throughout its entire extent ? It is an idea ; it is a moral

theory, — the theory of free soil and free men.* Nor these alone ; but ideas of extending territory and national aggrandizement, on a broad scale, and questions in obscurer channels, about rent and property and the right to labor and to the land, are spreading themselves through the country, and demand to be gravely and wisely considered.

Let us, in the first place, turn our eyes to what is passing in the Old World.

In the whole of Europe, with the exception of the semi-barbarous empire that lies upon the North, we seem to see but one thing, — a universal movement in one direction. Every thing has, for the time, yielded to this. Projects of national aggrandizement, schemes of diplomacy, invasions of the barbarians without, in Algeria or Afghanistan, a royal marriage in one quarter, a liberal pontificate in another, the *Zolverein* and free-trade excitements in others, — all have given way before this stupendous movement. One thought, one subject of agitation, one point of hope or fear, occupies the attention of the whole civilized world. As single as the sweep of the tempest, and as swift, one impulse has run through all the nations of Southern Europe, from the Atlantic to the borders of Asia. What is it? Only the blindest political bigotry can fail to see that this is no chance ebullition, but a general tendency of men's minds. They ask for liberty. They ask for freer governments, for better institutions. This is the cry that goes up from the gathered crowds of Paris and Berlin and Milan and Vienna. People do not rush into the streets armed and ready to die, without cause ; nor do they everywhere take up and repeat one watchword, without meaning. Something is the matter with these weary, old, sluggish dynasties of Europe. The people are not satisfied with them. And the time has come, in the world, when the people's being satisfied is a thing of some import. For ages the question was not asked, and nobody cared, whether they were satisfied or not. But it is asked now, and must be answered.

"The people!" we hear it exclaimed by legitimacy across the water, "the people! it is not the people. Certain mobs, the miserable *canaille*, bands of felons, the idle, reckless, and desperate class that prowls for plunder, and is

* We do not use these words in any technical sense, nor as applied to any party.

led on by a licentious press, — these have turned the world upside down.” Is this likely to be true? Before street mobs, representing no idea, no public sentiment, no wish of the people, have strong and stable governments fled in consternation? Has the fearful tocsin given “an uncertain sound”? Let us ask ourselves how it would be under a government like ours, to which we are all devotedly attached, — how it would be, we say, if a mob should appear in the streets of any of our cities, professing to be arrayed against the government of this country. It would be simply ridiculous. It would give us no more concern than a collection of idle boys around an evening bonfire. In fact, it was originally the spectacle of our own free and happy institutions that, for good or for evil, gave the impulse to this great demonstration in Europe.

We do not say, that all the people of Europe, or the majority of them, desire to adopt our form of government. But we say, that they desire great changes, and changes that bring them nearer to us. They desire representative forms, and trial by jury, and a free press, and a restricted monarchy. Many of the English writers are taking great pains to prove, with regard to the French demonstration in particular, — the outbreak in Paris which has set all this current in motion, — that it was a fortuitous and aimless movement. They say that it proceeded from somebody they know not who, — from something they know not what. They say it was *not* the people, but a mere mob; that the people of France did not desire a republic, and will not have a republic after all, except in name. But as to the cause of this movement, is there any thing mysterious? We all know that it was the suppression of the Reform banquet. And what was the Reform banquet? It was a meeting, under the name and semblance of a banquet, to discuss and advocate reform, and especially a reform in the franchise. Who demanded it? An unknown mob! Deputations from all parts of France, multitudes of respectable persons in Paris, and leaders in the Chamber of Deputies, — were these an unknown mob? And with regard to what a republic is, we care not to dispute about words, and we can well believe that multitudes of the substantial classes in France would prefer almost any thing to the present state of derangement, financial distress, and painful insecurity and apprehension, — but as to what a republic is, the French people have signified, through their

assembled representatives, their choice of an elective presidency, one chamber, and universal suffrage, — rather more of a republic than our own.

We say the people make this demand ; for, really, if this movement were nothing but a chance-medley in human affairs, if it were nothing but a rushing hither and thither of the lowest populace, without any aim, it could not be the subject of any serious or religious consideration, — hardly so much as the earthquake or tornado. We do not look upon it in this light. We regard it as a great and solemn epoch in human affairs, and one that is worthy of the deepest meditation. We believe that it is a distinct step — we do not say the best that could be taken, but a distinct step — in the progress of the world. When, in future centuries, some philosophical historian shall investigate the course on earth of that grand element of all progress, human freedom, we believe that he will speak of this great movement in Europe as the most remarkable development of that principle yet known in the world. We believe he will speak of a time, and that the present time, when, instead of rising and falling here and there, amidst this and that struggling people, this high leading-staff and standard of all human progress swept with its train through the whole civilized world. We believe that he will speak of a time of great promise, but of great peril too ; and it is this latter consideration that especially draws our attention to it.

In this view, we deem it of the utmost importance, that all sober and thoughtful men, who are accustomed to communicate with the public mind through the press, should utter their thought, and their soberest thought, on the present crisis. And what word goes out from this country, from this great exemplar republic, to Europe, we believe to be of the utmost importance. Lord Brougham asserts, in his late Letter on the French Revolution, that the press in America and England has had the most powerful influence upon the proceedings of the French people. Never, indeed, was the utterance of grave and sober thoughts more urgently demanded. Solemn hours are passing over the world. A stupendous drama is bringing forward its events and its actors, one by one, upon a theatre curtained in the background with impenetrable shadows. The world is heaving from side to side, with the throes of a moral earthquake, such as never was known before, since the beginning of time.

It was natural that we in this country, and that many thoughtful men in all countries, who were waiting and watching for better fortunes to rise upon the world, should hope that the day was even now breaking. Visions we have had — visions, all meditative and philanthropic men have had through all ages — of better days to come ; of times when kings shall rule in righteousness and the people shall dwell in safety ; when wars shall cease and oppressions shall come to an end ; when justice shall be enthroned in the high places of the world ; when a just equality and a gentle brotherhood shall take the place of class and caste, Oriental or feudal ; when every man shall sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, to eat the fruit thereof in peace and freedom, unmolested by any unlawful exaction, tax, burden, annoyance, or restraint. Let us dwell upon the picture, (alas ! it is only a picture,) — a grand mansion for him whose lawful means, inherited or acquired, can afford it, yet fuller of love than of luxuries ; but a neat cottage for him who has not such means ; a green sod or a swept floor for his children to play upon ; a sufficient garner for his simple wants ; a shelf of books for quiet Sundays and leisure evenings ; a life lived in this world as in the house of the common Father, a life lived as among the children of God ; reverence in the heart, love, content, gladness, in every heart's abode ; and when trouble comes, when sorrow comes, something better to meet it than ignorant stupor, or wild and brutal rage, or despair ; and when death comes, that comes to all, a looking out with hope from this primary school of being to the realm of eternity. O, is this too much to ask for a human existence ? Is it too much to expect, that a world of intelligent beings will, in some far time, come to this ?

Is the day breaking *now* that is to lead to it ? We know not. Those words of the prophet, once uttered in answer to a similar question, strike upon our ears with a stern significance, — “ The morning cometh, and the night also ! ” The world's order is mutation. Backward and forward the pendulum swings, that moves on the slow register of human progress. The morning cometh, and the night also. It is yet night. The morning of the better day that is to come is hardly yet spread upon the mountains. In the night-time are we yet living, — groping in darkness, pursuing shadows, phantoms of good, or flying from phantoms of evil, flying from toil, from moderate place or fortune, and struggling for power,

wealth, fame, as for life ; when love, ay, a little truthful love, generosity, disinterestedness, would fill our lives with happiness, dignity, and honor. In this night-time, what masses of misery lie heavy and dark upon the world ! The lives of thousands and millions of our fellow-beings, to-day, are filled with gloom and despair. It must not be thought strange, if there be strife and wrath and revolt among them. Who of us could bear their lot with patience ? They live like brutes, and they die of starvation. Starvation ! gaunt and slow-wasting hunger ! Well did one among us say, " I have seen and witnessed every other form of human calamity, but I do not know what starvation is." But in the thronged abodes of the Old World there are multitudes to whom that is no incredible or inconceivable horror. The denizens of *nature*, bird and beast, are better lodged and fed than they. Can *men* be content with this ? Can men, — men of the Saxon or Celtic or Gallic race, worse off than Russian serfs or Roman slaves, — can they be schooled to submission or hushed to silence ? No, they must speak. Out of their great misery they *must* speak, and they must be heard. From the gloom that surrounds them they lift their cry to those above them, and they say, " Watchman ! what of the night ? Is it never to end ? Are we and our children to go down deeper and deeper into this pit of darkness and misery, and are we never to find a way out of it but by the gate of death ? Must we welcome the far-coming Asiatic pestilence as our friend, and bid it sweep us down into the bosom of our mother earth, more merciful than the living hearts above it ? " If we believed that there was no humanity in high places to hear this cry, we would say, Let that which wears the semblance of humanity be swept away in a storm of blood and fire ! But we believe there are many, and an increasing number, who feel for this terrible condition of things. We believe that, amidst many reviling and scorning their brethren, there are many who say, — to the Irish insurgent, to the English Chartist, to the Parisian operative, — " Poor brother ! thy lot might have been ours. Birth in the same condition, indenture to the same calling, pressure of the same circumstances, might have made us such as thou art ; and we, like thee, might have seen wife and children of ours, dearer than life, sinking, in one mass of penury and woe and filth and festering corruption, into the beggar's grave."

We have now presented the worst of the case in Europe, but it is not the whole of the case. In general, there are no just relations yet established between man and man. There is no just regard to man as man. And there is no fair representation of rights and interests and wants in the European systems of government. Wide-sweeping entails absorb and drink up the substance of some countries. Heavy taxes, to support expensive courts and royal families and sinecure places and standing armies, distract the life out of others. Men are environed by unjust limitation and restriction on every side. Their faculties want freedom. They have no fair chance to work out their own welfare.

But now, having gone thus far, having presented, according to our honest conviction, the great crisis that has come in the world, and the great and just demand for relief, — looking, indeed, upon the present movement in Europe as the insurrection of humanity itself against wrong, — we go on to say that we are advocates for gradual rather than sudden relief, for moral force rather than violence and bloodshed. In short, we prefer the English method to the French method, English reforms to French revolutions.*

The great question is, How are long established abuses to be remedied? How are governments founded in injustice and intrenched in wrong to be modified? There are those who say, — “Only by immediate and utter overthrow.” There are those who say, — “Let us not be soft-hearted in this matter; let us have revolt, let us have desolation, let us have blood. Good will come out of it.” Now, for our part, we do not agree with them. There is a reasoning about

* We agree in principle and faith and hope with the language of the Democratic Republican party of Germany, addressed to the people of the United States of America.

“The German republic must come and will come. Our task is but to level the path and shorten it. As long as peace is maintained, and we are not deprived of our right to propagate the principles of pure democracy by the way of a free press and free speech, and to introduce them into practice by the way of a peaceable organization of our party and by free elections, we will be far from using any other means to achieve our ends. Truth, to be victorious, needs nothing but the right to show itself. Already the ranks of thinking and determined republicans are getting thicker and thicker; already the soldiers, influenced by the spirit of liberty, are beginning to desert to the republicans; and if we only get means enough to keep the talents of our party in free action, by and by all will join our movement, except those who see in the triumph of reason the end of their living. Our people, being quiet and strong, will not shed any blood so long as they are not absolutely forced to it.”

this matter, — stout-hearted or reckless, we hardly know which to call it, — which seems to have been learned from the late French writers, who discourse about the horrible atrocities of their own Revolution of 1789 as if they were blessed agencies for good, and appear to regard those days of frenzy and blood as if they deserved to be canonized and made saints' days in the calendar of the world's history. We protest, with the amiable and venerable Chateaubriand, against such reasonings, and say with him, — "No, no ; think of the fusillades ! think of the guillotine ! think of that sea of blood and murders and mangled victims !" We do not believe that this is the best method of mending the world's ways and manners, or of healing its diseases. In short, we make a distinction. Take the case of an individual. Here is a man who, during twenty of the early years of his life, plunges into reckless excesses, and at length, through all sorts of vice and misery and disease, finds his way out to a pure and happy life. Would not a gradual course of improvement to the same end have been better ? It will be said, that great communities cannot improve so ; that they must proceed by revolutions, by violent wrenchings off of great abuses. We do not believe it. We do not believe it, especially in this age of education and books and Bibles, and of easy communication, of steamships and railways and telegraphs. But, at any rate, it must be admitted that this reasoning has a perilous look as to the future. If it is adopted, it will push the masses of men, it will precipitate the world, into unbounded violence, war, disorder, and misery. This may be man's method ; but we do not believe that it is God's order.

It is easy for us, who sit in our quiet homes, three thousand miles off, to look with a calm eye upon the anarchy and strife and bloodshed of Europe. Calmly we can calculate the cost and sum up the account for generations and ages, — the account that is to be settled by the blood and sinews of other men, — the account that is to be written in fiery and bloody lines on other thresholds and other hearthstones than our own. But it is a different thing to those over whom the dreadful scourge is passing. And we were admonished of the difference by the feelings of the Irish emigrants in this country, who, whatever may have been the voice of public meetings here, were suffering, in the late threatened crisis, very painful anxieties for their friends and kindred at home. We may be told, that, in Europe itself, the public press, and

public meetings, and clubs, and processions are cheering on the great enterprise. But we do not hear the sigh that is rising by ten thousands of lately peaceful hearths over their dangers and desolations. Think of two thousand in Holstein slain on one field, buried in one grave. Think of the eight or ten thousand in Paris shot down in the streets,—in Paris, that barely escaped the grasp of a mob, which, if triumphant, would have carried rapine and murder through all her dwellings. Think of the pleasant fields and beautiful cities of Northern Italy deluged in blood. No tongue can tell, no mind can imagine, the amount of distress which this violent uprising has brought upon the world. The general insecurity of property and of life, were there even no loss of them, is a terrible calamity. The Parisian merchant leaves his family for his counting-room, not knowing but, before he returns, the dread *rappel* may summon him into the street, to conflict and death. In Paris and all through France, and all over Europe probably, men are burying the little coin they can realize, in their inclosures and gardens and secret places, to prepare for the days that may be coming. The financial distress alone is immense and incalculable. And all this, perhaps, is but “the beginning of sorrows.”

If, indeed, new and free and prosperous government could rise like an exhalation from this blood-stained soil, it were well. But we do not believe that governments are to be pulled down and built up again, in this easy and summary manner. We distrust the capacity of the people of Europe, in their circumstances, for self-government. We conceive, that, if the process of gradual change through which they were passing had brought them to republican forms in a century, it had been better. We may be wrong in this opinion, and certainly we offer it with the most profound humility upon a problem so stupendous; and we would to God that the solution might be better than many wise men fear. But one thing is very plain. The common inference here from our own condition, that it is well for the people of Europe to try our great political experiment, is rash and thoughtless and of no value. The difference between the cases is immense, and almost inappreciable. It forbids all inference from one to the other. We had a century of preparation for our form of government. M. de Tocqueville was the first traveller from Europe who had the sagacity to point to the municipality of our townships as the very *nucleus* and school of republicanism. We have

a widely diffused education. We have competence and abundance among us. We have an immense back-country opening its gate, a great safety-valve for the pressure and peril of an over-crowded population. The people of Europe, the mass, that is to say, unused to suffrage, unused to making their own laws, and to the tremendous power of popular control over the government, uneducated, too, and ignorant, and pressed in many quarters by poverty and need and desperation, hemmed in by narrow limits and crowding interests and competitions, without any chance of escape, — how are they, on the instant, to take up and carry on the great enterprise of self-government? And the danger, in our view, presses harder upon ten or twenty years hence than it does even upon the present moment.

Besides, great changes were already going on in the European systems. The voice of the press and the people was growing more potential every year. Concessions, reforms, constitutions, were becoming the order of the modern day. Public opinion was gaining constant victories. The awakening mind of the world was fast coming to be expressed in governments, and the tendency was irresistible. If ever a large-seeing man might adventure a prophecy, it was, that in less than a century popular forms would prevail through Christendom. Christian men, too, the friends of peace and humanity, were hoping that the age of moral force had come, and that physical violence was passing away. And now the world is flung back upon that barbarous resort. And to fight what battle? The battle of opinion; the battle, not for territory, not for commercial advantages, not for national honor, — sectional strifes these, comparatively; but the battle for opinion; a contest which may array the whole of Europe into parties, and spread the flame of war over the whole civilized world. Whether the cause of freedom itself is to gain ground by the conflict is perhaps questionable. It may be put back for many a year. Alas! we do but faintly conceive of the horrors of this wide-spreading civil war. It will be a sad account for the world to settle, — to have waded through seas of blood, to find at the end only severer restrictions and perhaps military despotisms.

In fine, this throwing open of the gates of power to a rushing populace, we must say, fills us with terror. We are affrighted at this levity in the overthrow of governments, and at the threatened contempt of all government. It is found

alarmingly easy to achieve such tremendous results. This violent wrenching of the whole order of civil polity, — this prying up by main strength of its foundations, and sudden unloosing of all its bands, — this is not, to us, the right way of dealing with a structure so awful, so complicated, so connected with the whole fabric of society, of business, of every-day life. And the conduct of those who have put themselves at the head of this enterprise gives us no supplementary assurance that things will go well. How different was the manner of proceeding of our own Revolutionary guides! They fought, indeed, but it was under Fabian leading. They fought; but they reasoned, too, — in a way more patient and practical, indeed, than ever was seen elsewhere under similar circumstances. John Adams's Defence of our Constitutions was a most careful and elaborate analysis, through three volumes, of all the free systems of polity from the beginning, with a view to educe the wisest and best. The papers of "The Federalist," — the immortal labors of Hamilton and Madison and Jay, — and the State Papers of that period, were filled with the most sage and deliberate reasonings upon the practical working of the system we were adopting. Here were statesmen qualified to guide a people, worthy to preside over the birth of a new order of things. How was it in France? What pledges of wisdom did the Provisional Government give us? Some papers and speeches of a noble spirit there were from Lamartine, we grant; but generally, ideas, theorems, powerless edicts which were expected to execute themselves, leanings on every side to the popular breeze, and, in fine, the project of an ultra-democratic constitution, with one chamber and universal suffrage. They began where we are ending. Suffrage was not universal with us at the first: and well that it was not. Communities must *learn* to govern themselves. The burden of power must be let down gently into the bosom of the people. The whole process must be deliberate and practical. It is not so in France. Fine words and Utopian theories instead; "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," over all gates and church-doors. One is tempted to say, Would that the French people might *dramatize* themselves into liberty! for there is no chance of their reasoning themselves into it.

There is one question connected with this movement which demands attention, and that is the Social Question. In this, perhaps, lie the great problem and peril of our time. The

higher and lower classes, formerly far apart, always opposed, have now come nearer to each other, at least by the development of conscious rights in the latter. They now stand confronted ; and the danger is of an obstinate and fatal conflict. In this state of things, it is of the utmost importance to disabuse them both, as far as possible, of unreasonable and irritating prejudices, and, in this view, we must express our opinion, that many things are said with too little qualification and of a very dangerous tendency. It is implied in much that is written upon the present condition of the depressed classes, that this condition is owing to the classes above them, — to rich employers and grasping capitalists. But is this true? Let us look at it. The civilized world has been for a long time in a state of comparative peace. Population has rapidly increased. Laborers have multiplied, and production has outgrown demand. The consequence has been a competition among them for work. They have underbid one another. Wages have fallen to the bare life-supporting point. Whose fault is this? Nobody's, that we can see. It is no one's fault directly and immediately. Remotely, one may say, the condition of the suffering classes is owing to oppressive governments, to unequal institutions, to the entail of estates and immense accumulations in few hands, to enormous national debts and consequent heavy taxes. But all this was the heritage of the past, the fixed order of society, and it could not be changed in a moment. No doubt, freer institutions, extended suffrage, and the substitution of fee and freehold for rent and lease, would have given a spring to the individual energies of the people. And yet we do not see that free institutions and a chance for all, like our own, will altogether prevent the running down of wages. Whose fault, then, is it? we repeat. Is it the fault of the laborer? He has done but what all men do when commodity is in excess,— sold it for less. Is it the fault of the employer, the capitalist? He could not help it. If a neighbouring estate or manufactory is employing workmen at a less price than he, they undersell him, and he cannot go on. Generosity here is out of the question in all ordinary cases ; for it would soon make the employer a bankrupt, and then he must stop at any rate, and his men would have *no* wages. It is out of his power, we repeat, to arrest the descent of wages.

No ; here is a crisis come upon the world, for which nobody, as we view it, is immediately responsible, — which

presses heavily upon all, employer and laborer together, — which presents the most difficult and confounding problem that ever engaged the attention of mankind, and which modern society must labor with all sobriety and earnestness to solve. Exasperation, strife, bloodshed, will not help the case, but only make it worse.

Solutions are offered, plans are proposed, with much confidence ; and in this great distress of the case, we are tempted to feel as if we could resist nothing that comes in the name of help. We confess that we do not very well understand some things that the projectors say, and that we cannot think that other things are feasible. We do not understand, for instance, what is meant by “the *right* to labor,” or by “every man’s *right* to the soil,” or to “a protected homestead.” And we cannot see how men, generally, are to be persuaded to leave their separate and independent family state, and to come and live in immense hotels or boarding-houses, called “communities,” or “phalansteries.” But if there be any practicable or plausible device for help, that will do no great harm, however visionary it seem, let it be tried — by those who are willing to try it ; let it, in the name of humanity, be tried.

For ourselves, we do not look to any organic changes in society for help. We do not look for any sudden wrench of the world from its settled habitudes. The relief of society from all its heavy burdens must be gradual. Let a new spirit come into the world, and, without any violent changes, it will make the world new. Let governments feel their majestic, solemn, parental relation to the people. Let all partial legislation, unequal privileges, and unjust monopolies be done away, and let all men have a fair chance for competence, comfort, and happiness. Let education be amply provided for, and let pure religion lift up its glorious standard before the eyes of men. Ay, let men “hear the voice of the Son of God, and live.” “By love,” by love like his, “let them serve one another.” Let this spirit enter into our farms and workshops and manufactories. Let employers feel it towards their brethren around them, and by love serve *them*. Let the sacredness of humanity be felt and recognized beneath the burdens of toil. Let men themselves toil as beneath the great Taskmaster’s eye. Let affection help men, let the love of one another help them ; and they will be helped. Plans of aid and relief there may be, — the good

heart will find them out, — but, perhaps, no *one* plan. Here a joint-stock interest, there some aid in an emergency, — a library, a reading-room, a reverent and humble gathering together in the house of God ; but always a kindly looking after the welfare of all, everywhere a loving heart, — this is the grand panacea for the ills and diseases of society.

In fact, the cause of the present distress is that very freedom which is our boast. Slaves do not die of starvation, nor stand in any fear of it. The Russian serfs do not starve, nor did those of the Middle Ages. They are and were cared for by their masters. But now greater freedom has come, and men are put to take care of themselves ; and through this free action, this imperfect and transition state of the free principle, mistakes have arisen, such as men are always liable to commit when left to their own guidance. This very field of unprecedented free activity, while it has opened to some a path for enterprise and accumulation, is conducting multitudes downward, on the way of stinted fare and crushing toil, towards the gates of death ; and thus the very freedom, the self-guidance, which the world has sought and cherished, has brought it to this terrible crisis ; — to this terrible crisis, we repeat, when volcanic abysses are suddenly opening themselves in the great centres of civilization, and clouds and whirlwinds are sweeping over the face of the world, and Parisian mobs and Chartist grievances and Irish starvation are shrieking through the gloom, and the whole body of old, established society, from the Caspian Sea to the shores of the Atlantic, is trembling for its strongholds of stability and order. And now we say, the energies of this same freedom must and will find out a way of escape and relief, and better order and stability. And now, once more, we say, the text of texts, the text written in God's book of wisdom, from which help is to be preached, is this : — “ Brethren, ye are called to liberty ; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh,” — to the lower and selfish and brutal instincts, — but “ by love serve one another.”

In the opening of this discussion we remarked that there were certain questions which deeply agitate us at home. It is, indeed, a part of that great movement in men's minds which pervades the whole civilized world. Abroad, men are demanding more freedom for themselves. Here, we are demanding it for the slave. We have come, and the whole

world has come, within a few years, to a new view of this whole subject. But at the present moment the demand here has taken a particular form. A determination has very plainly manifested itself in this nation, within a few months past, that there shall be no further extension of the slave system upon our territory. We believe, that, effectively, the battle for free soil is already fought, and the victory won. We rejoice at it, more than we rejoice at any public event within our memory. Whether we are right or wrong, the impulse of our whole heart is to say, We thank God for it !

We rejoice at it, and we give thanks ; but it is in no spirit of unkindness to our fellow-citizens of the Southern States. We respect many of them, whom we know. We believe them to be perfectly sincere and conscientious in the defence of their system. But they must allow us to be sincere too, and conscientious. We believe that enslaving men is substantively a wrong. We cannot get over, nor around, nor away from the conviction, that it is a wrong, which, instead of being extended, should be extinguished as fast as possible. We believe that it is a wrong to human nature, — that it is a wrong to man as man. What it is to man as an animal, we will not now ask ; whether it feeds and clothes him well, whether it makes him comfortable, whether it allows him to be joyous and sportive, or how often it visits him with stripes, gashes him with wounds, sends bloodhounds to pursue him like a dog or a wolf, we will not ask. Human slavery is a wrong to the *nature* that it takes effect upon. It mistakes and maltreats that nature. There stands a human being ; — may his master cultivate his faculties as he would those of his child ? By no means ; it will never do ; he would be no longer a slave. Slavery, then, denies to this nature its inherent rights, denies it progress, commands it to stop, to stand still, — will not, does not, dares not permit it to rise. Why, let me ask any man, the stoutest defender of this system, — Would you think it right to enslave the poorest, meanest, most miserable, most imbecile white man that lives in the next cottage ? Would you think it right, right before God, to seize him or buy him and sell him, and sell his wife and his children, and their posterity for ever after, into hopeless bondage ? The answer is, No. The conscience of all the world says, No. What then ? Can the complexion of a skin — whitened by a Northern sky, bronzed by an Indian clime, or blackened beneath the heats of Africa — make all

this stupendous difference between right and wrong, — make that to be just under one shade of color, which under another would be infinitely unjust? Is this the ethics of the slave system, — that a brand or a chain upon a white skin is a heinous wrong, to make all the world cry out with indignation, and that a brand or a chain upon a colored skin is a righteous and lawful mark and badge?

This is the strong ground of the "Free Soil" argument, but this is not all. The wrong principle works out bad effects. Not as visionary dreamers, not as mere moralizers, do we protest against the slave system; but as political economists, as patriot citizens, as those who wish to see upon their territories the most vigorous and prosperous growth of men. If there were a Upas-tree which could be introduced into California and New Mexico, to spread a fatal blight through all the land, who would permit it to be planted there? Slavery is that Upas-tree. It is a blight to industry, making it a degradation; it is a blight to the very soil, exhausting its fertility; it is a blight to the general education of the white race, from the necessary sparseness of that class of the population; it is a blight to the whole internal activity and mechanical genius and commercial prosperity of any people. Why, one of the strongest pleas for the occupancy of a new soil is, that the old is worn out. It is said, we know, that the torrid zone cannot be cultivated by any but black men. Suppose it were true, is that an argument for making them slaves? But we doubt if it be so. We do not believe there is any region in which white men cannot be acclimated, and accustomed to toil. Are the people of Brazil and Hindostan and Siam black men? And even if the burning line bronzes the complexions of men as they approach it, is that, we repeat, any reason for making them slaves? Do the free and fierce elements, as they sweep around, write *slave* upon the brow which they have darkened?

No, complexion is not the brand of servitude even in the slaveholder's estimation. It is descent from the slave mother, even though her children be almost as white as their master. It is not nature's direction, but arbitrary enactment, that makes a slave. It is "local law." And it seems to us that it would have been much wiser for the slaveholder to have said that the law established a *relation*, rather than a *tenure*, — a certain relation between him and the slave, like the old serfdom, rather than property in man. A human

being to be property! commodity, chattel, implement! Universal human nature cries out upon it with abhorrence. The idea is not tenable, not tolerable, hardly conceivable. No, it is a relation established by arbitrary, particular, local law. The slaveholder is estopped by all natural law from arguing that he has just as good a right to carry his slaves to the new territory as to carry his horse or his plough or his cotton-mill.

But here is the trouble. If the planter were forbidden by the government to carry a certain machine for packing cotton to the new territories, because it was known to injure the fabric, doubtless then he would be offended. But it is a very different kind of offence that he takes at being forbidden to carry his slaves there. What is this difference? Why does this latter prohibition, or the proposal of it, awaken such a peculiar sensibility? It is that the refusal is put on moral grounds. It is our fixed conviction that slavery is morally wrong, that makes our position so exasperating to the people of the South. They say, "You proscribe us by the proposed law. You assail our character. You say that we have among us a practice so bad that it cannot be tolerated. Then we must be bad men. We cannot submit to this." For our own part, we are painfully sensible to this bearing of our position and our argument; to their bearing upon many excellent, honorable, and Christian men. But we must say, that the fault is not ours. We have taken no new ground upon this matter of slavery. It is they that have placed themselves in a new and a wrong position. Pressed by attacks from the North, and indeed from the whole civilized world, and led on by an eminent statesman of their own, they have forsaken the old defensive ground and assumed the offensive. They have forsaken the ground which their and our fathers held, — that slavery was a system entailed upon them, and from which they could not immediately free themselves, — and they boldly maintain that it is a most excellent, a most admirable, a most Christian institution, and ought to be permanent; that it is perfectly just and right to buy and sell men like cattle in the market, and to hold them in bondage for ever. It is this that has brought us into direct, moral collision as opposing parties.

Who shall yield? It is a solemn and momentous question. *We* cannot. If they will not, — if the Southern States choose to break off from this republic and to set up a con-

federacy for themselves, — there are two things, we think, not to mention others, which are to be commended to their very serious consideration. First, it has been very well asked, Which of those States will consent to be border States? Will Virginia and Kentucky, or will North Carolina and Tennessee? They must build a wall far higher than the Chinese wall, or they cannot keep their slaves a month. The bondman will have but to pass an imaginary line, to cross a field, or to leap a fence, and he will be free. Next, the republic, that establishes itself with the feelings and on the simple footing of a preference of the slave system, will lay itself under the ban of the whole Christian world. We should not wonder if some civilized nations should refuse to send ambassadors to it. We should not wonder if by others the very courtesies of private life should be denied to its citizens. The reproach of which they now complain would gather into a weight of universal reprobation that would be enough to crush down any people. They may resent the suggestion now, they may say they are sufficient to themselves; but no family, no community, no nation, can long stand against universal scorn and indignation. The inhabitants of such a country would gradually forsake it; or they would go down in self-respect, in virtue, in character, as certainly as there are laws of the social world that bind them in common with other men.

These are painful things to say; but, in common with many other considerations, they persuade us that there will be no dissolution of this Union. It is painful to say them; but, on such a subject, free, frank, plain words are to be spoken. The true courtesy between honest and honorable men is perfect and fearless sincerity. If we had brothers of our own blood in the South, we should say this to them. We should say, "You cannot separate from us; you cannot arrange any feasible plan of separation; and you would bring upon yourselves the deepest injury and dishonor before the whole world, if you could."

We say dishonor before the world. There is no doubt about that. But we mind not mainly, in this matter, what the world says, what the world calls dishonor. We stand upon the ground of eternal right. Freedom is our nature's birth-right. Where is the man on the face of God's earth who will say, that for the slave to break the chain which binds him, and to flee from it, is an unworthy deed, — is forbidden by

nature's law ? Nowhere. The voice of all the world thus adjudges slavery to be a wrong to humanity. — Freedom, we say, is our nature's birthright. We are "*called to liberty*" by the voice of Heaven, — and now, emphatically, of earth also. A cry has gone through the world, saying, "Up, and demand justice ! Up, and be free !" Justice ! Empires are shaken, thrones tremble, kings grow pale at that word. Justice ! It is the stability of the universe ; it is the throne of Heaven ; it is the guardianship of the world ; it is the law of all time ; it is the empire of eternity !

If we have detained our readers long, the importance of the subjects upon which we have been engaged must be our apology. This is a time for clear, discriminating, fixed, and firm opinion and decision. Never were the moral elements of the world in such commotion as now ; and they are all tending to one point, — the enfranchisement of humanity from all unjust bonds. Freedom ! the moralist's, poet's, sage's theme in all ages, — we do not yet know, perhaps, how precious is this boon to our very nature. No commendation, no boasting, can tell or explain what it is to us. Free speech, free thought, free action ! Speech, thought, action, are nothing without this living element. Friendship is free, and retired life is free, and leisure after success is free ; and more than half the charm of them lies in this. Whatever befalls us, whatever calamity, affliction, or sorrow, O, let us be free ! Put no manacle upon our hand, put no dogma in our head, put no superstition in our heart. The trees wave in freedom on the hills ; the streams flow in freedom ; beast, bird, and insect are free ; the creation is the theatre of freedom : shall man sigh in it, as a dungeon-slave ? One bond there is for him, — bond to lawful headship in the family and the state, — bond to justice, — bond to the infinite Rectitude ; but that bond is perfect freedom.

O. D.

ART. II. — SCOTUS ERIGENA.*

SCOTUS ERIGENA has, perhaps, exerted as great an influence on the course of philosophy as any man since the days of Aristotle. His name has lain for centuries in darkness, condemned to oblivion by the judgment of Popes and Councils. But his books were eagerly read by those who durst not quote them, and proved the fruitful seed that brought forth both the scholasticism and the mysticism of the Middle Ages. We propose, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of his system, as unfolded in his great work, *De Divisione Naturæ*. But, first, it may be proper to say a few words of his life and writings, taking for our authority Schlüter's preface to his edition of this work.

John Scotus Erigena, an Irishman by birth, born probably about the year 828, in a country then celebrated for the culture of letters, was learned in all polite branches, and especially in Greek philosophy and literature. Having perfected himself in these studies, and being consecrated to the priesthood, he went, like many of his countrymen, to France, where Charles the Bald appointed him teacher of mathematics and logic in his famous school at Paris. His natural good-humor, with his witty and lively conversation, greatly pleased the king, whose friendship aided him in promoting sound learning in France. He soon, however, fell into a controversy with the Saxon monk, Godeschalk, concerning predestination. His work defending the Archbishop Hincmarsh, who had condemned Godeschalk, is yet extant. But the Pope Nicolas I. approved the doctrines of Remigius, a defender of Godeschalk, and confirmed the canons of the Council of Valence, which condemned the dogmas of Erigena. After this, Charles induced him to translate the works of the pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite, which Michael Balbus had, A. D. 827, given to Louis the Pious. But when Scotus had finished the translation, he found his only reward from the

* 1. JOHANNIS SCOTI ERIGENÆ *De Divisione Naturæ Libri Quinque. Editio recognita et emendata. Accedunt Tredecim Auctoris Hymni ad Carolum Calvum, ex Palimpsestis Angeli Maii. Monasterii Guestphalorum Typis et Sumptibus Librariæ Aschendorffianæ. 1838. 8vo. pp. 610. [With a preface in Latin, by C. B. Schlüter.]*

2. *Scot Érigène et la Philosophie Scholastique. Par M. SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER, Professeur suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres de Strasbourg. Strasbourg et Paris. 1843. 8vo. pp. 331.*

Church in a rebuke from the Pope, for publishing without license from the Pontiff works so liable to be misunderstood. Afterwards, in the year 870, he joined in the controversy with Radbert, concerning the eucharist. His writings on this point were, in Schlüter's opinion, lost before the eleventh century. The date of his writing the great work, *De Divisione Naturæ*, is not known. But when, in the thirteenth century, the Albigenses appealed to it, and sheltered themselves under the authority of Erigena, Honorius III. ordered the work to be collected and burned. Fortunately, however, copies escaped the Papal fire, and we have the precious volume in a perfect state.

Wearied at length by the perpetual attacks of French priests, and oppressed by the displeasure of Nicolas, he accepted, according to Schlüter, about the year 883, the invitation of Alfred the Great, and became teacher of mathematics and logic at Oxford. Afterwards being made Abbot at Malmesbury, he was slain by his scholars with their writing-styles, in some sudden tumult. A miraculous light shone over his grave, — or, at least, so it is said, — until they gave him an honorable sepulture near the altar of the cathedral. On this account, as well as from the integrity of his life, he was enrolled in the French and English martyrologies. So holy was his life, that never was a whisper raised against his character.

Taillandier considers the stories of his return to England, and his death there, as evidently false ; nor does he admit that we have any knowledge of Erigena's life after he left the court of Charles. He is not positive whether Scotus belonged to any ecclesiastical order, yet thinks it highly improbable that so much learning should have been acquired in that age by one of the laity. From his remarkable knowledge of Greek, it has been conjectured that he travelled and spent some time in Greece. One glaring defect in his Latin style is the copious use of Greek idioms, constructions, and even words.

The most important modern writers on Erigena are Thomas Gale, who published an edition of *De Divisione* at Oxford, in 1681 ; Dr. Peter Hjort, professor of German Literature in Sorö, in Denmark, who published, in 1823, an essay on Erigena and the rise of Christian philosophy ; Staudenmayer, Professor of Theology at Friburg ; and Taillandier, who bases his criticism of the doctrine on the edition of Schlüter. Hjort's and Taillandier's books have the same

general plan, — a threefold division, in which the first part is devoted to the history of the times and the life of Erigena, the second to the exposition of his doctrines, and the third to an estimate of their value and their influence on the thought of the Middle Ages. The estimate which is put upon him by those who know him is well expressed in an extract (given in Schlüter's preface) from Albert Kreutzhage, part of which we will attempt to transfer from his "elegant and untranslatable" German to our English page.

"I have just finished, my dear friend, the little folio of Scotus Erigena, *De Divisione Naturæ*, and thank the chance which brought this splendid and rare work into my hands. In the treatise upon primordial causes, in the second book, we must continually perceive that here may be found, in its fulness, the primordial cause of unnumbered philosophical ideas, which since, divided among whole philosophical systems, have served for their life-principle and centre. Indeed, it is clear, that, if many modern philosophers would be frank, they would be obliged to confess that Erigena had given them their principal thoughts; that from the fulness of his deep and penetrating mind they drew their system-pulse in many varying channels.

"The basis of the new researches into self-consciousness and its trinity, into the deeper insight which has been thence obtained in relation to the being of God, to the meaning of many important teachings of Christianity, to the creation, and to knowledge, — in short, the basis of the most important researches in modern philosophy, — was long before uttered by Erigena in the words, 'Mens etenim et notitiam sui gignit, et a seipsa amor sui et notitia sui procedit, quo et ipsa et notitia sui conjunguntur.'

"The rare union of the greatest acuteness and depth in Erigena appears also in his remarkable, life-breathing style, so that one who reads him in certain moods is entranced, as though he found himself in a temple or holy grove, full of wonderful forms and spirit-voices, prophesying of life's inmost mysteries. . . .

"Günther is disposed to classify the system of Erigena as pantheistic, and indeed we cannot well deny that it often nearly approaches pantheism. To this limit all purely spiritual systems approach, — indeed they pass into pantheism, when the stand-point of self-consciousness is considered the highest; the laws of thought are then transferred to the world as creative agents, while phenomena consist only in their relations; thus the spirit is made all in all. Erigena, however, preserves the boundary line between pantheism and creation. For even when he approaches this limit most nearly, — for example, in the deification of the saints, — he clearly distinguishes between the Creator and the

creature, as may be seen in his strikingly fit illustration of the light which fills the air, and appears to be wholly identified with it, while yet the distinction remains. Erigena's primordial causes, constituting by their procession and return the universe, with the subsistence of the particulars in the universal, remind one, indeed, of Hegel; but Erigena does not mean a return by absorption, consequently not an identity, but simply the indwelling of the creature in the Creator. The next development of them, the categories of Erigena, (which in their objective reality form and constitute the world, while the subjective categories of Kant destroy it,) appears like the pointing out of the conditions under which the ideal, the substance, passes into the phenomena; and through the categories, as identical with substance and its phenomena, their identity also shall be shown.

"With a precise knowledge of the stand-points of physical philosophy, of mathematics, and astronomy in his own time, armed also with a knowledge of the past, intimately acquainted with the old literature of Greek philosophers and the works of the fathers of the Church, Erigena sought to discover the pure treasure of truth in a severely scientific Christian philosophy. He obtained the most extraordinary results, and shows everywhere in a superior manner, equalled in acuteness by none of the later scholastic philosophers except Thomas Aquinas, that the true relation of philosophy to Christianity is not that of hostility, but that only in closer league can they attain their mutual aim of finding the truth; in order that through knowledge the life-giving truth may penetrate us, and we may live by it. If, on the contrary, religion and philosophy become separated, and removed from each other, philosophy rises only into barren, rocky heights, where the higher she goes, the more completely does she lose the substance of truth, and ponder over her own shadow in the empty air, while Christianity is benumbed by dogma, as if it were materialized into an outward form, and the weak and timid eyes of the gazers (who, indeed, take their shoes from their feet in the holy city, but also draw a veil over their eyes) are no longer able to see its rich inner life, to understand the revelation which it makes concerning the highest questions of our existence, to perceive its fulness of truth. The truth, however, can give life and freedom only when we know her, and through her ourselves; know through her what we were, what we are, and what we shall again attain; what is the problem of our being, and in what relations we stand to the universe and to God."

It may also be of interest to copy from Taillandier a list of the writings of Erigena still extant, although several of his works have been already mentioned.

1. Five Books on the Divisions of Nature, comprising his matured philosophy.

2. A controversial work on Predestination, against Gottschalk. In this he admits the predestination of saints, but denies that of sinners; and introduces, in brief, and of course perplexing, language, several strange and bold doctrines; declaring that prescience is equivalent to predestination, denying the eternity of hell torments, and announcing the future change of matter into spirit.

3. A little treatise, never printed, — *De Visione Dei*.

4. A philosophical work, never printed, — *De Egressu et Regressu Animæ ad Deum*.

5. A work burnt by Berenger, in obedience to a Council at Rome, A. D. 1059, — *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*. In this he opposed the doctrine of transubstantiation, then first assuming a positive form. The treatise was for centuries lost, but three years after the publication of Schlüter's preface, a fragment came to light, which undoubtedly came from Scotus's hand. After having denied the real presence, the author gives an explanation of the Sacrament.

"The bread," says he, "represents, not only the body of Christ, but also the body of all his Church, the body of believers; this is the meaning of the numerous grains of wheat which form the bread. As to the wine of the altar, water must be mingled with it, according to the ritual, and it is not permitted to offer either alone, for this reason, because, if the wine represents the blood of Christ, the water represents that of the people, and Christ cannot exist without the people, nor the people without Christ, any more than the head without the body, or the body without the head."

6. At the request of Charles the Bald, he made a new and better translation of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, viz. "The Celestial Hierarchy," "The Ecclesiastical Hierarchy," "The Divine Names," "The Mystic Theology," and ten "Epistles."

7. A Commentary on the preceding, a part only extant.

8. A Translation of Notes of St. Maximus upon Gregory Nazianzen, appended to Gale's edition of *De Divisione*.

9. A beautiful homily on the proem of John's Gospel; the following sentences from which will give the reader an idea of Erigena's style.

"O blessed Paul! thou wast caught up, as thou sayest, into

the third heaven, but thou wast not caught up beyond every heaven. Thou wast caught up into paradise, but thou wast not caught up above every paradise. John passes beyond every established heaven and every created paradise; that is, beyond every human and angelic nature. In the third heaven, thou chosen vessel, and teacher of the nations, thou heardest unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. John, beholding the inmost truth, beyond every heaven, in the paradise of paradises, that is, in the Cause of all things, heard one Word, through which all things were made; and it pleased him to utter that Word and to preach it to men, as far as it can be preached to men; and faithfully he cries aloud, 'In the beginning was the Word.' John was not, therefore, a man, but more than a man, since he went beyond both himself and all things that are. For he could not otherwise ascend to God, except by first becoming God. The holy divine, therefore, transformed into God, a partaker of the truth, announces God the Word, subsisting in God, the Beginning; that is, God the Son, in God the Father. 'In the beginning,' says he, 'was the Word.' Behold heaven open, that is, the mystery of the high and holy Trinity and Unity revealed to the world."

10. A great many verses of various kinds, chiefly distinguished by their mystic theology and imitations of the Greek.

Other writings have been attributed to him without sufficient reason.

Let us now return, as we have promised, to the book on the Divisions of Nature.

By "nature" is meant the universe of being, including all things that are and that are not; that is, all whose existence is within the comprehension of the human mind, and all that does not exist to us, simply because it is beyond the reach of the human understanding. And nature is capable of a fourfold division. Not that there is other than one universe, but that the intellect apprehends it in four aspects, or considers it as lying under four divisions. The first division is that which creates and is not created; the second, that which is created and creates; the third, that which is created and does not create; the fourth, that which neither creates nor is created. The first and fourth divisions can be joined, and are the aspects in which the Creator appears; — the first, when he is considered as the origin and cause of all things; the fourth, when considered as the end and aim of all. The second and third divisions are the different aspects of the

creation; — the second, as it exists in primordial causes; the third, as it is seen in their effects. We have said that the universe of nature is one; not that the creature is part of the Creator, but that its essence is derived from him, for in him all things “have their being.”

The First Book treats of the first division, the uncreated Creator. Uncreated is not, indeed, the precise word, since he does eternally create himself; he is, however, not created by any other power.

The first thing, and the only thing, that can be known of God is, that he is unknown and cannot be known. There is nothing which we can affirm of him, for every affirmation is an equation, and there can be no equation save between finite quantities. Our propositions concerning him cannot, then, be affirmative, but only negative; that is, we can only say, he is more than goodness, more than wisdom, more than essence, etc.; which forms of speech are only concealed negations, not saying what he is, but what he is not. Nothing can be predicated of him which would imply the coeternity of aught else.

“For example: God is called being; but properly he is not being, to which nonentity is opposed [and therefore coeternal]. He is therefore *ὑπερούσιος*, that is, above all being. Likewise, he is called goodness; but properly he is not goodness, for wickedness is opposed to goodness. He is therefore *ὑπεράγαθος*, more than good, and *ὑπεραγαθότης*, more than goodness. He is called *Deus*; but he is not properly *Deus*, for blindness is opposed to sight and blind to seeing. He is *ὑπέρθεος*, more than seeing, if *θεός* be interpreted *seeing*.”

And thus does Scotus run on with all the titles of the Supreme One. He then takes up the ten categories of Aristotle, and shows at length that none of them are predicable of the infinite and unapproachable First Cause. He is not any thing, because he is greater than all things.

“How, then, can the Divine nature understand itself, what it is, when it is not any thing? for it surpasses every thing that is, since it is not itself being, but is the source of all being, surpassing, by virtue of its own excellence, every thing that is, or exists. Or how can the Infinite be defined by itself in any thing, or be understood by itself in any thing, since it knows itself to be above all finite and infinite, and finitude and infinitude? God himself, therefore, knows not what thing he is, because he is not any thing [nescit se, quid est, quia non est quid].”

There is a sense in which God may be called wisdom, and goodness, and love, because all these are contained in him, and are derived from him, their essence. But in strict truth all that we can say of him is, that he is more than being, more than life, more than truth, etc.; which does not say what he is, but what he is not.

It may interest some readers of the present day to know what a Catholic, like Erigena, made of the Holy Trinity. Let him answer for himself.

“Master. Has not that science which you have called theology, and which pertains wholly or chiefly to the Divine Being, proved from the things which he has made, sufficiently and clearly for those who seek the truth, that he essentially exists, but not that his essence itself can be comprehended? For, as we have said, he surpasses not only all attempts of human reason, but even the purest intellects of the heavenly beings. By just reasoning, theologians have shown, from the things that are made, that he exists; from their division into genera, species, etc., that he is wise; and, from the uniform motion and changing uniformity of all things, that he lives. For this reason, they most truly consider the Cause of all things to have a threefold existence. For, as we have said, from the existence of the world, he is known to exist; from the wonderful order of things, he is known to be wise; from their motion, living. Therefore, the cause of all things, the Creator, exists, and is wise, and is living. Thus have the seekers of the truth taught us to understand the Father through his essence, the Son through his wisdom, the Holy Spirit through his life.

“Disciple. These things are proved sufficiently and plainly, and I see them to be most true, although, indeed, his nature or attributes cannot be defined; for that which is infinite cannot be definite. But still, I wish to be told why theologians have dared to predicate Unity and Trinity of the First Cause.

“Master. Upon this question we need have little difficulty, especially since St. Dionysius the Areopagite most truly and excellently expounds to us the mystery of the Divine virtue and Trinity, saying, ‘By no word or name, by no symbol of articulate language, can the Highest, the Creative Being, be described.’ For he is neither Unity nor Trinity, such as can be discovered by the human mind, however pure, or by angelic intellect, however lofty.”

In the Second Book, Scotus proposes, “by God’s grace, to say a few things concerning the procession of creatures from the First Cause of all, through the primordial essence

of causes made before all things by him, in him, through him, into the diverse genera of things in diverse forms and numbers infinite." That is, the book treats of the second division of nature, the created creative, — the primordial causes, ideas, or prototypes. These are inclosed in the bosom of the second person of the Trinity. "In the beginning," says Moses, "God created the heaven and the earth." The "Beginning" is the Logos, the Son, in whom the Father created all things in mental types or ideas; and this is proved by the succeeding words of Moses, "And the earth was without form and void"; for the earth could not have been without *form* and void, or, as the Septuagint hath it, without *parts*, had it existed in time and space. It must have existed, therefore, only in ideas, or first causes in the mind of the Son.

Moses speaks at first of the Father and the Son. "In the beginning," that is, in the Son, "God," that is, the Father, "created heaven and earth." Presently the Holy Spirit appears, "and the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." After that he speaks of the Trinity. "Let us make man." Thus it appears that the Trinity was constituted by the creation, and consists in it. The Son is the fount, the *principium*, the beginning, in which God deposits the causes of things; and the Spirit is the distributor of these powers, the spreader of life over the universe. This order and arrangement of functions is not, however, chronological, but simply logical. For if there were a time when God began to create, then creation were an accident in the Divine life; but the Divine is subject to no accidents; therefore the Son ever is begotten of the Father, and the Spirit is ever proceeding from the Father and the Son. Thus creation is ever going on.

"Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds."

The Third Book, says Scotus, "by God's aid, is to be devoted to the consideration (so far as the eternal light has shone upon my mind) of the third part of universal nature; that is, of that part of the creature which is created and does not create." This created uncreative nature consists of the effects of the primordial causes.

“As from the fountain the whole river, in the first place, flows, and through its channel the water which first rises in the fountain, however far it goes, continually and without intermission runs down; thus the Divine goodness, and essence, and life, and wisdom, and all things which are in the fount of all, first flow into the primordial causes, calling them into being, thence, through primordial causes into their effects, in unspeakable ways, and in the succession adapted to the universal harmony,—flowing through the superior ever to the inferior, and again, by the most secret pores and most hidden paths of nature, returning to their fount. Thence is all good, all essence, all life, all sense, all reason, all wisdom, all genus, all species, all fulness, all order, all unity, all equality, all distinction, all place, all time, and all that is, and all that is not, and all that is understood, and all that is felt, and all that surpasses sense and understanding.”

The book is principally occupied with an examination of the first five days of the creation.

The Fourth Book, beginning with the sixth day of creation, considers the return of all things into that nature which neither creates nor is created. This Fourth Book, Erigena says, will be the last; and as the Fifth Book, unlike the others, begins without preface, and continues the discussion, we suppose it is to be regarded as simply a second part of the Fourth.

In the extracts which follow, it will appear to the modern reader that Erigena uses a fanciful and allegorical mode of interpretation. But we should not demand of him a perfect freedom from the errors of his times,—and in those days no one dreamed of interpreting Scripture according to its obvious meaning. Moreover, Erigena does not so often indulge in the allegorical interpretation of history as in the symbolical interpretation of parables. He conceived that the writers of the Old Testament, and the Apostles of the New, were teachers of the most profound philosophy, and that they taught by means of symbols. Moses never meant, he says (and ingeniously endeavours to prove), that we should understand the story of Eden and the fall as any thing else than a spiritual history. The first chapters of Genesis, in their literal meaning, are, in Scotus's opinion, scarcely better than childish fables, unworthy the Spirit by whom Scripture is inspired. But take them as the symbolical description of human nature, its powers and opportunities, they lead at once to the deepest revelations of spiritual truth.

“The plantation of God, that is, paradise, in Eden, that is, in

the delights of eternal and blessed felicity, we have said, is human nature made in the image of God. The fount in this paradise is that of which the prophet speaks to the Father, 'With thee is the fountain of life,' — that which invites all who thirst for righteousness to drink of itself, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.' The four rivers of this paradise, flowing from this fountain of wisdom, are the four principal virtues of the soul, from which all virtue and good works spring; its 'every tree' is that of which it is written, 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is planted by the rivers of water,' (that is, around which all the oracles of prophets, and all symbols of either law, and interpretations of symbols, and all open and pure teachings, flow,) namely, our Lord the Word, implanted in human nature. The 'tree' of mixed 'knowledge' in this paradise is the indistinct and confused desire of the senses towards divers pleasures, concealed under the form of good, deceiving and destroying careless souls; its 'man' is the mind presiding over all human nature; its 'woman,' the senses, incautiously yielding to which the mind is lost; its 'serpent,' the unlawful delight for which those things that please the carnal sense are unlawfully and destructively desired."

It will be noticed that Erigena allows only two trees to have been in paradise; the "every tree," of which man was commanded to eat, and the memory of which was to be preserved by the cherub light, — and the tree of "mixed knowledge," that is, the natural, corporeal passions, which might be made the servants of man, or, being taken for masters, might lead him to ruin.

Thus was man created in the image of God. And it was his sublime destiny to be the mediator between the creation and the Creator, and to restore them to unity. But from this high post he fell. How? By any act of God? Let the Gospel answer: — "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell among thieves." Now while man remained in Jerusalem, that is, in righteousness, no evil attacked him. It was his own leaving his post, that put him in the power of the thieves, that is, of the Devil and his angels. Sin, then, was not a positive action, so much as the omission of action; it was the voluntary weakness of the will. Temptations could not assail man till he first left Jerusalem, till he ceased to look at God, and looked at himself. It was not that temptation conquered the will, but the will fell and sought temptation, and was overcome. The fall of man, also, is not chronological, but simply logical. For if

man had remained for even one instant in paradise, he would have been in union with God, and thus impeccable. But the Devil was a manslayer from the *beginning*, which must mean that he slew man at the very instant of his creation. Man, being made capable of righteousness, capable of redeeming creation, chose to sin, chose to desert his high post and leave the world without a mediator. What remained? Who could supply his place? There was no intercessor. Wherefore God himself took flesh upon him, to do that which man had failed to do, to restore creation to the bosom of its Creator. That this was the object of Jesus is proved by his own words, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." For "every creature" includes all things, animate and inanimate.

The uncreative uncreated nature is the Godhead, considered, not as the efficient, but as the final cause, the end and home of all his creatures. For "of him, and to him, and for him are all things." All divisions in nature must cease, and all be restored to unity with God. Man is first to be restored, that he may take his true post of mediator, and through him all things are to be brought in. The substance of this part of the doctrine of Erigena is so well given by Taillandier, that we shall, in the remainder of this article, quote, or abridge, indifferently, his language and that of the original work.

"God, having expelled Adam, places before the door of Eden a cherub armed with a flaming sword. Now, according to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, 'cherub' signifies the fulness of wisdom; God has, then, placed before paradise, that is, before the primitive perfection of human nature, the light of wisdom to shine upon the road by which we shall return to Eden. No, this flaming sword is not a symbol of wrath, it is the sign of unbounded mercy. This cherub, this Divine wisdom, is Christ himself, the Logos, who is ever warning us, teaching us, correcting us, and leading us toward spotless perfection. Do we not see all things in nature thus returning towards their point of departure? And has not God put in material phenomena the symbols of sublime truth? The spheres of heaven return to their starting-place, the planets come again to their perihelion, the animals bring forth young, and the plants seeds. There is nothing in creation which is not thus returning to its origin. Examine any thing that lives; the end of its movement is in its very origin. Origin and end, these are but different aspects of the same idea. The Greeks have but one word to translate them

both, τέλος [end and purpose, final cause], thus showing that the origin always includes the end, and that the end is nothing else than the origin. Besides the examples from nature, there are those from science and art, from logic, and arithmetic, and music, which gives an example of the same principle; a song begins upon the tonic, around which it may play in varied melody, but it must end upon its key-note, its [bass] basis and strength. The origin and end of man is his cause, it is God. It is toward God and in God that he must return. Let us mark out the road in which he is to go, and, to do this, let us see to what point he has fallen."

He has fallen among the irrational animals, — he is like the beasts that perish. He has fallen into the death of a body; this is the coat of skins given him after the fall; he could not go lower; body, matter, is the lowest degree of creation. Now this point, which is the last limit of the fall of man and of his overthrow, will be his point of departure to return to God; and the beginning of his deliverance will be the dissolution of his material frame, which he owes, not to God, but to sin. The destruction of the flesh, though it may seem like the vengeance of an angry God, is not a chastisement, but rather a blessing for man, and a means of salvation. Far from giving us to death, it delivers us from death, it is the death of our death.

"This death of our death is, then, the first step towards God; the second is the resurrection; the third is the transfiguration of our body into a spiritual body, into spirit; afterwards, when the spirit, that is, the whole man thereinto transformed, returns to his primal causes, that is the fourth step in this sublime ascension; which will be finally accomplished when man shall live in God, as the air moves in the bosom of the light. Then God will be in all things, and everywhere he alone will be visible. This, let us carefully remember, will not cause human nature to vanish, by confounding the Creator and the creature. God alone will appear in all things, yet our soul will live in him. The air is still in existence when the light of the sun has clothed and illumined it; the iron has not ceased to be, when, all glowing in the flame, it seems changed into fire. No; the air and the iron are only concealed by the light which penetrates and envelopes them. Thus shall our soul be more beautiful, more like to God, penetrated and clothed with his glories."

It is not man alone that is to return to God. All things which he has created shall return again to the Word by which

they were created. Thus saith the Scripture, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Space and time are as transient as the world which they contain; they, too, must pass away; there will be no need of either in those eternal and immaterial regions where there will be nothing to place and nothing to measure.

"To return to our subject: as many divisions, as many evolutions, as there were in the formation of beings, so many reunions and involutions will there be. The first division is into created and uncreated. Created things are divided into those which are perceived by sense, and those which are perceived by intellect. In things of sense there are two great divisions, heaven and earth. Afterwards, the earth was separated from paradise. Finally, the last division is that of the two sexes, which was made in man after the fall. Now this last division will disappear first; there will be no longer man and woman; it will be man. Afterwards, the earth will be transformed into paradise; paradise into heaven; the world of sense into the world of ideas; the creature into the Creator."

"Now all the while we must be careful not to forget that this union will be accomplished without any confusion or vanishing of substances. Jesus Christ gives us an instance of this mystery; after his resurrection, he had no sex; he was man, primitive man, man before his fall; he was wholly man, and wholly God. He was in paradise, though he was visible to his disciples; and when he disappeared, it was not because he retired from their presence, for there was to him no space; but it was because he enclosed himself in the pure spirituality of his body, inaccessible to their yet carnal eyes.

"The first step of this return towards God is, for man, the dissolution of his body; the second is his resurrection. But it is not man alone that shall rise, but also all sensible and corporeal things; the material universe will rise again; it will rise in man, who is its crown. One cannot doubt the resurrection of this world of sense, if one remember that it was created by the Son of God, and that it is in him that its causes subsist. And can the ideas projected in the Logos be perishable? No; that which dwells in life is also life, and cannot die.

"If the human race, as a whole, returns towards God, what becomes of eternal punishment, of that hell-fire with which Christ threatened the wicked? Behold the only reply. Humanity is entire, simple, indestructible, in each individual. Now, since it is

simple, it cannot be corrupted through the fault of individuals. Thus, in the sinner, it will not suffer ; it will be the accidental only, to wit, the corrupted thought, the guilty will, that will be punished. When a judge punishes a guilty man, what does he condemn in him ? The nature of the man, or only his will which did the evil ? His will, of course ; but he cannot separate them, he punishes both at once. That which the legislator here below cannot do, the Judge Supreme will do with ease ; he will separate the nature from the will, and maintaining the purity of the nature, which is his work, and which cannot be evil, he will punish, or rather leave to punishment, that which he did not make, namely, the perverted will of the sinner.

“ All, then, good or bad, are united in paradise, that is, in the primitive perfection of human nature. Only, some are in their thoughts in this paradise, where they are rising still higher and nearer to God ; these are the elect. The rest, that is, the reprobates, are far from paradise in their wicked, impious thoughts, loaded with the darkness of their ignorance and sins.

“ The great mystery of the world, in its double evolution, to wit, the creation, and the return of the creation to God, is now accomplished ; and as we began with God, it is with God that we end ; with that God, at once present and concealed, whom we cannot name, but whom we ever see in all things ; with that God, who, being infinitely above the world and before the world, yet fills it, and gives it life through his own being ; and, like the light of the sun in the glowing air, ends by becoming alone visible in all things, whilst, moreover, he rises infinitely above even this new transfigured creation, and none can attain unto him, even in deification, unless it be Christ the Son.”

Such is the system of Scotus Erigena ; and it must be tried, not by the light of the nineteenth, but by that of the ninth century. While we dissent from his modes of interpretation, and from many of his particular conclusions, we should remember that it is a decade of centuries since the day of his attaining manhood ; and that, during that period, great progress has been made in the course of human thought. No man is to be judged by the things in which he conforms to his age, so much as by those in which he leads and moulds it, or stands in advance of it. Still less is a man to be condemned for not knowing things that were not discovered for ages after his death. It does not make us deny the genius and power of Kepler, to find him believing in astrology, and ignorant of that law of gravity whose existence is demonstrat-

ed by his own discoveries. We reverence the penetrating intellect of Aristotle, and his searching powers of observation, even though his reasoning was sometimes absurd, and his catalogue of animals does not enumerate the fauna of New Holland. No ! the genius of Kepler prepared the way for Newton ; and that of Newton, the path for Leverrier. Each of these names awakens the same deep reverence in our hearts. The labors of Aristotle did not lead to the same discoveries as those of Cuvier, nor was Cuvier acquainted with the results of the latest researches into embryology. But none the less true is it that Cuvier's genius and his studies were the necessary forerunners of the zoölogy of to-day, nay, his discoveries form some of its best and most important parts. Published to-day, the system of Erigena were a strange, antiquated, and useless thing ; published in the middle of the ninth century, it was the first fruits of the cultivation of the Germanic race, under the influence of Christianity ; it was the introduction of intellectual life into the Church, and of true religion into philosophy ; it was the beginning of the growth of theology as a science.

Taillandier (whose discussion of Scotus's life, doctrine, and merit is very full and impartial) says that Erigena united in his system the characteristics of both the Platonic and the Alexandrine schools, but added to them a new and Christian spirit. The Neo-Platonists denied all attributes to God ; the Alexandrines made him present in all things, but not accessible to the human soul. Scotus reasoned like a Neo-Platonist, and like an Alexandrine, but also like a Christian, by insisting on the freedom of the will, and the perpetual personality of the individual ; and made the Infinite Spirit a present Father to his earthly children. The doctrine of Erigena, that philosophy and religion are the same, was the foundation of the two principal schools of the Middle Ages. The scholastics affirmed that philosophy is religion, and so neglected religion to study philosophy. The mystics asserted that religion is philosophy, and therefore neglected philosophy to muse and pray. But this doctrine of our Scotus is no antiquated thing. We find it, to-day, combined with a belief in " primordial causes," in the earnest and glowing words of a living divine ; who says,* " that a certain capacity of elevation or poetic ardor is the most fruitful source of dis-

* Bushnell's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, pp. 31, 32.

covery" in science. "The man is raised to a pitch of insight and becomes a seer, entering into things through God's constitutive ideas, to read them as from God. For what are laws of science but ideas of God, — those regulative types of thought by which God created, moves, and rules the worlds? Thus it is that the geometrical and mathematical truths become the prime sources of scientific inspiration; for these are the pure intellectualities of all created being, and have their life, therefore, in God. Accordingly, an eloquent modern writer says, — 'Those pure and incorruptible formulas which already were before the world was, that will be after it, governing throughout all time and space, being, as it were, an integral part of God, put the mathematician in profound communion with the Divine Thought.'"

We have sought to give our readers some idea of the system of Scotus Erigena, a man of small stature, but of great genius, extensive and profound learning, "a logic worthy of Plato and Proclus," a lively imagination, strong common sense, a shrewd native wit, and a divine instinct to recognize the highest truth wherever it may lie concealed, — who rejected, from an instinctive impulse, all the erroneous consequences which might be drawn, by a falsely strict logic, from his doctrines. He saw that the true office of logic is to legitimate the deductions of reason, not to usurp the office of reason in drawing those deductions. Hence, he did not lose the soul, as did the false mystics, in the return to God. There was a union of substance, but no confounding of persons. Thus, while he kept bright the glorious views of the future life which mystics enjoy, the future dwelling in the bosom and essence of Deity, he did not lose the personal consciousness, the memory of friends and recognition of them, and all the other hopes which, to the common believer, hang round the doctrine of the resurrection. So, too, while he placed the Divine Being far above the region of things and far above the reach of mortal understandings, making the only knowledge of him to be the denial that he is any thing, he at the same time made him present in the human soul, not far from any one of us, able and willing to hear our cries and grant us all things. Nor, on the other hand, though he made union with God to be the end of life, did he at all favor either ascetic retirement or indulgence in fanatic zeal and an impious fervor of piety. He kept near to God, yet separate from him. He neither allowed the universe to be a machine from which

its Author was remote, nor did he confound it with its Author and make matter to be part of the Godhead.

The doctrine of Scotus concerning the identity of religion and philosophy was, as we have said, the foundation of the two principal schools of the Middle Ages; the scholastics predicating religion of philosophy, and the mystics philosophy of religion. Scholasticism, and mysticism, and false mysticism, have played their part; new schools in philosophy and science have arisen, and new modes of thought prevailed; but the teaching of Erigena is the unseen basis of them all. Philosophy and religion are one and the same; the one seeking for the truth of God, the other for the God of truth. Theology is the only science; for what are physics and metaphysics but the study of God's works? — and even the mathematics, are they not, to say the least, illustrated by him alone? Creation is a set of diagrams — what others can he have? — for the geometer; so that, even if space and time be independent of the Creator, they are measured only by motion; even algebra and geometry imply, therefore, motion; motion implies force, and force will. All things, then, are of God, and we understand nothing until we are reconciled to him. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,” and wisdom is perfected in us only so far as Christ is formed within us, only so far as we are lifted into the life of Christ, are made one with him and with Him that sent him, see and feel that all things are of God, see that there is a sense in which we may speak of “the identity of the law of gravity and purity of heart,” both alike the law and working of the Father's love.

In chemistry, botany, zoölogy, geology, mathematics, the highest thinkers are men of deepest religious thought. The “connection of the physical sciences” is becoming clearer, and a tenth Bridgewater Treatise might be made less “fragmentary”; the “history of the inductive sciences” is ever showing clearer “indications of the Creator.” It is daily more evident that no “system of nature,” nor of “logic ratiocinative and inductive” can deny to “faith the things that are faith's.” We are glad, that, both in Germany and in France, men are paying some homage to Scotus Erigena, the first to say, what all must confess to be true, that, in the intellect, philosophy and religion are one and the same.

T. H.

ART. III. — THE WATER CELEBRATION.*

WHAT is most simple and common around us, so as ordinarily to escape even our notice, often involves matter of surprising significance and deep meditation. When we look upon so familiar a thing as rain or dew, a mass of vapor, or a cup of cold water, we do not reflect, perhaps, that we are contemplating one of the most mysterious elements and everlasting agencies of the Almighty, — the great instrument, indeed, which, in connection with fire, he has used in all the fashioning and disposing of his universe. "In the beginning," after the general act by which "God created the heaven and the earth," before even the light was, the first thing, as we read, that took place on the earth, when "it was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," was, that "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"; and only after their right distribution did the earliest blade of grass appear, the fruitful tree arise, "the moving creature, that hath life," animate the scene, and "the fowl fly in the open firmament of heaven."

As we ponder such a process, complacency at our own doings gives place to admiration of the Divine. It has been of late a season of jubilee in this city. A stream from one of nature's reservoirs has been led for twenty miles beneath the ground, through hills and rocks, across swamps and rivers, to pour its refreshment into the heart of our city; and the magnificent triumph of human energy and skill has been celebrated with unparalleled displays of splendor and rejoicing. And whether we look at the greatness of the work now accomplished, its vital connections with the health, happiness, and morality of a great city, its relation to ever-increasing and future wants, or at the difficulties and delays attending the inception and progress of the enterprise, this final outbreak of joy at its completion will hardly seem strange or excessive. Certainly no procession for a military triumph, no exultation over the fatal working of the arts of destruction, can have any claim to the justification that may be pleaded for the, perhaps somewhat, showy and expensive

* *Speeches of Nathan Hale, Chairman of the Board of Water-Commissioners, and of Mayor Quincy, on Occasion of the Introduction of the Waters of Lake Cochituate into Boston, Oct. 25th, 1848. [Published in the newspapers of the day.]*

parade and display which was witnessed. Surely the bell rings, the cannon roars, the people shout more reasonably for such a victory for human subsistence and good than for all the ravages made in human life and substance. But the deeper, universal, silent gladness in possessing and using the boon will better mingle in the true proportions the mutual congratulations of the people with their gratitude to Heaven.

Rock, hill, river, and morass have not been the only obstacles in the way of this magnificent achievement of blessing. Its proposal and initiation had to encounter a more serious resistance in the inert indifference or active opposition of many, even from among those whom it was afterwards so greatly to benefit. Doubt, fear, interest, stood long against this, as they always do against every noble undertaking, whether of material or moral improvement. But we will not dwell upon this hostility and coldness in the past, believing, that, however conscientious they may have been, they are now converted into friendliness and zeal, and are lost in the common thanksgiving. There can be no question, now at least, we presume, that the right source of supply has been chosen, and that it has been opened none too soon for the comfort, if not the absolute necessity, of our population. From the Speeches named at the beginning of this article, we learn that the subject of supplying Boston with pure water was first introduced to the attention of the City Council by Josiah Quincy, the second mayor of the city, and was repeatedly brought forward by his successors in office. The present mode of supply was first proposed in the Report of a Board of Commissioners in the year 1837. In 1844, the source finally agreed upon was more fully investigated. The authority to proceed was granted by the legislature in an act passed in March, 1846. The works were so far completed as to convey the water into the city, October 25, 1848, — by an aqueduct of brick masonry, leading from Lake Cochituate to Brookline, nearly fifteen miles long, thence by iron conduits to the centre of the city, and by tubes connecting the central reservoirs with the service-pipes, in their united length not less than sixty miles. Two large reservoirs are rising, besides the main basin at Brookline, — one in the city proper, the other in South Boston. With the exception of the brick conduit, the various works of masonry are chiefly of granite, and are built in the most substantial manner. Partly by regular subterraneous excavation, partly by a path along the quicksand,

and partly by hard tunnelling through the hardest rock, as well as through hills, the long channel has been made. Dams, gate-houses, culverts, the larger structures being roofed with iron, have been reared in solid proportions. The estimated cost of the whole work is about four millions of dollars, the debt involved being financially arranged so as to be defrayed in the manner which has seemed most just, feasible, and convenient. When the reservoirs are completed, a sufficient pressure will constantly be felt upon the pipes to supply every demand in the upper rooms of buildings and allow any examination of the main structure for repairs.

It would be pleasant, passing over the skepticism or diversity of opinion that hindered, to award the deserved meed of credit to the zeal and disinterestedness which have advanced the work. But even were it easy to give to individuals their proportionate commendation, no praise could equal, in the pleasure it would afford, their own conscious satisfaction in having contributed variously, by their humane thoughtfulness and foresight, or their earnest and unwearied advocacy, to the commencement and prosecution of an enterprise ending in a result so glorious and beneficent, not to the living alone, but to the future generations whom this gift of pure water will welcome to the stage of being. The sight of the living spring among us, aspiring at every vent to reach the air-line that strikes the level of the parent lake, shall both reward those who have dug into its channels, and yield its copious draughts to the remotest descendants of ancestors that planted themselves upon a bleak peninsula now transformed into the marvellous centre of world-wide communications by sea and by land. And much that may be unfavorable to health in the concentration of means and appliances for an intense social life shall be so counteracted by this all-pervading current of pure water, that we may hope for the inhabitants of the city as great a measure of health as can be found among equal numbers in any part of the interior.

The speeches of Messrs. Hale and Quincy furnish evidence of the vigor, despatch, and fidelity manifested in conducting the project to its accomplishment, through every department, whether of civil superintendence, financial supply, or subordinate labor. Surprise at the rapidity with which the work has been executed is joined with admiration of its substantial excellence. From the vote of the citizens, through legislative action, the engagements of contractors, and the skill

of engineers, to the patient strokes of spade, trowel, and hammer, as great harmony, concert, and success of action as perhaps ever attend upon so vast an attempt have bound the multifarious co-workers together, till the mode proposed in 1837 has been carried into full effect, with an architectural propriety, massive solidity, and apparent durableness, which leave nothing undone that substantial want could crave or good taste desire.

Yet, after all, not man's art or enterprise has been the chief agent concerned in the grand result, but the wonder-working goodness of God. As when, the forest being cut down or consumed, a bed of coal is laid open, stored for fuel from the foundation of the world, or branching veins of metals are discovered, shot up by the central heat in marvellous ways (as the geologist's dissection shows) within the miner's reach, or a plant reveals its healing properties, or a mineral its fitness to perfect our fabrics, it is not man's drawing from the magazine, or finding out the application, which is to be most magnified, but the creative Providence that, through thousands of years, anticipated every want; so "the turning of the wilderness into a standing-water, and dry ground into water-springs," calls upon us for no self-congratulation or eulogy to be compared with that hymn of praise which, with a thousand notes, should swell up to the Father in heaven. Indeed, it requires but a glance at his unsearchable operations, to make all earthly strength and genius seem frail and poor. What that mysterious fiat was which brought forth the primary substances of things, gathered the waters together, and made the dry land appear, we have no faculties to comprehend. We can only regard it with ignorant amazement and adoring awe. But the beauty of the subsequent process, which a hundred ages have not in any essential respect disturbed, we can, however partially, discern.

God, having used the water as his tool to shape the solid rock-masonry of the world, to smooth the granite peaks and curve the sloping valleys, then drew it off into one great fountain, the sea. But he still required it for minor changes and repairs, as well as for a continual renovation of the great building he had framed. With the breath of his mouth, he disperses the gloomy mists that had hung over the reeking soil and the weltering waste. He kindles up the sun in heaven, to flame about the yet damp tenement he is preparing for his children to inhabit, and, when the continents shall be dry, to

yield its beams as carriers of the needed moisture to every height and vale and plain. The clouds rise for the Lord's chariot, to show, as it were, his intention, not so much to signalize his kingly rule, as to bear through all generations the exhaustless provisions of his mercy ; dropping upon the pastures of the wilderness, clothing them with flocks, and covering over the valleys with corn. And now, all being ready, man himself can come upon the scene, and behold what his Maker has done for him. Pleased with his abode, and blessing God at his board of plenty, he yet is not satisfied with the sensual enjoyment, but would know the ongoings of this mighty instrumentality for his good. What pictures of benevolence and power rise upon him wherever he turns ! As he analyzes and traces each separate current of the Divine love, he is astonished at the ends accomplished by a single principle, or by one thread of matter in the omnipotent grasp. He follows "the circuit of the waters," the first thing God took in hand for the effecting of his special designs. In imagination he keeps company with the cloud into which the thin surface of the ocean is continually transformed. He would track the course and humbly observe the working of the Supreme One in this chosen vehicle of his might. It ascends before him with its myriad vessels, each bearing its own little freight, and, by the laws that hold the far-off sun and moon in their places, it balances itself in the air. As the wind rises to blow in its million sails, it starts upon its voyage. Over some parched inland region it stops as at its destined haven, and hovers to pour out its dissolving treasure. And what a series of marvels it works ! Every secret seed and germ, waiting for the renewing influence, is quickened. The roots of every little plant and shrub stir at the touch, and are revived. Greenness and blossoms gratefully appear ; the grain and fruit, ready to receive the benefit, are ripened. By successive, unremitted arrivals from the bountiful sea, to mix "the early and the latter rain" with the sunshine, and interchange the cool dew of night with the heat of day, the growth of nature is orderly advanced through every stage to the harvest, whose punctual return is the only barrier against ever-approaching famine.

But the end is not yet. The cloud, having done this office, leaves the superfluous tide to be sifted through the superficial layers of the soil into lower beds of clay or stone, and from beneath it wells forth to quench our thirst. It runs in many a scattering current, so that man can scarce anywhere dig far

beneath the sod but he finds its trickling, or is covered by its bursting forth. It cuts out with its subtile enginery channels on the upper earth, and, magic artificer as it is, makes the landscape verdant and blooming in all its path. It is at work at the same moment, though we cannot see it, long leagues away on the bleak mountain-tops, and amidst many a wild precipice, to grind and bear down in powder the tough materials with which to enrich and fertilize the very landscape it waters. It drives with hammers of incalculable weight, beyond all man can wield, its wedges of frost to split the substance intractable to its milder action. It softly wraps the earth in its mantle of snow to protect it against the keener cold that would radically destroy its previous creations. Gently, in subterranean caves, with ceaseless, unheard drip, it forms the angles and polishes the sides of crystal and gem. It enters into combination with many a hard substance, and for the flowing takes the solid form. Meantime it circulates within, in the composition of the blood in our veins, and makes up the largest part of the very frame that tabernacles the undying soul. It is essential to every motion of life and nature. From its smaller channels it swells into mighty rivers, to mark the boundaries and pathways, and carry on the exchanges, of nations. It halts on its way, to fill up vast basins with inland lakes, from which it may be diverted to quench with its slight overflow the thirst of a hundred generations. Nor is that same cunning cloud, God's agent and companion in so many momentous works, satisfied with its service, till it goes to glorify the heavens with beauty as much as it has adorned the earth with use, — sails aloft, as perchance it may now be sailing, with every shifting hue and grace of movement to attract our regard, — puts a garment of splendor round the rising and the setting sun, — strikes out every dye from brilliance to blackness, with linings of silver and gold, on the upper canopy, — weaves itself into an arch of triumph over against the retiring storm, — piles up huge mountains of substantial form and steady lustre, immensely transcending in their proportions all the elevations of the globe, — and thus, after ministering an indispensable sustenance to the body, feeds with unspeakable charms, of endless sublimity and grand suggestion, the immortal mind.

Yea, it is "God's chariot" that we speak of, whose coloring, and proportions, and revolving wheels, are revealed to us; and as all his works praise him, let not even the cloud

"whereunto," saith the Scripture, "his faithfulness doth reach," fail to tell us of his power and love. Originally, in unfathomable mystery, proceeding from "the breath of his mouth" when the pillars of the world were fastened, and travelling, with its weightless bulk, to be the dark and shining conveyancer of his riches to every living thing of his vast creation, as the centuries pass away, it forms the woven garment of his own incomprehensibleness, the impenetrable environment of his throne, the emblem of his overruling power and irresistible judgment, as it speaks in the voice of his thunder, and shoots forth the arrows of his lightning, — yet is the token of his benignity, too, the dew of his spirit, and the shower of his grace, — and, as it softens and fades away from our sight in the upper air, beckons us on to the high and holy heaven of his abode.

If thus, through an occasion of human interest, we can catch a glimpse of God, — if, with the pious-minded discoverer of his plans in the vegetable world, we can but see Him, the Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Eternal, passing by, — we shall have realized the chief object of our life beyond all coarser needs or pleasures. Yet some closing reference is due to the particular event that has taught this religious lesson.

This gift of the cloud, from which the very current of our life has flowed on even from infancy, is bestowed in a new shape. We know not how many years ago God turned "the wilderness into a standing water," the unsealing of which is now turning "the dry ground" into "water-springs." Gladly and gratefully, however, may we greet the loosened stream whose drops sparkle overhead, as though conscious of their blessed errand and leaping for very joy. A portion of those fine particles innumerable, which the sun distils, by wondrous chemistry, fresh from all over the breadth of the briny, bitter sea, and the wind wafts through the wide atmosphere from pole to pole, is to flow from nature's immeasurable mechanism into the channel which human labor has made. As we have been surveying the broader field on which this watery element performs its part in the Almighty's providence, we may glance for a moment at its working in that complicated and costly machine, a populous city. And, first of all, can we help thinking of it as a common blessing? Subterraneously lining streets, intersecting the walls of dwellings, and rising into chambers, its liquid, unstable lapse, which we can divide at any

point with our finger, shall be a bond stronger than iron between all classes of the community, as they quench their thirst at the same fountain. Its spectacle of beauty, as it mounts up, aspiring to its own level, to foam and fall with matchless grace again, refreshing the sultry air, shall be the delight of all eyes. It shall be a boon, we may trust, of physical, and so of moral, purity in every house. Its transparent gurgling shall be a plea for temperance more eloquent and persuasive than fiery debate, as even from the river in Eden, that watered the garden and was thence "parted into four heads," it seems to have come down to show at least its prior claim to that of every alcoholic beverage. Little children shall taste, and lave in its flood, more healing than any balsam. It shall cleanse every way-side. It shall go out with the sailor far over the convex ocean from which it came, — and may its supply never fail with him, as, under the line, or in arctic seas, his ship tosses on the tempestuous surge. When drought may have emptied other springs, it shall, copious and perennial, image of God's own bounty, still flow. It shall cool the fevered lips of the sick man. It will furnish to how many the last draught and restorative, mingling with the faint breath, as they are ready to die. It shall prove a welcome gift, "in the name of a disciple," from those who may have little else to give. With versatile and manifold adaptation, it shall subserve, too, the plainest utility, helping on the various processes of art and toil, quietly parting into its component elements for various uses in the chemist's crucible, rushing forth to extinguish the roaring conflagration, transforming itself into the mightiest agent of locomotion to speed us on our journey. Or, rising above all ends of convenience and earthly profit, it shall become the emblem of what is most sacred, most moving, and most holy in the affection and purpose of the human soul, as it baptizes and consecrates child or parent to God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier of mankind. Nay, token as we may regard it of still deeper import, and more significant of heaven's eternal truth and joy and peace, we will hear Jesus himself saying, as, sitting on Jacob's old, but still living well, he said to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." So, while it bespeaks the

unfailing beauty and glorious perfection of God's works, and at once signifies and conduces to a pure and sober life, it shall symbolize, as secure in man's faith not less than in its own foundations, the life-giving, immortal refreshment of the Gospel of Christ.

C. A. B.

ART. IV. — ALEXANDER'S ISAIAH.*

THE Bible in general, and its separate books in detail, have been the subject of inconsequential reasoning in their behalf, sufficient in amount and in absurdity to have weighed down beneath contempt works not largely pervaded by the divine element; and, fortunately for the interests of truth, a spirit of logical blindness and fallacy seems to have fallen upon their assailants not less than upon their champions. The chief error, on both sides, has been the blending of metaphysical and theological with historical and critical points of inquiry. Questions in each of these departments have been answered by assumptions from the other; and thus a great deal of the (so called) reasoning on the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures has consisted of the *petitio principii* in an ever-returning circle. Those who have maintained the theory of verbal inspiration have permitted that dogma in part to preclude their questions, and in part to shape their answers, as regards all matters of historical criticism and evidence; and then, from a statement of external facts curtailed and distorted to meet the demands of their theory, they have reasoned their way back to their dogmatical starting-point. On the other hand, critics of the school by an atrocious misnomer termed rationalistic assume at the outset the impossibility of prophecy, miracle, and special inspiration; treat the supernatural element, wherever it presents itself on the face of Scripture, as proof positive of ignorance, exaggeration, interpolation, corruption, or recent origin; and then argue that records bearing such a character can furnish no valid evidence

* 1. *The Earlier Prophecies of Isaiah*. By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 8vo. pp. lxxi., 652.

2. *The Later Prophecies of Isaiah*. By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, Professor, etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 8vo. pp. xl., 501.

for facts transcending the ordinary range of human experience. But in other departments of research, theories are adapted to facts, instead of facts being warped to suit theories. Even a strong theoretical improbability is not suffered to discredit a well-authenticated fact; and no proposition, not self-contradictory in its very terms, is denied the benefit of argument and testimony on the score of its alleged impossibility. We claim the privilege of trying the Scriptures by the same rules. To us, nothing appears more probable than prophecy and miracle. We find it far easier to believe than to disbelieve them. They are full as much postulates of our philosophy, as axioms of our faith. To other minds, they may, however, present a different aspect, and we can easily conceive of a logical stand-point from which they may seem highly improbable, — yet not impossible; for the assertion of them cannot be thrown into a self-contradictory proposition. This being the case, the records which involve them are to be submitted to precisely the same critical tests to which we subject other writings of similar antiquity; and, if they are found to bear all the marks of genuineness and to present all the claims upon our credence which in ordinary cases we deem adequate, the marvellous character of their contents does not in the least impair their credibility.

Now what are the marks of credibility which we should expect in such a book as that of the Prophet Isaiah? Simply these: — that it should have uniformly borne his name, without conflicting tradition or testimony, — that it should have been referred to and quoted as his, under all the circumstances under which we should expect to find such a work cited, — and that there should be no trace of its ever having contained more or less, or essentially different, matter from what it now contains.

As to the first of these criteria, ample Jewish tradition carries back the arrangement and sanction of nearly the present canon of the Hebrew Scriptures to the age of Ezra. We know that it is fashionable to speak of this tradition as fictitious. The fashion has been borrowed from Germany, where the simple fact, that any tradition or authority favors a respectful or reverential view of the sacred writings, is enough to throw it into discredit with a large body of neological critics. But Ezra's agency in forming the canon of Scripture rests on as firm and ample grounds of credibility as have satisfied the most skeptical historians with regard to classical traditions. We consider it, then, as certain that Isaiah was

in Ezra's time deemed the author of the book that bears his name, as that in the Periclean age Homer was regarded as the author of the *Iliad*. Now Isaiah was a public and historical personage who lived but little more than two centuries before Ezra ; and it is impossible that at any period during that interval a spurious book should have been thrown into currency under his name, and have obtained credence for its genuineness. Especially is it impossible that a work just written, and containing pretended predictions with reference to the Babylonish Captivity, which had just then terminated, should have been palmed off as a genuine work of Isaiah. Had the work been unknown before the Captivity, and especially had the prediction of future events formed no part of Jewish experience, the very prophetic form of a portion of this book would have branded it as a forgery, and would have precluded confidence in the integrity of all the rest of the canon.

As regards references to and quotations from Isaiah, they abound in all the classes of ancient writings in which we could expect to find them, — in both Talmuds, and the Rabbinical writings generally, in the New Testament, and in the Christian fathers of the early centuries. The book is always quoted as a well-known work of an authorship beyond question.

As to the third point, the identity of the present book with Isaiah's original work, we have first the fact, that there is not a shadow of proof that it ever existed in any other form, and, next, abundance of proof that it was extant more than two thousand years ago in substantially its present form. The Septuagint, the origin of which cannot have been later than B. C. 200, contains a nearly literal version (in one or two instances slightly paraphrased) of the present Hebrew text. The Targum of Jonathan, which was written before the Christian era, is manifestly founded upon the whole of our present book of Isaiah. It is superfluous to extend the same remark to versions or paraphrases of a subsequent date. But it is very much to our purpose to add, that in ancient Jewish and Christian writings there are more numerous and more emphatic citations, as from Isaiah, from those portions of the book the genuineness of which has been of late years called in question, than from those portions which have never been disputed.

Since the middle of the last century, it has been currently maintained among the neological critics of Germany, that the

first thirty-nine chapters, or the larger portion of them, constituted the original book of Isaiah, and that the remaining twenty-seven are a separate production of much more recent origin. The former of these propositions is fatal to the latter. It is admitted that a certain work still extant was written by the veritable Isaiah of Jewish history. Now he was too eminent a man, for his book not to have been often copied and extensively circulated. It must have been in the hands of hundreds, if not of thousands, and could have been only less generally known than the Pentateuch. If it comprised only the first thirty-nine chapters of the present book, it was in great part historical, didactic, and parenetic, and gave few detailed or circumstantial predictions of future events, though it contained enthusiastic representations of a golden age at some indefinite and very remote period of time. Is it conceivable, that, at any epoch of Jewish history, a book thus well known and strongly marked should have indissolubly welded to itself a separate and much later work, a large part of which relates to the details of events that were known to have occurred long after Isaiah's death? According to the hypothesis under discussion, the original work had been in circulation between two and three hundred years before this appendix could have been written. How happens it that none of the owners of copies preferred to keep them as they were, and thus to transmit them in the original form? How is it that there are no traces of two sets of copies, and of the literary controversy without which the claims of the spurious addition could never have been allowed? Is there, in the entire history of literature, a parallel case, to give a shade of probability to this bold assumption?

The chief ground alleged for denying the genuineness of the latter portion of Isaiah is the fact, that it contains indisputable references to events connected with the Babylonish Captivity. But, if this ground be valid, there is but one being in the universe who is qualified to argue from it. Those theologians who think they know all that it was ever possible for God to do are mistaken. If there be a God, it is incredible that his administration should bear one unvarying type, while his resources are infinite. That he should in some cases have conveyed intelligence of future events to mortals has no more intrinsic improbability than many well-authenticated facts in the history of the material universe. The making our own, or recent, experience an invariable

criterion of truth would constrain us to deny many of the most certain deductions of science. Within the memory of man, no violent catastrophes have taken place over any large portions of the earth, nor have old species of plants or animals vanished, or new appeared. But science need go back only a few thousand years to reach the epoch when animals of the torrid zone were pastured in the frozen wastes of Siberia, — when the waters went above the mountains, — nay, when our present higher orders of animals had not sprung into existence, but the world, still reeking from a universal deluge, was trodden by marvellous and gigantic forms, of which man has seen only the mouldering skeletons. And then the same science carries us back to an undoubted era of still greater antiquity, when the earth bore upon its surface no living being or organized form. Why should there not have been like creative or transitional eras in the spiritual universe, — successive epochs of peculiar impulse from the Deity, — prior to the establishment of the present normal conditions and limitations of human experience ?

The objection to the genuineness of the latter chapters of *Isaiah*, which we have just named, stood alone through nearly a generation of astute critics. Even Eichhorn and Bertholdt, though inclined to regard these chapters as fragments by several different authors, confessed that they could find nothing in the style or language of this portion of the book to sustain their view ; and Augusti goes so far as to ascribe the incorporation of this spurious document or documents with *Isaiah's* genuine work to a studied imitation of *Isaiah* on the part of the writer or writers. Gesenius was the first discoverer of irreconcilable differences of phraseology and style between the two portions of the book, though he admitted that they were less numerous than could have been anticipated. They have grown numerous, however, under the microscopic research of critics great only in detail. The considerations urged under this head do not, in fact, reach any of the distinctive characteristics which mark style as belonging to one or another individual. They are confined almost wholly to the absence of single words from one portion of the book that occur in the other, and particularly to the occurrence in single instances of words in the latter part of the book which are not found at all in the former part. By the same kind of reasoning, it would probably be easy to prove that the last Sunday's sermon of any one of our clerical readers was not his

own ; for it probably does not contain every word and phrase that he often uses, nor would it be strange if it contained some words which he never wrote in a sermon before. Any one, who will give himself the trouble to look over the index of words appended to an edition of a Greek or Roman classic, will see that it would be easy by this mode of argument to prove any and every work, or part of a work, in the ancient languages, spurious ; for there is no ancient, and, had we verbal indexes to verify the statement, it would probably appear that there is no modern writer, who does not abound in *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα*. Of the inconclusiveness of arguments of this class, perhaps no better illustration can be found than in the plausible aspect in this regard of both sides of the controversy as to the Pauline origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews, it being equally easy to quote a long array of Pauline and of un-Pauline words and phrases in the Epistle.

We said that the genuineness of the first thirty-nine chapters of Isaiah is admitted by the rationalistic critics in general. This remark demands qualification. They all admit the genuineness of the greater part of these chapters, and no two of them, we believe, agree as to the portions that are to be ascribed to a later hand. Nor yet has any one of them any theory to account for the interpolations which he supposes. But each of them rejects from the *Isaiah according to himself* such passages as he thinks that he should not have written, had he been Isaiah. Some of these critics content themselves with cutting out a verse or two here and there, while others expunge six or eight chapters. Gesenius and De Wette honestly admit this process to be wholly subjective as regards the individual critic, and assign their "critical feeling" (*Gefühl*) as the sole and sufficient reason for their mutilations, or rather as their justification for stopping short of some of their brethren in the work of mutilation. The virtual rule, however, by which the critical feeling adjusts itself, seems to be this : — Just so far as the critic can imagine Isaiah to have gone in the foresight of the future by mere natural sagacity, or just so high as he can imagine Isaiah to have risen through the medium of mere poetical inspiration, it is safe to regard him as the author of what bears his name, while all beyond and above this point must have come from a later hand. Hence, every man has his own separate theory ; and every critic is an Ishmael.

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

We have expressed our sincere and undoubting belief in prophecy, as a mode of Divine communication employed in the earlier times. That this was the case is rendered probable by the very position of the Christian dispensation midway in the lapse of the ages. If Jesus of Nazareth marks the central point of man's religious history, it was as fitting that he should have been the "desire" of the earlier, as that he should be the confidence of the later generations of men. If all previous religious dispensations were to culminate in him, as all subsequent sources of spiritual good have flowed from him, should there not have been an onward direction given to human faith before he came, corresponding to the historical character which it has since borne? In the Divine mercy, long ages of violence and darkness could not have been suffered to roll over our race before the "day-spring from on high" reddened the eastern sky, unless it were to prepare the world the better for the advent of the Redeemer. But what surer preparation could there have been than a gradual unfolding of the expectation and promise of his coming? And as for the prediction of intermediate events; (to deny which is to disallow the genuineness of almost all the prophetic books,) this must have greatly aided in sustaining the prospective character of Hebrew faith and trust. The inward eye could hardly have supported the tension of a prolonged gaze on the distant future, unless glimpses of a nearer future had been from time to time afforded, and verified by a substantial fulfilment. In fine, if humanity was waiting for its supreme leader and lawgiver, its "federal head," the representative and exponent of its true life, there was the same intrinsic fitness that warning, encouragement, motive, impulse, should have been derived from the future, as there now is that man should guide himself by the treasured experience of the ages that are gone.

That prophecy should have been employed by a paternal Providence for man's guidance in the earlier ages appears the more probable, when we consider the necessary scantiness and barrenness of his experience. A judicious father exercises at the outset a special supervision over his child's moral agency, expounds to him results and consequences, lifts for him the curtain from the future, and adjusts the lights and shadows of coming time so as they may best mark out the course of present duty. He thus saves his son from the solution in his own person of many perilous problems, the trial of

many hazardous experiments, and furnishes him gradually with an instructive experience of his own. When this work is done, he withdraws his habitual interposition, and leaves the child to the teaching of a past now amply capable of holding a torch to the future. Just such seems to us to have been the course of the Supreme Father as regards the great family of man. In their infancy, he guided them step by step, pointed out the tendencies of actions, unrolled in part the volume of their future destiny, and thus aided them in shaping that experience which was in later times to be their teacher. But as a past full of admonition gradually grew with successive generations, the prophetic voice became less and less frequent, and, when the race had reached years of maturity, it altogether ceased. Under this aspect of the case, to deny the possibility of prophecy, on the ground that the last eighteen hundred years have given the world no prophet, is about as reasonable as it would be for a grown man to renounce his belief in leading-strings, because he had walked for a quarter of a century without them.

The fact, that prophecy acted an important part in Jewish history, derives additional probability from one of the peculiar characteristics of Hebrew literature. The poetry, mythology, and imaginative literature of all other ancient nations draw forms and hues from the past. The golden age of Greek and Roman fable lay far back in primeval antiquity. The chief themes of classic verse, whether lyric, epic, or dramatic, were derived from the mythical eras of history. Virgil's Fourth Eclogue is, we believe, the only prophetic piece that has come down to us, except through Jewish sources; and there are valid reasons for believing that Virgil drew the conception that pervades this Eclogue, and many of its materials, from the Old Testament. But Jewish literature has throughout an onward pointing. It has indeed a golden age in the past; but that is dismissed in the very exordium of Genesis, and never recurred to afterwards by historian, prophet, or psalmist. But through the whole, from the narrative of the expulsion from Eden to Malachi's announcement of the rising of "the sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," there runs a reference, more or less distinct, to a future brighter than the past, and to one personage who is to be the author of the new creation, and the founder of an everlasting kingdom. Now the Jews had in their history all the elements that gave a retrospective character to the litera-

ture of other nations. They had traditions of surpassing richness and beauty. They had illustrious names and exploits in abundance on their records. They were second to no nation in reverence for their ancestry, and in a proud regard for the monuments of national glory. They sustained the severest reverses of fortune ; and all their books but the Pentateuch were probably written after the separation of the kingdom, under Rehoboam, and with the most manifest symptoms of inevitable decline and decay in the internal condition and the external relations of the states, both of Judah and Israel. To have made any literature, under such circumstances, prospective and hopeful demanded, as we think, some class of impulses or influences altogether peculiar in kind and degree ; and for the problem which Hebrew literature presents in this regard, prophecy offers an obvious and adequate solution.

There is, however, an extreme view of the extent to which the prophetic gift was diffused and exercised, which, intrinsically irrational, finds no support in Scripture rightly understood. It is a view dogmatically stated, though not defended, in the works which we have named at the head of this article. According to Professor Alexander and other critics of the same school, the God-inspired prophet was a recognized and established functionary under the Jewish theocracy, — as much so as the priest or the Levite. He was a man *sui generis*, subject to a peculiar set of physical and mental laws, capable of definite and detailed description and analysis. Now this mode of regarding a miraculous gift makes it no longer miraculous. If it never ceased, it must have seemed too much the common order of the day to awaken surprise, excite attention, or attract reverence. In order to be of any avail, its bestowal must have been rare, without fixed laws or conditions, and in emergencies which seemed to demand the interposition of the Almighty. It may be that but a portion of those sixteen of the sacred writers, whose books refer chiefly to the future, were themselves the subjects of special Divine illumination. Some of them may have simply reiterated and enforced arguments for penitence and obedience founded on glimpses of the future derived from Isaiah or Ezekiel. But there was, whether through a larger or smaller number (and most probably through but a small number) of Divinely inspired men, a certain amount of knowledge of the future destiny of the nation and the world ; and this formed

the burden of public preaching and exhortation, of didactic and imaginative literature, of poetry and song. We are thus enabled to explain and to account for the extreme latitude with which the word "prophet" is employed in the Old Testament. Whoever held any communication with his fellow-men on any thing transcending the ordinary affairs of life drew his topics of argument, appeal, or illustration, his metaphors, his inspiration, from the future, the Divinely opened future, and thus acquired the sacred name of *prophet*. Those who rebuked abounding iniquity, and held forth a higher standard of duty, could not do so without constant reference to the promised reign of truth and righteousness, and therefore the preachers were all prophets. The national bards and minstrels sang almost solely of the Messiah and the coming age, and they too were prophets. It was, no doubt, with a company of travelling minstrels that Saul, in an access of unwonted fervor, "took a harp and prophesied all night." Young men, too, who, in preparation either for the religious duties of a private life, for the priesthood, or for the public interpretation of the Law, associated themselves under the tuition of eminently good men, whether inspired or not, communed, no doubt, more of the future than of the past, learned to cherish a glowing faith in the "sure word of prophecy," and were thus termed "sons," or disciples, "of the prophets," and their assemblages "schools of the prophets." Of this same free use of the word *prophet* the New Testament offers repeated instances; but as, after the commencement of the Christian era, the past, rather than the future, furnished the material for religious communications, the term, no longer appropriate, soon fell into disuse.

But we have delayed too long our notice of the works, or rather work, which has given a title to our article. It is one of the most thorough and elaborate specimens of American scholarship in the department of Biblical criticism, so far as scholarship implies diligence and accumulation without the higher qualities of freedom and discrimination. The author seems to have made himself conversant with all that had been previously written on Isaiah, and has evidently made the original text the subject of the most patient and persevering study. His Introductions are admirably well written, and contain a series of sound and vigorous arguments in refutation of the German school of critics. The only exception which we can make to our praise of this portion of his labors is that

which we have already indicated,—his tendency to a too technical, mechanical view of the prophetic function. The work is deficient, in presenting no separate translation or paraphrase, in which the reader might take a connected view of the English text that is made the basis of the commentary. The translation, which is for the most part faithful, clear, and well expressed, is given in separate verses and clauses, at the commencement of the successive expository paragraphs. In the commentary we find very little that is new or striking. The author, from his survey of the whole field, has fallen back upon the beaten track of Orthodox exposition, and, with an array of learning of which Henry and Scott would not have dared to dream, hardly gives an interpretation of a disputed or difficult passage, which has not the soundest anile authorities in its favor. The work, too, is excessively heavy, dull, and unattractive. We cannot but feel that it is to a great degree labor lost ; and can only regret that such patient scholarship and devoted industry should not have been united with a larger measure of intellectual freedom and enterprise. The work, if used, will do good, by its full, explicit, and accurate statements of what has been said and may be said on every point where a question can be raised ; and, with all its deficiencies, it may be safely taken by the merely English reader as a valuable aid in the study of the “ Evangelical prophet.”

A. P. P.

ART. V. — SOMERVILLE'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

THE records of history and science must be consulted for a full knowledge of the geography of our globe. Political Geography unfolds to us the map of the world as man has conquered, inhabited, and improved it ; it points to the cities he has built, to the fields he has cultivated, to the roads, canals, and bridges which he has constructed, to the battle-fields which he has covered with the bones of his fellow-men. Its colored outlines are the stains which his ambition or his

* *Physical Geography*. By MARY SOMERVILLE, Author of “The Connection of the Physical Sciences” ; “Mechanism of the Heavens.” Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 381.

avarice has left upon this theatre of human passions. We study this geography early and long ; some of us never study any other. Its features change from century to century ; but we have been drilled in its ancient, middle, and modern phases, and much of it is indelibly impressed on the memory.

Physical Geography presents this same surface to us, not as man would have it, but as God has made it. On its maps we behold those great mountain ranges, the backbone of continents ; and the subordinate systems, which project like ribs from the central chain ; the deep excavations, which are the receptacles of the earth's larger and smaller waters ; the courses which these same waters, after being inhaled into the clouds, wafted by winds, poured down upon the hills, and shed from their rough sides, have furrowed out in their short or lengthened return back to the parent ocean. On its pages also appear the general character of the climate, — the changes of the seasons, — the allotment of winds and currents, of clouds, rain, snow, and fog, — the treasures, mineral and organic, which lie half concealed beneath the earth's surface, — and all those other physical circumstances which place man in direct relations with nature. Physical Geography is also to be studied with reference to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to man himself. The distribution of the hundred and fifty thousand species of living plants, and the two hundred and fifty thousand species of living animals, — the manner and the extent to which organic and inorganic forces have acted and reacted upon each other, — how far the destinies of races of animals, and even of men, have been controlled by their geographical position, and how far, on the other hand, the inherent energies of an intellectual and moral element have triumphed over the rude barriers of nature, — all these are questions which it belongs to Physical Geography to ask and to answer. Moreover, the long geological history of this planet, and the animal and vegetable life that once existed upon it, are so closely related to the present physical state of the surface, that we must look to Physical Geography to give us the great principles of Geology and Palæontology.

When the scientific traveller, following the example of a Humboldt, has spent a long life in visiting the remote and desolate and bleak spots of the earth, ascending its steep mountains and sleeping on their eternal glaciers, pressing towards the extremities of the earth's axis to be locked up in its everlasting arms of ice, following out the silver thread of

its rivers and the descent of its rapids and cataracts, and all the while noting, with scientific accuracy, the physical condition of the atmosphere, the waters, and the solid earth, — its animal and vegetable productions, — whatever illustrates the physical geography of our planet, — he sees, even before his work is done, that the earth whose physical features he is delineating is in a state of constant mutation. It is not a change which affects the political fate of individuals and empires simply, but one which alters the configuration of continents, the depth and the extent of the oceans, the height and slopes of the mountains, the courses of the great rivers, the climate of the earth, and the races of animals and the varieties of vegetation which live upon it, — producing results which are not confined to the earth itself, but which are felt, however our feeble senses may fail to discover them, on distant planets and to the limits of the solar system.

We remember to have studied, in our boyhood, from our ancient and modern geography, and to have wondered when we turned from our modern maps to the strange face of our ancient atlas. If the energies of natural science do not flag, our children will study a far more ancient geography. The old strata, which lie dislocated and half buried, will be patched together upon their maps; the bones of the earth's ancient inhabitants will adorn their text-books; and they will possess the means of becoming as familiar with the physical characters of the earth at former geological epochs as we are with what now exist. We know, that, by the calculations of astronomy, ancient cities, which history describes, but of which no traces can be found, have been restored to their place upon the map with as much precision as many of our modern towns. Therefore we do not doubt that the restored maps of Beaumont and Von Buch, in which the distribution of land and water at former periods is boldly pictured, may become, if they are not already, as accurate as the best drafts we are likely ever to have of some parts of the existing continents or islands.

It is not absolutely necessary that physical geography should be complicated with geological history. If the changes in the earth's crust are paroxysmal, they have been separated by long intervals of time; if they are gradual, and to be referred to the patient operation of gentle forces, they must be almost insensible from one generation to another.

The preparation of a work on Physical Geography, com-

mensurate with the amplitude of the subject and satisfactory to the demands of the age, is no easy task. It requires of its author, not indeed to have been busily engaged in the scientific researches of the day, but to have been a watchful and patient student of their results. It is possible that the concentration demanded of those who pursue successfully the special departments of physical or natural science is not the best preparation for a work which requires an enlarged view of all of them. In this respect Mrs. Somerville was well qualified for the difficult task she has just finished. She became favorably known to the scientific world seventeen years ago, through her "*Mechanism of the Heavens.*" In this work, she aimed to give the spirit of those wonderful processes in mathematical analysis, through which Laplace was able to deduce all the physical laws in the solar system from Newton's great principle of universal attraction. In the admirable preliminary dissertation to this work, she discusses, among other things, the astronomical relations of our planet; its size, figure, density, and central fluidity; the stability of its axis, and the period of rotation; and the probable influence of its ever-changing orbit round the sun upon the seasons. The translation of the whole of Laplace by our eminent Bowditch, and his copious and valuable annotations, have not superseded the usefulness of Mrs. Somerville's abridgment for general readers. As this early work of hers has been long out of print in England, and many of our large libraries are without a copy, an American reprint of it would be very acceptable.

In 1834, Mrs. Somerville followed up this first successful effort by her popular work on the "*Connection of the Physical Sciences.*" This book has passed through seven editions in England, and has been republished in America. All the great physical and chemical forces — gravitation, light, heat, electricity, magnetism — are finely illustrated in it. The author does not labor to prove to the reader the connection of the physical sciences or the fundamental identity of the material forces; but she leaves him to infer as much of this as he can, logically, from the history of discovery, and the way in which any one of these sciences, if pursued, passes round in a circle into all the others, and finally into itself once more. We find here one chapter on the tides and currents; another on the atmosphere and its phenomena; a third on

climate ; and a fourth on the distribution of plants, animals, and man.

Mrs. Somerville's recent publication on Physical Geography may be considered as a sequel to her other works, filling out with them the circle of the physical sciences. This may account for the brevity with which she discusses the phenomena of the atmosphere and the ocean, as the winds, currents, tides, and the very condensed statement which she makes of the laws of terrestrial magnetism. The aurora and meteors are omitted : the last very properly, as not belonging to the physical phenomena of this planet. Indeed, the whole work is reduced within the smallest possible compass. This, if any thing, is its fault. It would not be possible, within the limits of a few pages, to give any thing better than the most general idea of the contents of this work, nor is it necessary. It is a popular manual on Physical Geography, which comes within the means and time of all, and will repay a careful perusal. The young, especially, will be likely to obtain from it more enlarged and elevated ideas upon the subject than in the ordinary study of it, in which so much space is allotted to political geography. At school, geography is taught piecemeal, state by state, empire by empire ; what man has done is mixed in with what God has made in so indifferent a way that the pupil hardly draws the distinction between the works of nature and the fruits of civilization. In Mrs. Somerville's book, we have a more philosophical arrangement. Topics are disposed according to their physical, rather than their local or moral affinities. The river, the mountain, the lake, the current are not things which, like towns or canals, might have been placed anywhere, but all grow out of one another ; so that a drop of water could hardly be displaced without the influence being felt over continents and hemispheres.

In her first chapter, Mrs. Somerville lays a deep and solid foundation for the rest of the book, by a comprehensive statement of the doctrines of geology and palæontology. Those strata of the earth which are now shut in from the light of the sun are the historical as well as the material foundation of what is now upon the surface. In succession, they have been the surface ; and physical geography that would treat of the surface entirely, as it has been, as well as what it is, must begin in geology. Even political geography could not neglect to notice the mineral and vegetable treasures which

are buried beneath the surface. In future, these treasures will constitute as important an element in the political greatness of communities, as commanding position, good harbours, rivers, or climate.

In the six following chapters, we are presented with the figure and elevations of the grand eastern continent, including Europe, Asia, and Africa. Five more chapters carry us over this new western world, as we are accustomed to call it. New it may be to European discovery, though there are geological reasons for believing that it had its head above the water as early as the oldest parts of Europe. The researches of Stephens in Yucatan and Central America, and those of Squier and Davis on the mounds of Ohio, recently published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, concur in showing that its political history may have begun as early as that of the nations in the East, the cradle of civilization. Mrs. Somerville, in her thirteenth chapter, conducts us to the nearly barren wastes in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, — those singular spots, where for weeks the sun never rises and the moon never sets ; where the morning and evening twilight clasp hands together ; the home of glaciers and icebergs, as well as earthquakes, volcanoes, and lightning ; where no vegetation grows ; whose inhabitants depend for their scanty fuel on the drift-wood which is brought to their bleak shores by the Atlantic and Pacific currents. Here, too, once lived, and may still live, the lost colony of the Danes ; which, tempted by the mild air of the summers of Greenland, ventured to the high North, there to be frozen up early in the fifteenth century, and die or be forgotten. The long cherished hope of a northerly or northwesterly path to the Pacific has been abandoned ; at least, so far as it might prove a safe and ordinary route for commerce. But the zeal of science and the pride of adding to the geography of our planet continue ; expeditions, by land and sea, are undertaken with as much promptness as ever : and while some of them are bringing to the knowledge of man the existence of another continent near the Antarctic circle, others are contending with the implacable winds and ice to complete the survey of the northern coast of America. The same men who are brave in the cause of science are also bold at the call of humanity, as the promptness in fitting out expeditions to rescue the elder Ross in 1833, and Franklin at the present time, fully attests.

In the next chapter, our author has grouped together Aus-

tralia, the Eastern Archipelago, and the coral reefs of the Pacific. The continent of Australia is only partially explored. The traveller, as soon as he lands upon its shores, is shut out from the interior by mountains, which, though not high, are terrifically steep. The water falls in cataracts ; but no river penetrates the mountains, and offers to carry him to the unknown centre of this continent. As far, however, as science has yet trodden, every thing, in the physical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms is so strange, that the visitor might easily believe he had landed upon a different planet, or was living at some old geological epoch of our own.

Mrs. Somerville passes now to the consideration of the fluid portions of the earth's surface. We will not follow her in the multitude of facts which she has brought together, in a single chapter, to illustrate the character and motions of the ocean. The inventions of science, much as they have done to give man assurance on the unstable waters, have not, however, removed the wonder and interest which the broad ocean inspires in every human heart. Upon it, reposing in calmness or agitated by storms, are the ships freighted with the riches of commerce and the yet dearer treasures of affection ; beneath it, perhaps, are the bones of the loved ones who have found their grave in the deep. Then, too, what a power must it have exerted in the formation of the earth's surface ! how uncontaminated is it by the crimes of man ! how unfettered is it still by the devices of his busy ingenuity ! To the human vision, the ocean, ever heaving and flowing, without beginning or end, reflecting the pure light of heaven, is the image of God and eternity. Its wonderful goings-on are almost independent of the earth, obeying the mysterious power which comes to it from sun and moon.

The cultivation of scientific taste in a commercial community like ours is of great importance. An intelligent navigator enjoys excellent opportunities for adding to our knowledge of the physical geography of the planet. An increase in the number of such observers, and great vigilance in preserving those facts which are casually acquired, promise us more correct information than we now possess in regard to the earth's waters. Lieutenant Maury, superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, has been engaged in ransacking the logs of private and public vessels, that he might collect and render permanent all the light they are able to shed on the winds and tides of the Atlantic. We will not

anticipate him in the conclusions to which he may be brought when his labor is finished. The present indications of the thousand and more logs which he has examined are in favor of a different route for vessels which leave the ports of the United States for the South Atlantic than that commonly recommended and followed. To establish the accuracy of his views, beautiful charts have been published by Mr. Maury, under the patronage of the Bureau of Hydrography, in which the courses of many vessels that have pursued the old route are delineated, as also the common winds they have experienced. At the same time, a new course has been laid down, which it is thought will shorten the passage to the Atlantic ports of South America by nearly a thousand miles and by at least ten days. Complete sailing directions will be soon published, to aid the navigator to make trial of this new route. If experience should confirm the deductions from the past history of our navigation, the toils of the sea will be lightened, and valuable information will be gained in relation to the trade-winds of the Atlantic.

Renewed attempts have been made within a few years to elucidate the difficult problem of the tides by observation, and also by careful mathematical analysis. The United States coast survey, under the admirable superintendence of Professor A. D. Bache, has contributed incidentally, in various ways, to the advancement of physical geography. At the recent meeting of the American Scientific Association at Philadelphia, a theory was brought forward by Lieutenant C. H. Davis, of the United States Navy, which assigns the highest place among dynamical influences to the tidal motions. Lieutenant Davis has taken advantage of his excellent opportunities for observation, as commander of one of the hydrographical parties in the United States coast survey, to study the particular way in which the tides have done their work. This examination has confirmed him in the opinion, that we are indebted mainly to the untiring waters, swayed to and fro by the tides, washing away in one place and building up in another, for the configuration of the sea-coast and the geological peculiarities of the great plains and deserts of the earth. In his view, the currents are wholly subordinate to the tides; for those singularities of position which have determined the currents have themselves been caused by the tides, which have thus, as it were, scooped out the channels in which they should themselves move. So far as this theory has become known, it has

been received with great favor by distinguished geologists. That remarkable peculiarity of figure, which is so finely typified in the hook-shaped tongue of land at Cape Cod, recurs all over the earth, wherever the tidal influence can reach, — and is also represented, as careful soundings indicate, in the deposits that still remain under water. It forms a no less distinguishing feature in the geological maps of former epochs. The far-seeing geologist, who is obliged to avail himself of all collateral evidence in the pursuit of his intangible science, already recognizes in the theory we are considering the possible means of determining the tides and currents of former geological periods, from the impressions of their influence registered in the shape of buried strata. Lieutenant Davis has presented to the American Academy a memoir upon this subject, in which he has sustained his views by a long array of facts, gathered from the past and distant as well as the recent and near operations of the restless ocean. It is hoped that this memoir will soon appear in the Transactions of the Academy.

In four more chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work, we obtain a general view of the earth's waters, — the oceans, seas, rivers, springs, lakes. Here we learn, that, while Bohemia, Galicia, and Moravia contain thirty thousand sheets of water, the few large lakes of North America hold more than half the fresh water in the world. In some cases, where the supply does not equal the evaporation, a lake is gradually drying up; but the balance of power between the solid and liquid parts of the earth's surface is nevertheless preserved, for, on one occasion at least, a great lake sprung into sight in a single night from a sudden subsidence below. The picture which Mrs. Somerville draws of rivers, as the grand drainage of continents, is highly graphic, and will be found more interesting, perhaps, than any other part of her book. As rivers are nearly on a level with the land through which they flow, they present at a glance a general idea of the slopes which the surface of the earth makes in its descent, on different sides, from the great central mountain ranges, down to the ocean. How interesting to see that rivers, which, in their strength and majesty, as they empty into the sea, are separated by the width of a continent, may at their origin have been fed by the same showers; that the faintest breath of wind or the wing of a bird, by determining a drop to fall on one side rather than the other of some mountain-peak, may have been the primal cause that has fixed its future course, and

brought it out at last into the Pacific instead of the Atlantic ! On the 15th of August, 1842, a distinguished scientific explorer was standing on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, — an ice-clad rock, raised 13,570 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, — where the mercury in the barometer had sunk to nearly eighteen inches. On different sides of him he could see the first gentle trickling of those waters which, after running over many degrees of latitude and longitude, “struggling for existence among quicksands along the treeless banks,” collecting tribute at every advance till they had grown into irresistible rivers bearing the commerce of large and populous states, were at last separated from one another by many thousands of miles, and emptied, one into the Gulf of California, others into the Gulf of Mexico, and another into the Northern Pacific.

There is a great difference in the amount of drainage which goes to the Atlantic, and that which seeks the Pacific. That towards the Atlantic is achieved by means of a considerable number of large rivers, which flow from the Alleghany Mountains over a large extent of country before they find their outlet in the ocean. On the western coast, the Cascade range and that of Sierra Nevada abut so closely on the Pacific, that most of the waters from the western side of the Rocky Mountains are dammed up and prevented from reaching the ocean. In this way are formed the interpal rivers and lakes, which are for ever sealed up from the ocean, between the Rocky Mountains and the ranges of the western coast. The river at Francisco Bay soon disappears ; the Columbia alone, of all the rivers of the Pacific, opens an inland communication to the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and over them to the waters which flow into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. This western limit of our country is also interesting, as reviving in this new continent those modern geological formations, so common in Europe, but which do not occur in the Atlantic States.

In the next chapter, which is upon the atmosphere, no notice is taken of those laws of storms which have been so successfully developed by Dove, Espy, Redfield, and Reid. The atmosphere obeys a law in its stormiest ragings no less than when it has acquired an equilibrium ; and it is gratifying to learn that the same physical causes which will carry the ship on its tropical voyage from one continent to another without shifting the sails, are the occasion of those hurricanes

which beat down upon the islands of the Gulf of Mexico and die out sometimes on our northern coast. We give one paragraph from this chapter, as it contains allusions to the late discoveries of Faraday.

“Magnetism, which pervades the whole earth, is identical with electricity, although it never comes naturally into evidence. The brilliant experiments of Dr. Faraday give a new view of the magnetic condition of the substances on the surface of the globe. He found that ten of the metals are more or less magnetic, that is to say, they possess the power of attracting either pole of a magnet, and bars of these metals freely suspended between the poles of an electric magnet assume a position in the axis or line of the magnetic force, but all other substances whatever under the same circumstances are repelled by both poles of the electric magnet, and take a position at right angles to the line of current of the magnetic force. The same effect, though less powerful, was produced by a steel horse-shoe magnet. All substances are thus either magnetic or diamagnetic, except air and the gases, which are neutral. Of the metals, ten are magnetic and sixteen diamagnetic: iron and bismuth are the extremes of these two conditions of matter. The inferences drawn from these discoveries by Dr. Faraday are very important:—‘When we consider the magnetic condition of the earth, as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matter which forms its crust, and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters, and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and to us its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled.’ ‘It is curious to see a piece of wood, or leaf, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet, or the leaf of a tree taking an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur among the myriads of forms which in all parts of the earth’s surface are surrounded by air, and subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which only can be answered by future observations. If the sun have any thing to do with the magnetism of the globe, then it is probable that part of this effect is due to the action of the light that comes to us from it; and in that view the air seems most strikingly placed round our sphere, investing it with a transparent diamagnetic, which therefore is permeable to his rays, and at the same time moving with great velocity across them. Such conditions seem to suggest the possibility of magnetism being thence generated.’ Dr. Faraday’s discoveries go still farther; having magnetized and electrified a ray of light, he has added another proof of the identity of these two powers. If a

ray of polarized light be transmitted through certain transparent substances placed in the line of force connecting the opposite poles of an electro-magnet, it is so affected by this power that it becomes visible or invisible according as the current is flowing or not at the moment, this influence being more complete as the ray of light is more nearly parallel to the line of magnetic force, ceasing if it is perpendicular to it. The very same effect was produced with a steel horse-shoe magnet, though more feeble in degree. Mr. Christie has proved that magnetism has an influence on light direct from the sun." — pp. 225, 226.

The passage we have quoted is liable to misconception with regard to some of its statements. Mrs. Somerville says that "magnetism is identical with electricity." This requires explanation. The discoveries of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity have established relations between the phenomena of magnetism and those of electricity. The phenomena, however, which are known under the name of magnetism are not to be confounded with those described by the other designation. They are as distinct now as they ever were. Magnetism is not convertible into electricity; electricity cannot be exchanged for magnetism. They coexist, instead of succeeding one another in time as cause and effect. Adopting the common hypothesis of an electrical fluid, we suppose that a single fluid is sufficient to explain both magnetism and electricity, — that the phenomena suggested by these names are simultaneous, though very different, manifestations of this fluid. This fluid may be called electrical or magnetic; it would be better, however, if there were a more general term to apply to that of which magnetism and electricity are special manifestations. We would not be understood as maintaining the reality even of this single fluid. We consider the whole notion of a fluid as a device, adopted out of regard to the infirmity of human reason and the imperfectly developed state of these sciences, to hold the facts together till the deep relations which exist between them shall have flashed upon the world.

In the same paragraph it is observed that Dr. Faraday "magnetized and electrified a ray of light." What is the fact? Dr. Faraday has shown, that, when a particular kind of glass is placed between the poles of a very powerful magnet, it exhibits, while under this influence, a power of acting upon light different from what it possesses in its normal state. This new power is the same as that which belongs naturally

to certain crystals, and is explained, in their case, by the mode of aggregation of their molecules. When the glass, therefore, acquires temporarily the same property, we suppose that its particles have been coerced from their usual position. The glass, in this state of tension, acts upon light as if it had an acquired crystalline structure. The magnet does not act upon a ray of light in any other way than by inducing a change in the molecular condition of the glass, so that the latter has new optical properties.

Five chapters of the work before us are taken to describe the geographical distribution of plants. In the first of them, the nourishment and growth of plants, with the habits and homes of the different species, are pleasantly described. We have room for only a single paragraph.

“In northern and mean latitudes winter is a time of complete rest to the vegetable world, and in tropical climates the vigor of vegetation is suspended during the dry, hot season, to be resumed at the return of the periodical rains. Almost all plants sleep during the night; some show it in their leaves, others in their blossom. The mimosa tribe not only close their leaves at night, but their foot-stalks droop; in a clover-field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. The common daisy is a familiar instance of a sleeping flower; it shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its white and crimson-tipped star, the ‘day’s eye,’ to meet the early beams of the morning sun; and then also ‘winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes.’ The crocus, tulip, convolvulus, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening, some to open them again, others never. The condriole of the walls opens at eight in the morning and closes for ever at four in the afternoon. Some plants seem to be wide awake all night, and to give out their perfume then only, or at nightfall. Many of the jessamines are most fragrant during the twilight: the olea fragrans, the daphne odorata, and the night-stock reserve their sweetness for the midnight hour, and the night-flowering sirius turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossom in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes, never to open again, with the dawn of day. These are ‘the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.’—pp. 233, 234.

One chapter is given to a description of the peculiar vegetation of each of the four great continents. The introduction of vegetation upon the earth is described as follows:—

“As the land rose at different periods above the ocean, each

part, as it emerged from the waves, had probably been clothed with vegetation, and peopled with animals, suited to its position with regard to the equator, and to the climate and condition of the globe then being. And as the conditions and climate were different at each succeeding geological epoch, so each portion of the land, as it rose, would be characterized by its own vegetation and animals, and thus at last there would be many centres of creation, as at this day, all differing more or less from one another; and hence alpine floras must be of older date than those in the plains. The vegetation and faunas of those lands that differed most in age and place would be most dissimilar, while the plants and animals of such as were not far removed from one another in time and place would have correlative forms or family likenesses, yet each would form a distinct province. Thus, in opposite hemispheres, and everywhere at great distances, but under like circumstances, the species are representatives of one another, rarely identical; when, however, the conditions which suit certain species are continuous, identical species are found throughout, either by original creation or by migration. The older forms may have been modified to a certain extent by the succeeding conditions of the globe, but they never could have been changed, since immutability of species is a primordial law of nature. Neither external circumstances, time, nor human art, can change one species into another, though each to a certain extent is capable of accommodating itself to a change of external circumstances, so as to produce varieties even transmissible to their offspring."—pp. 237, 238.

There is something grand in the contemplation of those magnificent forests, covering millions upon millions of acres, which, slowly, silently, and unobserved of man, are lifting their lofty spires to heaven. Here, while so much room can be spared upon the planet, is in course of preparation, with a wise economy which man would do well to imitate, the raw material which, after being elaborated for centuries by heat and pressure under the crust of the earth, will feed the fires and do the work of generations of men yet unborn. A botanist, deeply conversant with his profession, might detect inaccuracies in some of the details of this portion of Mrs. Somerville's book. It possesses, still, high merit, and is as exact as could be expected of a work which takes so wide a range and requires such various knowledge.

Of five chapters on the geographical distribution of animal life, one is allotted to insects, and the rest to the four great classes in the department of invertebrates, viz. fishes, rep-

tiles, birds, and mammals. Three hundred thousand species of insects are supposed to thrive upon the earth. They increase in number and kind from the poles to the equator: some, like man himself, are cosmopolites. Forty different kinds are quartered upon the common nettle. On the average, six species are allowed to every species of plants. Mountains are a barrier, more effectual even than rivers, to the spread of species. Different kinds are found, not only on opposite sides of the same chain, but on different sides of the solitary peak. It is related by Fremont, that, while standing on a part of the Rocky Mountains elevated 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, an humble-bee came from the east valley and rested upon his knee. This is the highest known flight of that insect.

We have culled out a few short paragraphs from the chapter on insects, which, though separated from the context, may interest the reader.

"The common fly is one of the most universal of insects, yet it was unknown in some of the South Sea Islands till it was carried there by ships from Europe, and it has now become a plague.

"The musquito and culex are spread over the world more generally than any other tribe: it is the torment of men and animals, from the poles to the equator, by night and by day: the species are numerous and their location partial. In the Arctic regions the culex pipiens, which passes two thirds of its existence in water, swarms in summer in myriads: the lake Myvatr, in Iceland, has its name from the legions of these tormentors that cover its surface. They are less numerous in middle Europe, though one species of musquito, the *simulia columbaschensis*, which is very small, appears in such clouds in parts of Hungary, especially the bannat of Temeswar, that it is not possible to breathe without swallowing many: even cattle and children have died from them. In Lapland there is a plague of the same kind. Of all places on earth, the Orinoco and other great rivers of tropical America are the most obnoxious to this plague. The account given by Baron Humboldt is really fearful: at no season of the year, at no hour of the day or night, can rest be found; whole districts in the Upper Orinoco are deserted on account of these insects. New species follow one another with such precision, that the time of day or night may be known accurately from their humming noise, and from the different sensations of the pain which the different poisons produce. The only respite is the interval of a few minutes between the departure of one gang and the arrival of

their successors, for the species do not mix. On some parts of the Orinoco the air is one dense cloud of poisonous insects to the height of twenty feet. It is singular that they do not infest rivers that have black water, and each white stream is peopled with its own kinds; though ravenous for blood, they can live without it, as they are found where no animals exist.

"In Brazil the quantity of insects is so great in the woods, that their noise is heard in a ship at anchor some distance from the shore." — pp. 290, 291.

"Ants are universally distributed, but of different kinds: they are so destructive in South America, that Baron Humboldt says there is not a manuscript in that country a hundred years old. Near great rivers they build their nests above the line of the annual inundations." — p. 292.

"The migration of insects is one of the most curious circumstances relating to them: they sometimes appear in great flights in places where they never were seen before, and they continue their course with a perseverance which nothing can check. This has been observed in the migration of crawling insects: caterpillars have attempted to cross a stream. Countries near deserts are most exposed to the invasion of locusts, which deposit their eggs in the sand, and when the young are hatched by the sun's heat, they emerge from the ground without wings; but as soon as they attain maturity, they obey the impulse of the first wind and fly, under the guidance of a leader, in a mass, whose front keeps a straight line, so dense that it forms a cloud in the air, and the sound of their wings is like the murmur of the distant sea. They take immense flights, crossing the Mozambique Channel from Africa to Madagascar, which is 120 miles broad; they come from Barbary to Italy, and a few have been seen in Scotland." — p. 292.

The remaining chapters on animal life will be read with great interest and profit; the more so, perhaps, that attention has been called so strongly to the subject by the popular and yet eminently scientific statement of the principles of zoölogy by Agassiz and Gould.

Mrs. Somerville's work closes with a chapter on the distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race, — a race which now exceeds eight hundred and sixty millions, and is to be renewed generation after generation. Her range of remark and illustration is so wide and various here, that we will not attempt an analysis, but conclude our notice with a few thoughts suggested by the subject.

If we may judge by the interval between the introduction
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of other species, even the lowest, upon our planet, and their extinction, the human race has only begun its career. Those best able to interpret the silent teachings of nature assure us, that the creation and organization of matter upon our globe have been expanded over enormous periods of time, that they have been conducted according to a high plan, and that this plan has been ever looking and pointing to man as the crowning head of the animal kingdom. This note of preparation which has been sounding in so many strata and through so many epochs, — the convulsions that were needed, — the destruction of so many species of animals and plants, before the forests, the rocks, the atmosphere, and living things were attuned to the finely tempered nature of man, — all indicate that his future career upon this planet cannot be a brief or an unimportant one.

The human race has a destiny to accomplish, as well as each individual who is born into it. The plan which God conceived at the beginning must be a grand one ; and it will surely be accomplished. Man cannot perfectly understand it ; he is not responsible for it ; he cannot thwart it, or hasten it. By the fulfilment of his duty he may put himself in harmony with it, and enjoy the satisfaction of being a co-worker with God for a great purpose. If he hold back or loiter, other agents will be selected, so that the Divine plan will not be defeated. That the whole human family, separated as its members now are by two thousand different languages, by impassable mountains, by extremes of heat and cold, by barren wastes through which no river runs, should ever be reunited and enjoy to the full extent the blessings of liberty, education, and Christianity, may not be essential to God's designs for the human race. But if it be, who shall say that so much as this, even to human conception, is hopeless ? Suppose every meridian on the earth's surface to be marked by the iron bands of the railroad or the smoke of the steamship, — suppose each of its parallels of latitude to be made visible by the fine wires of the telegraph, so that every degree of its area should be bounded, north and south, east and west, by the lines of intelligence, — and suppose the Christian spirit to have taken possession of only two or three of the more powerful nations of the earth, and what ignorance or vice could stand up against the intolerable blaze which would be kindled round every hearth-stone ?

It is not easy to keep up our interest in those whom we

have never seen and from whom we seldom hear. Even the hearts which have been knit the closest by the memories of childhood and the daily sympathies of life are more or less weaned by a long and silent separation, and instinctively reach out to the nearer objects by which Providence has surrounded them. Can we wonder, then, that whole races of men, squalid and degraded, with whom only a Christian benevolence can sympathize, who promise us no intellectual or commercial advantages, and with whom we can rarely communicate, are forgotten and left to themselves? Man has not yet gained more than half possession of this fair earth. At first, civilization clustered around the inland seas and double water systems: within a few centuries, emboldened by science, it has taken possession of the ocean, and ventured to circumnavigate the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. But man's impatience will not brook much longer the danger or the delay of these cape passages. Only eighteen miles of land separate the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at the Isthmus of Darien: about seventy-five more stand between the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. These are not insurmountable obstacles. Whenever a course shall be opened through them for the water, the passage round the earth will be shortened by many thousand miles.

When we consider the beautiful proportion which marks all the works of God, we are constrained to believe that there is some relation between the size of our planet and man's ability to subjugate and enjoy it. Nature has other forces in store, which he will hereafter discover and apply as dexterously as he now uses steam, wind, or electricity. The Divine plan in regard to the human race, be it what it may, will be accomplished; and man, too, will be the agent in his own redemption. Christian culture will give the disposition, science will suggest the means, and God, who rules in the hearts of men and over the forces of nature, will allow the longest duration that can be needed by our race to accomplish its destiny upon this planet.

J. L.

ART. VI. — NEANDER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

WE read this book, we must say, with a good deal of disappointment, nor, on perusing it more carefully a second time, have our first impressions been entirely removed. It does, however, improve greatly on acquaintance. The spirit throughout is a Christian one. The doctrinal views do not offend us ; — we are not quite sure that we understand them. The attitude of the writer towards Jesus harmonizes with our own, though, possibly, it may not proceed from the same doctrinal basis. The author attempts to explain the gradual development of the consciousness of Jesus, “in perfect accordance with the laws of human life, from that mysterious union [with the Divine Word] which formed its ground,”† but we think the attempt more bold than successful, nor do we see how a genuine Trinitarian would dare undertake to speak of the opening consciousness of the Divine mind in its sojourn upon the earth. Even from our point of view, we believe so fully in a peculiar influence exercised by God over his Son from the first miraculous inception of his being, that we know not how to form from the development of other minds any theory of spiritual growth applicable to him. We have no doubt that it was all in accordance with a divine law, but we believe that it was subjected to influences in kind or degree wholly beyond what is usual in our human experience.

Neander deals freely, we should say too freely, with the text of the Gospels. For example, he says : —

“Matthew (iii. 7) states expressly, that ‘many Pharisees and Sadducees came to John’s baptism,’ and the form of the statement distinguishes these from the ordinary throng. It seems somewhat unhistorical that these sects, so opposite to each other, should be named together here, as well as in some other places in the Gospels ; but an explanation is perhaps to be found in the fact, that it was customary to name them together on the ground of their common hatred to Christianity. It appears improbable that men of the peculiar religious opinions of the Sadducees should have been attracted by the preacher of repentance, the forerunner

* *The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connection and Historical Development.* By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by JOHN M’CLINTOCK and CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL, Professors in Dickinson College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo. pp. xlvii, 450.

† p. 32.

of the Messiah ; nor does John, in his severe sermon, make any special reference to that sect, — an omission which could hardly have occurred, had any of the sect so far departed from their ordinary habits as to listen to his preaching. It does not follow, however, that the mention of the Pharisees is in the same predicament ; on the contrary, the historical citation of the latter may have given rise to the unhistorical mention of the Sadducees." — pp. 50, 51.

If, on grounds so slight as these, we are permitted to question the accuracy of an historical account, and set it aside, we see not how any confidence can be placed in the narrative. When we consider how strong a principle curiosity is in all sects, and how many different motives might induce men to go to hear so remarkable a reformer as John the Baptist, we certainly can see no good reason why St. Matthew's statement in this case should be called in question ; nor do we think it consistent with just principles of criticism to doubt any one particular of what we receive generally as an authentic account, unless we have some reason for it stronger than so fanciful an improbability as this.

Neander's *Life of Christ* was called out by the peculiar state of theological opinion in Germany, and has constant reference to it. This circumstance, while it adds to the interest and value of the book there, must of course make it less generally interesting and valuable here. For, though the general subject has awakened much attention, the minute points of critical and historical inquiry which have so engaged the German mind have here been little regarded. But, however we may feel obliged to qualify our opinion, we still regard the *Life of Christ* as a useful and instructive book. It does not seem to us the work of a very commanding mind, but it shows marks of great diligence and candor, and evidently comes from one who understands the spirit of Christianity, and who is therefore well fitted to explain the letter. In some cases, much light is thrown on particular passages of Scripture. The translation seems to us a good one ; but scholars familiar with the German may feel the want of those idiomatic touches which give a peculiar raciness and flavor to the very words of an original writer. We particularly rejoice that a work of so liberal a character, from a source confessedly Orthodox, should be circulated among our Orthodox brethren in this country. It must do something towards making the theological scholarship of the country more gener-

ous and manly. The following passage will give, perhaps, a favorable view of Neander's mode of treating a subject. Under the question, "Had Christ a conscious plan?" — he remarks : —

"It is most natural for us, in treating of Christ's public ministry, to speak first of the *plan* which lay at the foundation of it. First of all, however, the question comes up, whether he *had* any such plan at all.

"The greatest achievements of great men in behalf of humanity have not been accomplished by plans previously arranged and digested ; on the contrary, such men have generally been unconscious instruments, working out God's purposes, at least in the beginning, before the fruits of their labors have become obvious to their own eyes. They served the plan of God's providence for the progress of his kingdom among men, by giving themselves up enthusiastically to the ideas which the Spirit of God had imparted to them. Not unfrequently has a false historical view ascribed to such labors, after their results became known, a plan which had nothing to do with their development. Nay, these mighty men were able to do their great deeds precisely because a higher than human wisdom formed the plan of their labors and prepared the way for them. The work was greater than the workmen ; they had no presentiments of the results that were to follow from the toils to which they felt themselves impelled. So was it with Luther, when he kindled the spark which set half Europe in a blaze, and commenced the sacred flame which refined the Christian Church.

"Were we at liberty to compare the work of Christ with these creations wrought through human agencies, we should need to guard ourselves against determining the plan of his ministry from its results. We might then suppose that he was inspired with enthusiasm for an idea, whose compass and consequences the limits of his circumstances and his times prevented him from fully apprehending. We might also distinguish between the idea, as made the guide and the aim of his actions by himself, and the more comprehensive Divine plan, to which, by his voluntary and thorough devotion to God, he served as the organ. And it would rather glorify than disparage him to show, by thus comparing him with other men who had wrought as God's instruments to accomplish his vast designs, that God had accomplished through him even greater things than he had himself intended.

"But we are allowed to make no such comparison. The life of Christ presented a realized ideal of human culture such as man's nature can never attain unto, let his development reach what point it may. He described the future effects of the truth

which he revealed in a way that no man could comprehend at the time, and which centuries of history have only been contributing to illustrate. Nor was the progress of the *future* more clear to his vision than the steps in the history of the *past*, as is shown by his own statements of the relation which he sustained to the old dispensation. Facts, which it required the course of ages to make clear, lay open to his eye; and history has both explained and verified the laws which he pointed out for the progress of his kingdom. He could not, therefore, have held the same relation to the plan for whose accomplishment his labors were directed, as men who were mere instruments of God, however great. He resembled them, it is true, in the fact that his labors were ordered according to no plan of human contrivance, but to one laid down by God for the development of humanity; but he differed from them in this, that he understood the full compass of God's plan, and had freely made it his own; that it was the plan of his own mind, clearly standing forth in his consciousness when he commenced his labors. The account of his temptation, rightly understood, shows all this.

"With this, also, are rebutted those views which consider Christ as having recognized the idea of his ministry only through the cloudy atmosphere of Judaism; and those which represent his plan as having been essentially altered from time to time, as circumstances contradicted his first expectations and gave him clearer notions. They are further refuted by the entire harmony which subsists between Christ's own expressions in regard to his plan, as uttered in the two different epochs of his history."—pp. 79, 80.

Every new exhibition of the Saviour's life by one whose mind is evidently penetrated by the Saviour's spirit is a valuable addition to our Christian literature. It is a new evidence at once of the truthfulness of the Gospel narratives, and of the richness and fulness of the divine life which those narratives set before us. On both these accounts we are glad to have the attention of thinking men called to the subject by one whose powers of mind and whose great learning must command their respect.

It is no slight evidence of the authenticity of the Gospels, that they bear the test of examination in so many different ways. We may come to them through the historical method adopted by Lardner, and carried out by Mr. Norton with an exactness which makes us almost forget the affluence of his learning and his thought. We may compare and test them, one by the others, through a Harmony like that of Dr. Car-

penter, seeing how their apparent discrepancies may be so reconciled as to confirm the truth of the different accounts. We may study out, with Dr. Robinson, the geography of Palestine, and follow Jesus from place to place through his ministry. We may compare our Gospels with the early apocryphal accounts of Jesus, and see how their natural simplicity is set off by the factitious extravagance of those illegitimate pretenders. We may approach them through the mythical theory of our day, and strive to explain how certain veins and arteries, apparently growing out of the common heart of the system and intimately connected with all the members, should have been inserted among the vital parts of our religion by the ignorance and superstition of subsequent ages. With Mr. Furness, we may look into the incidents of the Gospels, and, seeing in their fresh and glowing hues how perfectly lifelike they are, may resist, if we can, the conviction that they are true. Or, withdrawing ourselves from all commentaries and external proofs, we may read the narratives of the Evangelists, giving ourselves up to them, till, in the deep experience of our own hearts, we seem to comprehend something of the length and breadth and depth and height of the life of Jesus, and to feel in it a reality and a power unparalleled by any thing else in the world's history. Each of these methods, so far as we have pursued it, has only served to strengthen our conviction of the substantial truthfulness of the Gospel narratives.

There may be difficulties in respect to a few passages, which show that the text, as we have it, is not infallibly correct. It may not be easy to fix upon any precise theory of inspiration that shall entirely satisfy us. There may be a few things related as facts, which we cannot quite understand. But must we not, from the nature of the case, expect such difficulties? God is present in nature, sustaining its life, but precisely how he acts is what we can never in this world expect to understand. And in the relations between this life and the next, or between the laws which usually govern matter and the laws of mind through which intelligent beings, and especially the Supreme Intelligence, may interrupt the usual course of natural events, there must be something beyond the reach of our comprehension now, in the infancy of our being. In the history of a revelation, therefore, miraculously made, and having reference not only to our perfection in the present incipient stage of our existence, but to the ultimate fulfilment

of life in a world beyond, there may, and not improbably will, be passages which present insuperable obstacles to those who would master the full and precise meaning of every word. Take, for example, Matthew xxvi. 29 : — “ But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.” In the mind of Jesus, having, as he had, a clear insight into his Father’s spiritual kingdom, these words must have had a distinctness of meaning which from our position we cannot obtain.

These difficulties, then, ought not to disturb us. We should not be troubled, if we find ourselves unable to form any satisfactory theory of miracles. The *facts* in the case are what we are concerned about. Suppose that a naturalist, when told of some remarkable and before unknown forms of animal life, should refuse to admit their existence or to examine the specimens offered to him, because he can frame no theory of animal physiology applicable to such cases. His business is to receive all the facts which come to him properly authenticated, and from them to frame a theory, if he must have it. He is not at liberty to reject birds of gigantic stature, and other creatures of dimensions inconsistent with any thing that we now see of the possible magnitude of the animal frame, because no such creatures have been in existence for thousands of years, or because they do not comport with his theory. So, in our religious inquiries, we are to receive whatever comes to us properly authenticated as fact, and if our theory is not broad enough to comprise all such cases, we must remember that the sphere of God’s influence is not to be cramped by the narrowness of our brains.

We have our theory of miracles ; but in the investigation of the truthfulness of the Gospel narratives, it should rather follow than precede the inquiry as to matters of fact. We can here only indicate a few of the kinds of evidence on which we rely in ascertaining what are the facts of the case. There are the external proofs from early writers, which certainly are entitled to great weight, though, if they stood alone, we might not think them entirely satisfactory. The many circumstances incidentally connected with the life of Jesus are not inconsistent with what we know from other sources respecting those times ; and yet the difficulties here and there are such as prove that the accounts could not have been made up afterwards in accordance with known facts. There are

nice adaptations of language to characters, such as could hardly have been understood at any subsequent period when it is possible that they could have been fabricated. Take, for example, in the second chapter of Luke, the song of the angels, so entirely free from any tincture of Jewish feeling, as compared with the words of Simeon and Anna, which are altogether Jewish in their conception. From the nature of the facts recorded in the Gospels, how is it possible that they could have been inwoven as myths in after-ages? As an instance, how could the resurrection of Jesus grow up as a myth or fable? How, on this supposition, could those minute accounts have been prepared, differing each from the rest, yet, when closely examined, harmonizing with and confirming one another? But allowing that the Gospel records of this event could have been thus prepared, how shall we account for the constant reference to it running through the Book of Acts, as if the resurrection of Christ had been the one essential article of belief among the Christians of that day? And what is still more remarkable, the same is enforced by St. Paul throughout his Epistles with all the fervor of his eloquence and his peculiar subtilty of thought, while it is often incidentally alluded to, or is left to be inferred from those transient intimations, which often, more conclusively than direct assertions, prove the existence of important facts. The same fact, again, is inwoven, with an undefinable air of reality, into the whole texture of the First Epistle of St. Peter. How is it — we will not say, probable — but how is it possible, that this myth, fabricated in a subsequent age, could not only so entwine itself into the fibres of those writings, but, as an essential part of them, or rather as a vital element, modify both their substance and their form?

Then the life of Christ, so unlike any other life, so thoroughly original and apart from all previous conceptions respecting any being upon the earth, so unique in itself and yet so consistent in all the parts relating to it, — how could that have been made up? It is presented to us in narratives indicating a wide difference in the taste and general culture as well as the original endowments of their authors, the various accounts being marked by these differences of tone and coloring, yet from these opposite points wonderfully harmonizing in all their essential features. The Gospels of Matthew and John are not inconsistent with each other. They do not represent two different beings as the Messiah, but each of the writers

has brought into peculiar prominence those acts and words which made the strongest impression on his own mind. In the very freedom with which they depart from each other in their accounts, while they preserve an essential unity of character, is evidence not to be mistaken, that they wrote from the fulness of their own convictions, with a consciousness of truth. In a case lately tried before one of our courts, forgery was proved from the fact that different signatures were exact *fac-similes* of each other, and therefore had not the freedom which an honest man exhibits when he signs his own name. The same thing may be seen in imitations as compared with original writings. The pleasant "Diary of Lady Willoughby" may be detected at once as an imitation, from the primness of its antique dress; there is not the careless ease which belongs to one writing in his own tongue. But in the Gospels there is the widest difference of style, the most perfect freedom in the mode of speech, in the selection of incidents, and even in the manner in which the same incidents are related, or the same conversation is reported. In the account of the miraculous feeding of the multitude, as given by Matthew and John, while the principal fact is the same in both, the words reported and the impression made upon us in the two cases are quite different. Yet there is no inconsistency. Each writer, with the freedom which comes only from an unconsciousness of any sinister purpose, writes out what actually took place, and records that part of the conversation which made the deepest impression on his own mind.

But in Jesus himself, as he is represented in the Gospels, is the highest proof that can be given of their truthfulness. Here is one who, in the most simple form, has brought out truths the most vital and profound that the world has ever known, principles of life which after eighteen centuries of progress few men have been able to comprehend, and which have found their only perfect illustration in himself; for in him is a fulness of life, which, even more than his words, is the light of the world. All the parts are in keeping with one another, and with him in whom they meet. Words the most weighty and sublime that have ever been uttered come without effort or restraint from one whose deeds are on the same high level with them. The superhuman wisdom, which flows out so easily in his instructions, is balanced and sustained by the superhuman power which manifests itself with equal naturalness in his acts, while the same divine benignity shines out

alike in his conduct and his speech. By four different writers is this wonderful being placed before us, in attitudes the most various, under circumstances fitted to call out the most opposite manifestations of character, with actions and words the most diverse, and finding their point of union only in the greatness of his spirit. There is nothing forced. The colors lie as easily as the sunlight upon a field. The parts grow out of a common centre as naturally, and with as much originality, as the branches, leaves, and fruit from a common trunk. Now is there any genius adequate to the conception of such a character? Sooner could we, through the imagination alone, conceive of a new Sir Isaac Newton, with yet profounder "*Principia*" carried out in all their mathematical details. Different minds could not draw out such a life, and sustain it through such a variety of events, unless they had before them a common original. We do not believe that any man from the third century down could insert one chapter in the Gospel of St. John, or record minutely a single incident in the Saviour's life, in such a way as to sustain the character which we find in the Evangelists.

But, apart from the difficulty of sustaining the principal personage, how could all the side-lights cast by him on others be preserved as they are, through such careless touches, and yet with such exquisite shadings? The influence of Jesus on Peter under circumstances so different and so remarkable, — his influence on Mary and Martha, each so lifelike and individual, — the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, where at that perilous moment the chosen disciples fell asleep more than once, — the conduct of the different persons on the morning of the resurrection, — the language in the Epistles of Paul and Peter, as well as in the Acts, — all so truthlike and natural, admitting the central fact, are yet such as we must think it quite impossible to receive on any other theory than that of the objective truth of the Gospel narratives. And when we add to this the momentous revolution which took place at that period in the world, a revolution which certainly since the second century has based itself on the Christ of the Evangelists as its one sufficient cause, we see not how men can doubt that these facts were substantially as they are represented to us.

Take the theory of our day, which supposes Jesus to have been a man of extraordinary moral and intellectual endowments, the promulgator of the truths which are ascribed to

him, while the miraculous parts of his character and life were all the creation of later times. We waive here what has been already briefly noticed respecting the fact of the resurrection of Jesus. We confine ourselves to what seems to us the utter impossibility of adding to such an original without marring its essential features. Who could complete the half-finished poem, *Christabel*, without disfiguring it? Not Shakespeare himself. Who could extend through one additional canto that most beautiful of all poetical conceptions, the *Beatrice of Dante*? Let any one compare the Jesus of Milton's *Paradise Regained* with the Jesus of St. John or St. Matthew, — for we would refer only to the efforts of real genius, and not come down to such presumptuous attempts to personify the author of our religion as we might adduce from the pages of modern literature. But the difficulty of sustaining the character of our Saviour under new circumstances and through new conversations is one of the slightest objections to the theory under consideration. It supposes men of subsequent times to have introduced a new and most important element into his nature, making it, indeed, an essential part of him, and causing it to run through all his words and acts, to give its coloring to his whole life, — to the relation in which he stood to others while living, and to his power over them when dead. And yet there is the most perfect naturalness and harmony in all the parts. And besides, this fictitious element has actually infused itself into the substance of his religion, into the teachings and conduct of his immediate followers, and of his Church down to the present day! Does not this supposition involve a degree of skill infinitely transcending the powers of human genius? A being of the most truthlike simplicity, as individual as it is possible for a being of so comprehensive a nature to be, is made up of materials partly true and partly fabulous, yet all wrought together with such wonderful skill, as to gain the homage and admiration, not of the weak and ignorant alone, but of the purest and wisest men, for more than fifteen hundred years! Such a theory is to us more incredible than that a being of such moral and intellectual endowments as all unite in ascribing to Jesus should also have been gifted with the power of working miracles.

Perhaps the best way to examine this matter is to take a single incident, as, for example, the resurrection of Lazarus, and show how it is possible that the monstrous drapery of miracle, if a mere rhetorical or mythical device, could be so

wound up in the simple original truth. Let any one who is doubtful on the subject try to separate the two. Or if, from the impossibility of separating the natural and the miraculous without destroying the life of both, the whole is rejected as fabulous, let any one give himself up to the account, till its mingled tenderness and sublimity shall have taken possession of his mind, and lifted him up into harmony with the spirit of the chapter, and then let him ask what evidence we have from all the other productions of the second century to prove that the poetical conception of such a character and such a scene was possible to any one then living. We do not hesitate to say, that, in all the works of human genius that we have seen, there is nothing which makes any approach to this, in the delicate traits of character shown under overpowering emotion, in the naturalness of the subordinate incidents, the easy consistency of the parts, the grace, majesty, and power of him at whose word "he that was dead came forth."

We wish the attention of Christians could be drawn more earnestly than it has yet been to the study of the Gospels. If the life of Christ, as there taught, could be brought out to us distinctly in all its parts, we believe it would be, not only the surest evidence of their truth, but the best guide we could have to our religious thought. He who follows the Saviour through his ministry, with any thing approaching to a full understanding of his acts, will learn whatever is essential to us in our religion. We believe, that, if preaching were given more to bringing out in their fulness of meaning the prominent features in the life of Jesus, applying them to the present wants of the hearers, it would be far more edifying and instructive than it now is, and the state of our churches would be much more encouraging. We do not believe in dry expository preaching; nor would we have any one suppose, that, because he can answer all Allen's Questions on the Gospels, he is therefore well instructed in the kingdom of heaven. It is well for us to know the little external facts that illustrate Scriptural language, and still more important to be familiar with the incidents and events recorded by the Evangelists. But a mere outside knowledge is not what we mean, when we speak of a minute acquaintance with the Gospels. There are few kinds of learning, or preaching, more unprofitable, when it stops there. It is storing away the seed-corn in dry places, instead of planting it in the ground. But there is a way of dwelling on each event in the life of our Saviour till

it becomes a quickening influence in our own hearts. There is a way of giving ourselves up to him till his words become spirit and life to us, and through them we are lifted up into communion with him. Then the truths which he has taught come home to us with power. His example becomes a thing dear and sacred to us. Our religion is no longer made up of abstractions or stiff rules of faith and practice. It is not Christianity, — a summary of truths, a code of laws, a collection of moral and religious precepts, — but the living impersonation of all that is true and holy in Christ, commending itself to us through the sweetness and majesty of his affections, drawing us by the strongest sympathies of our nature to him, that our holiest thoughts may be kindled, and our hearts burn within us. The word "Christianity" falls upon us like a piece of ice from the pulpit. It is not found either in the Gospels or in the glowing, impassioned Epistles of St. Paul. It was not Christianity apart from Christ, but Christ embodying Christianity, that dwelt within his Church in those days, dethroning the ancient idols, subduing kingdoms, and setting the world on fire with a new zeal and love. And if ever now an unusual Christian energy and zeal take possession of a community, it must be, not through the philosophy of Christianity, important as that is, but through Christ in his life and death, his sufferings and his joy, brought home to the conscience and the hearts of men. However much our preachers may please the fancy or engage the admiration of their hearers by profound treatises upon abstract doctrines and duties or beautiful illustrations of virtue and piety, it is not till they have learned to preach Christ, "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation," that they will convert the souls of their hearers, and make them humble, devout, and joyful Christians.

The one essential thing that is needed in our churches is an affectionate, intelligent, reverential faith in Christ. We must be more like her who, with the loveliness of a heart offered to its Maker in the freshness of its first affections, "sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his word," till her inmost being was filled with the thoughts, penetrated by the love, and wrapped, as it were, in the very breath and atmosphere of his spirit. His truths then will have their fitting influence upon us, and our lives, by no forced and painful effort, but by the affinities of our souls to Jesus through their strongest affections, will become constantly assimilated to him, receiving of his fulness, and rejoicing in his love.

J. H. M.

ART. VII.—CHURCH MUSIC.*

IN a former article,† we adverted to the fact, that, of the many collections of church music which have been published in this country, not one has been compiled with special reference to the wants of the Unitarian denomination. All of them contain doctrinal expressions which are offensive to our religious views. Expressions concerning the worship of the Trinity, that are particularly repulsive, and concerning atonement and sacrifice, such as we cannot accept, continually occur. The value of the metrical portion of the books, it is true, is not materially impaired by this fact, since selections from Unitarian hymn-books can be adapted to the tunes ; but most of the occasional pieces, and the chants, are rendered useless. Very few, if any, choristers would undertake the task of adapting other words to them. Consequently there arises a serious evil. The interest which the performance of the choir is calculated to excite is diminished, and the devotional feelings of the audience are disturbed, if the pieces in question are performed ; and if they are omitted altogether, the service of the church loses one of its most important aids. This is an evil which demands attention. All other denominations have been keenly alive to the importance, not only of singing the praises of God, but of using expressions consistent with their own faith. The hymns should be as much objects of regard as the prayer or the sermon. When

* 1. *The National Lyre: a New Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with a Choice Selection of Sentences, Anthems, and Chants; designed for the Use of Choirs, Congregations, and Singing-Schools.* By S. P. TUCKERMAN, S. A. BANCROFT, and H. K. OLIVER. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1848. Oblong 4to. pp. 160.

2. *Taylor's Sacred Minstrel, or American Church Music Book; a New Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, adapted to the Various Metres now in Use; together with Anthems, Sentences, Chants, and other Pieces, etc.; containing between Three and Four Hundred New Pieces, Original and Selected, now for the First Time presented to the American Public, and others from the most Distinguished European Composers.* Edited by VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR, Organist, and Professor of Music. Hartford: J. H. Mather & Co. 1848. Oblong 4to. pp. 379.

3. *A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, comprising the Best Compositions in General Use, and including many by Eminent English and Foreign Musicians, which are now for the First Time published in this Country; harmonized for Four Voices, with an Arrangement for the Organ and Pianoforte.* Forming the First Part of the People's Music Book. Edited by JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey; and EDWARD TAYLOR, Gres. Prof. Mus. London. 1848. Royal 8vo. pp. 236.

† Christian Examiner, for November, 1848, pp. 406-412.

inappropriately selected or badly sung, they are unfriendly to devotion, and produce, on those of the congregation who have delicate ears, an effect which the happiest efforts of the preacher may be unable to remove.

The Church of Rome, in particular, has appreciated the impressiveness of music, and has used it unsparingly to enhance the dignity and solemnity of their worship. An important change was effected about the middle of the sixteenth century by St. Neri, who founded the Order of the Oratory at Rome. This powerful order of priests, wishing to attract as many persons as possible to the service of their church, and to divert their attention from the theatre, incorporated songs and choruses with their form of worship. Afterwards they caused the stories and incidents of Scripture to be dramatized and set to music. The story of the good Samaritan, Saul's vision, the parable of the prodigal son, etc., were thus used. They were accustomed to introduce these pieces between the prayers and after the sermon, presuming, that, by so doing, "the attention of the audience would be secured to the religious instructions of the preacher." Oratorios were soon admitted into all the churches in Italy, where they are still performed. They were accompanied by scenery, acting, and dancing, but these last, in the process of time, were excluded from the church.

The collections of sacred music recently published, of which we have given the titles, afford many examples of that unsuitableness to the purposes of Unitarian worship of which we have spoken. But, like most of the collections now in use, they also embrace hymns which should be excluded from all books designed for public worship, in consequence of their containing sentiments that cannot be ascribed to all the members of a mixed congregation. In the first and third of the books before us there is a hymn of this class :—

"Why hast thou cast us off, O God?

Wilt thou no more return?

O, why against thy chosen flock

Does thy fierce anger burn?"

In "Taylor's Sacred Minstrel," the following hymn is given in two places :—

"Depth of mercy! — can there be

Mercy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear?

Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

Many hymns are retained in our various collections, which are, either wholly or in part, unsuitable for use in any Christian congregation. The well-known hymn commencing,

“I would not live away,”

we are aware, is a favorite composition with many persons, but still we question the propriety of the sentiment which it contains.

The following stanza occurs in the first and third of the books under our notice : —

“God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets’ sound ;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.”

We confess that we are unable to understand what idea the author meant to convey in the first line.

Of hymns particularly exceptionable to Unitarians on account of the doctrine they contain, the following, found twice in the “National Lyre,” is a familiar example : —

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.”

The following doxologies are found in most of the books : —

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

“Great Jehovah ! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne.”

The selections from Scripture which have been made for the purposes of chanting almost invariably contain the verse, —

“Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.”

But it is not on account of their doctrinal opinions alone that the hymns of other denominations are repulsive to Uni-

tarians. They often betray a want of taste and religious refinement. The feelings excited, in perusing many of them, after reading the finished productions of Norton and Ware, are analogous to those experienced when breathing the vitiated atmosphere of a close room after inhaling the pure mountain air. The themes on which they touch — God and man, redemption and immortality — are treated in a stern, gloomy manner. The very doctrines on which the Christian founds his hopes, and which conspire to soften the asperities of life and furnish peace and consolation, are enveloped in the same dark atmosphere. The various topics are presented as if it were a part of man's duty to condemn the earthly scenes in which he lives, and to view heaven and eternity with fearful forebodings.

In the books under notice we find some excellent hymns which we do not remember to have previously seen. Taylor has given us Koerner's celebrated "Battle Prayer"; and also that beautiful passage from Campbell, commencing, —

"Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn."

We also find Peabody's beautiful hymn,

"Behold the western evening light,"

which is here for the first time set to music. If it were not already so well known to our readers, we would quote it entire, not only on account of the beauty of the sentiment it contains, but for its exquisite musical diction. Many of the hymns in common use are so unmusical in their construction, that it is almost impossible to sing them. A perpetual recurrence of consonants, together with syllables totally destitute of euphony and often arranged with a seeming contempt for the feet of the verse, disfigure many of them. In the "National Lyre," and in the English publication before us, we find many hymns and psalms taken from the oldest collections. We prefer their bold strains, although occasionally harsh, and their Scriptural imagery, to the ungraceful flow and inappropriate similes and figures of modern poetry. In the "Lyre," Wesley's vigorous hymn, commencing,

"My God, my strength, my hope,"

is set to music for the first time. This has long been a favorite hymn with Unitarian clergymen. Messrs. Turle and

Taylor have given us two hymns in Welsh common metre. We quote one stanza for its oddity : —

“Pan ballo nodedd pawb a’ue hedd,
Duw, o’i drugaredd odiaeth,
Yn Dad, yn Frawd, yn Ffrynd a fydd
Argyfyng ddydd marwolaeth.”

Both composers and performers commit ludicrous errors by mistaking or disregarding the sentiment of the passage. Wherever the words *peace*, *rest*, etc., occur, or, on the other hand, *joy*, *victory*, etc., the music is set and performed to express the meaning which those words convey when taken separately, without regarding at all the context. The following verses are frequently performed in this manner : —

“’T is God’s all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
’T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors’ wreaths and monarchs’ gems
Shall blend in common dust” ; —

the first two lines of the second stanza being performed *fortissimo*, and the last two in the softest *pianissimo* imaginable. The whole hymn is expressive of joy, and the idea conveyed in the last two lines is *negative*. The following stanza is likewise often performed in an *adagio* movement, and in a soft and subdued manner, the performers forgetting that the idea conveyed in the first two lines is *negative* : —

“Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.”

In the following line, —

“And peace and joy shall dwell therein,” —

we have often heard the word “*peace*” sung in a manner scarcely audible, and the word “*joy*” shouted with the loudest efforts of both choir and organ. The whole hymn is an aspiration after peace, repose, and silence. The joy

referred to is the calm, subdued joy of a well-regulated mind.*

We cannot close this article without noticing the musical character of the books the titles of which we have placed at its head. The "*National Lyre*" contains some excellent selections from Beethoven, Spohr, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. An acquaintance with compositions of this class tends to elevate and purify the popular taste more than a knowledge of all the common collections of church music put together. Dr. Hodges, director of the music at Trinity Church in New York, and Mr. Charles Zeuner, of Philadelphia, have contributed to its pages. Their compositions are such as their high reputation as organists would lead us to expect. The original compositions of the editors are worthy of notice. The harmonies of the tunes which bear their names are of a high order. The book does not contain so many pages as many of its class, but still it possesses every quality requisite for a good manual of psalmody. Many of the old tunes are here presented with truly beautiful harmonies. This is a feature which cannot fail to recommend it to choirs. The chants are superior to those of any collection which we have ever examined. "The marks of expression usually prefixed to tunes" the editors have judiciously "omitted, as the proper style of performance will vary with the varying hymn, and the true characteristic of any tune may be readily known on performance." In many of the books, the authors have prefixed directions to their music which are singularly absurd and inappropriate. Such directions as the following, — "Moderate time, with

* Secular composers have not escaped this error. In Purcell's "*Bonduca*," a tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's, to the following lines, —

"Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round," —

the composer has set a loud and boisterous passage, designed to imitate the sound of the trumpet. The air in which it occurs, "O, lead me to some peaceful gloom," is a prayer for peace and silence. The idea intended to be conveyed by the introduction of the trumpet is negative. When Sir Walter Scott's famous song, "*County Guy*," was first published, it was set to music by the composers of the day. In the passage,

"The lark, his lay that trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner by,"

the trill of the lark was imitated either by the voice or the accompaniment, thus defeating the poet's intention when the lay of the lark was introduced. He expressly says the lay of the lark is "hushed."

tender and pathetic expression," — "With thoughtfulness and reverence," — "With emotion and deep solemnity, but not too slow," — "With delicate expression, yet with ardor and cheerfulness," — it has been well said, "are tacit insults to the devotion of the performer, to say nothing of his common sense."

Beauty and copiousness of melody and great variety of harmony are the distinguishing features of "Taylor's Sacred Minstrel." Most of the pieces are original. In this respect it differs widely from other works of the same class. If any are inclined to wonder at the fecundity of the press in the production of sacred music books, his wonder will be greatly diminished when he considers that a large part of the music which is found in these books is common property, a part of which was originally written for the service of the Church, and a part taken from the compositions of the great masters, mutilated to meet the Procrustean necessities of the metre. These *membra disjecta* stand in unfortunate contrast with their originals, and forcibly remind the reader of the mental poverty of their arrangers. "If that severe doom of Synesius be true, — 'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labor than their clothes,' — what shall become of" the compilers of church music books?

"The People's Music Book" is a fine specimen of English science and typography. It was compiled in the hope of furnishing a good manual of psalmody for congregational singing. With this end in view, the editors collected the standard English tunes and rearranged many of them, and adapted the vocal score to the compass of voice most common in a mixed congregation, — for whom it is the best book extant. This, as well as the two other books which we have noticed, we would recommend to the attention of choristers and choirs generally.

F. F. H.

ART. VIII. — MERRY-MOUNT.*

WE have not often descended from our graver mood to notice the lighter literature of the day, except when its impure tendency has seemed to call for rebuke. But here is a book which, if we may judge by the impression it has produced on our own minds, will be read with deep interest, not merely by the lovers of fiction, but by the thoughtful student of the history and manners of the primitive settlers of the Massachusetts, called by Smith "the paradise of all those parts." It is an historical novel. Such a work, founded on incidents in the early annals of New England, has rarely been attempted with success. Yet we see not why the attempt, in proper hands, should not succeed. There are materials enough, one would think, which may be wrought to a good purpose. Some of them, it is true, may appear to be of a rather repulsive or refractory character. Puritanical precision and stiffness cannot very readily be made to assume a graceful and attractive form; and in the exhibition of them, there is some danger that the noble virtues, which really marked the Puritan character, will be thrown into the shade, or that ludicrous associations will be awakened, unfriendly to a just appreciation of them. Those stern old characters, iron-cast as they seem, are certainly a little difficult to deal with in the way of fiction.

But difficulties of this kind apart, — and they are not insuperable, — the mine, if skilfully worked, will turn out to be a rich one. Here was no lack of adventure, and with the story of the times blends not a little of the marvellous, — sufficient, one would suppose, to satisfy the demands of the wildest imagination and gratify the keenest craving for excitement. All the passions of human nature were here, — passions, it may be, nurtured in the hot-bed of European civilization; but in the gloomy depths of an American solitude, and amid the wide expanse of the ancient forest, they would miss much of their accustomed aliment, and would operate intensely in new forms, and spend themselves on new objects. There was a strange contrast between the old that was left behind, and the new that was found, — between the pleasant fields

* *Merry-Mount; A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* Boston and Cambridge: J. Munroe & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 222 and 249.

of Old England, and the rough, bleak shores of New England ; and bold hands and bold hearts were needed to meet the privations and perils of a home in the wilderness. Yet gentle woman was here ; some came who had been used to luxury in their native land ; some who had been tenderly nurtured ; they came, like delicate plants, soon to droop and die amidst the rigors encountered in these wilds. There appeared, too, among those who sought these shores, some of whom had only a temporary residence here, no inconsiderable diversity of character. There were mere adventurers seeking wealth, — worn-out courtiers, — men of broken fortunes, — and loose men, who, disliking the restraints of the old civilization, sought a wild freedom in these remote and unsettled lands. As these planted themselves by the side of the inflexible religionists who had forsaken their pleasant homes and crossed the stormy sea for “freedom to worship God,” and for “progress in the Reformation,” a conflict would ensue, in which would mingle some of the most powerful passions and sentiments of the human breast. The historical novelist will here find no scanty supply of materials, and the quarry, as we said, is one which has been as yet little worked. If he have a talent for description, nature rises before him in some of her grandest, and occasionally her loveliest forms. The bays, the islands, and variously indented shores, forest-crowned, spread out beneath his eye, blending in his imagination with the mysterious traditions and history of races that have disappeared, leaving few foot-prints on the soil.

The author of “*Merry-Mount*” appears to be fully aware of the capabilities of his subject, and has, we think, very successfully treated it. He has certainly produced a work which is full of life and energy, and in its materials is exclusively American. The story, which is not too complicated, moves on with ease, and contains incidents enough, some of them of a stirring character, to give a zest to the narrative without overloading it. Some of the scenes are very exciting. The author has a vigorous and glowing imagination, and evidently draws from a full fountain. He has no lack of invention, yet in all the main incidents keeps verisimilitude in view, and in his historical personages, several of whom appear on his canvas, he has preserved the truth of nature. Of course, many of his incidents are fictitious ; this is agreeable to the laws of the historical novel, which do not preclude invention, but only require that the positions and

events described do not shock by any violent improbability, and that they be such as to develop the characteristic traits of the actors, and give individuality to the portraits. In this particular, we think that the writer of the tale of "Merry-Mount" has been in a more than ordinary degree successful. He uses discrimination, and in his narrative we recognize the peculiar bearing of the venerable heroes of the early days of Massachusetts. The brave and fiery Standish, the dignified, firm, and sagacious Winthrop, the zealous, rigid, and somewhat choleric Endicott, rise up before us in true and lifelike proportions. The primitive settlers with their severe visages and "sad-colored garments" move over the stage; their singularities and even their defects are not forgotten, but due homage is paid to their virtues, — their deep sincerity, their earnestness, their profoundly religious spirit, and inflexible, and, it may be, stern morality. The writer is no scoffer at Puritan errors and superstition; he touches on them, but with a reverential hand, as on the faults of men who, though they did not in all respects rise above the infirmities of their times, yet possessed heroic qualities of which any age might be proud.

But we did not sit down to praise the book, nor shall we, in the brief space we can appropriate to it, attempt any thing like a criticism upon it, or any minute analysis of its contents. We wish merely to record the impressions it has left on our own minds, and by a few extracts introduce it to the knowledge of our readers.

It was the spring of 1628. The Pilgrims had been at Plymouth between seven and eight years; a few "old planters," as they were afterwards called, had erected their rude and thatched dwellings in what was then known as "the Massachusetts," including the bay embraced between Nahant promontory and Point Alderton, or the headland of Nantasket. Roger Conant was at Cape Ann, or Salem; Thomas Walford, the "smith," at Charlestown; William Blackstone, or Blaxton, a solitary inhabitant of the peninsula called Shawmut by the Indians, Trimountain by the English, and afterwards Boston; Maverick, too, seems to have been here. Weston had, in 1622, established a small colony at Wessagusset (Weymouth), which was broken up the next year, and a similar attempt soon after met with no better success, though a few stragglers appear to have been left on the

spot.* Captain Wollaston had, in 1625, occupied Mount Wollaston, in Quincy, but had left, — Thomas Morton with a “disorderly crew” remaining. Endicott and his company had not yet (1628) arrived, though they came before the end of the year, and Winthrop two years after. The country had been in a great measure depopulated by pestilence; there were a few Indian clearings here and there; but with the exception of these, the primeval forests still waved over the soil, and nature stood in her original solitude.

At this time the narrative commences, and we are introduced to the riotous, roistering company at Mount Wollaston, called by Morton — who reigned there, “lord of misrule” — Merry-Mount. This Morton, originally a lawyer of Clifford’s or Furnival’s Inn, it is well known, caused great trouble to the sober colonists. Whether or not he was, along with Sir Christopher Gardiner, — a dark personage who occupies a somewhat prominent place in the tale, — engaged with Sir Ferdinando Gorges in ambitious projects unfriendly to the interests of the Puritan settlers, the loose way of life led by him and his companions, his connection with the Indians, whom he furnished with fire-arms and ammunition, and the disturbances he raised, caused the different plantations finally to combine for his ejection and the dispersion of his madcap associates. At present, however, he is enjoying himself at what he calls his palace on Merry-Mount. The scenes described with a free, bold hand, as taking place there, are not probably coarser than the reality. It is some relief to turn from them to join the Ludlows at Naumkeak (Salem). These were Walter and his sister, true Puritans, — he a melancholy, enthusiastic man, who, despairing of the cause of religious liberty in his native land, and having lost “the wife of his youth,” after they had laid their two children in the grave, had retired to this western wilderness with his young and beautiful sister, who was devoted to his comfort and shared all his religious enthusiasm. On this fair Puritan maid, accused of coldness, but in reality possessing great sensibility and warm affections united with deep religious faith, and intellectual gifts above the ordinary level, hangs no slight portion of the interest of the story. The following,

* “It is a striking fact,” observes the author of the work under review, very justly, “that, of the many colonies attempted in Massachusetts, none succeeded except those planned and supported by religious enthusiasm.” — Vol. I. p. 13.

which is part of a conversation that occurs between her and her brother as they are "wandering upon the wild and wooded peninsula, near which they had established their temporary home," will sufficiently indicate the feelings of both at the moment referred to.

" 'This chill breath from the sea, these gloomy and leafless forests, this silent solitude which enwraps us as with a mighty funeral pall,' said Ludlow, 'are but a sad exchange for the soft airs and the opening blossoms of your old home, Esther. I fear you will bitterly repent, ere long, that you followed the fortunes of one whom God hath stricken, and sent into the wilderness to die.'

" 'Alas!' said Esther, 'if the returning spring could but warm the freezing current of your heart, — if but a few faded flowers could but revive again, which in old and happy times blossomed about your pathway, I should regret nothing, not even the garden flowers of England. Say rather that I should regret only for your sake, that we have taken the pilgrim's staff and scrip, — for, indeed, you should have a bolder, or at least a more elastic and hopeful heart, to struggle among the heathen in this land of dark shadows.'

" 'Your existence was not broken like mine,' said Ludlow, — 'your future was not like mine, a pathway through eternal snow. Let the broken-hearted and world-weary man wear the cowl of his solitude, — let him wrap the desert about him even as a garment of sackcloth. But I had forgotten, — even thou hast sorrow of thine own,' said Ludlow, pausing for a moment, while his sister answered him with a suppressed sigh.

" 'No, Walter,' said she, 'I have no sorrows, no regrets, of mine own. I know to what you allude, but I have cast from my heart an image which strove to impress itself there against my will. A worldling, a scorner of our religion, shall never hold the humblest place in my heart. One who had dared to mock at my faith, and even to sneer at your melancholy madness and fanaticism, as he termed it, shall never cause me one tear of regret at leaving the land of my fathers.'" — Vol. I. pp. 33, 34.

This high-souled enthusiasm is well sustained in many perplexing situations, and the character is a beautiful creation illustrative of that purity and sweetness of affection which in those stern days, amid stern duties and toils, frequently softened the repulsiveness of Puritan habits, and threw a charm around the rugged Pilgrim homes. But it is not our intention to anticipate the readers of the volume, by pursuing the thread of the narrative. The following, from the chap-

ter entitled "The Solitary of Shawmut," is part of the picture which the author gives us of the scenery around Boston at that time. It will serve to show his power of description.

"Upon the afternoon of that same day, a single figure sat upon the highest peak of the triple-headed promontory of Shawmut. Around him was spread the lovely panorama, which still, but with diminished beauty, surrounds the picturesque city of Boston.

"A solitary figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused, dark-colored, half-canonical dress, with a gray, broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls, far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long, slender thread of land, which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula; upon the southeast, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form; and upon the other side, and towards the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut, that was derived the appellation of Trimountain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.

"The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea. The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semicircle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers, and that far distant fatherland which the exile had left for ever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine, or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil."—Vol. I. pp. 77, 78.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing one further specimen of the writer's skill in description. An ex-

cursion of the solitary up the Charles gives occasion for a sketch of the scenery on its banks, many points of which, as they who are familiar with the stream well know, open views of singular loveliness and beauty. The following picture is as just as it is vivid and forcible.

"The slow and tortuous Quinobequin, as the river Charles was then more properly called, which, as Captain John Smith had already informed the world, "doth pierce many days' journey into the entrails of that country," was a river whose calm, deep, almost stagnant, and at the same time highly erratic character, was singularly in harmony with that of the profound, wandering, gentle, unimpassioned hermit, who, first of civilized beings, then dwelt upon its banks. A brawling, shallow, headlong stream, now whirling through gravelly ravines, now dashing down precipices of granite, would have been no fitting companion for the exile. Blaxton thought, as he idly floated up the long reaches, or rowed himself against the lazy current, in the short, sudden coils, by which the river incessantly seemed doubling in its languid course, that the stream was a fit emblem of himself. Winding noiselessly and obscurely to and fro among the woods and meadows, the river flowed calmly along, with scarce an eddy upon its glassy surface, silent, but deep, hesitating, meandering, and yet, after leagues of its serpentine motion, accomplishing so little, that a child in a few bounds might measure the whole length of its actual progress towards its goal.

"Still, within its unruffled depths were ever mirrored nature's freshest charms. The forest-crowned hills came from afar to bathe themselves in its tranquil flood, the serene heaven, with its floating clouds, the silver majesty of the moon, the countless troops of stars, and even the effulgence of the day-god himself, were daily and nightly reflected in its placid bosom. And was not this a compensation for the absence of that restless energy which would have hurried it faster to the eternal sea, but would have shivered its transparent surface into a thousand fragments, and rendered its nature tumultuous and troubled?

"Thus mused the contemplative solitary, as hour after hour he loitered in his bark along that solitary stream. Although gentle and quiet, there was still variety in his inland voyage. Here, the river coiled itself, like a silver snake, through a wide expanse of meadow, where, if he stepped ashore, the rank grass, unconscious of the scythe, grew higher than his breast. Anon, he floated into a more secluded reach, where the stream dilated for a moment to a mimic bay, where his oar would disturb a fleet of anchored wood-ducks. Again, as the river narrowed itself within its banks, a gray and decaying trunk of some fallen tree would almost ob-

struct his passage, from which the basking turtle would drop hastily and heavily into the stream, or the headlong frogs dash themselves off in nimble and grotesque alarm. At times, his course lay through broad and level meadows, where grew only the ringletted and drooping elms, the most graceful, the most feminine, and the most fragile of trees; and which, sometimes like verdant fountains, sometimes like foliage-wreathed urns, sometimes like bending, graceful, suddenly metamorphosed nymphs, with their green tresses sweeping the ground, stood singly or in detached and picturesque groups, along the moist and open meads. Again, the river would lose itself beneath shadowy and deeply wooded banks, where the tangled forest grew close to the water's edge, where the various melody of summer birds was never silent, where the whirl of the strong-winged partridge would fall suddenly upon the ear, where the slender deer would steal timidly forth to slake its thirst at the river's brink, or the grim figure of the brown, indolent bear would appear for an instant through the thick curtain of the midsummer foliage. There, the maple, the birch, the alder, and the oak were all matted together, in intricate luxuriance, and the hermit would often pause to contemplate some Laocoön-like group of mighty trees, entangled, interlaced, and suffocated in the vast coils of some serpent-like grape-vine. A thousand flowers of brilliant hues decorated his lonely progress. Immense fields of the strong and tangled pickerel-weed, with its broad lotus-like leaves and flaunting flowers, now clogged his pathway; and now a multitude of white and fragrant water-lilies thronging around his bark, like troops of amorous, odor-breathing water-nymphs, seemed to woo him to repose. The delicate arrow-head, with its spikes of pale and tender blossoms, — the intensely brilliant cardinal-flower, which looked as if it should be transplanted to some ancient cathedral window-pane, where, placed upon the bosom of some gorgeous saint, its vivid crimson should reflect the sunlight for ages, — the stately eupatorium, the fragrant azalea, the gaudy sunflower, and a host of other nameless weeds, grew in rank and tangled confusion along the oozy bank."—Vol. II. pp. 101–104.

The history of the doings at Merry-Mount is continued, with such episodes as the plot and actors naturally suggest. The patience of the colonists being at length exhausted, Morton is seized by the redoubtable Standish, who has orders to that effect, and conveyed to Plymouth, whence he is sent to England to answer the charges preferred against him.*

* Morton was a bitter enemy to the Puritan colonists. He first gave currency to the story told with such effect by the author of *Hudibras*, that for a healthful culprit, a shoemaker, whose services could not be dispensed

Endicott and his associates had two or three months previous arrived at Salem, and Endicott had visited the scene of misrule in person. Winthrop's company followed not long after. Morton had come back from England, and by order of Governor Winthrop was again seized and brought before the Court of Assistants at Charlestown, the company not yet having transferred the settlement to the other side of the river. The magistrates assemble in the "Great House." The portraits of three of them are thus given.

"Governor Winthrop came first, a tall, erect figure in the prime of manhood, whose plaited vandyke ruff, dark-flowing robes, and magisterial chain harmonized entirely with the simple and natural dignity which distinguished his presence. As he placed himself upon a slightly elevated seat, behind a large table at the upper end of the room, while Dudley and Johnson occupied the seats upon either side, and the rest of the assistants arranged themselves around the table, even Morton himself could not look upon him without respect. The governor's features were prominent, but regular. The hair and beard were dark, the complexion olive, the hazel eye large and pensive, the forehead full of gravity and deliberation. The whole countenance expressed elevation of sentiment, earnestness, and decision, tempered with great gentleness, and somewhat overshadowed with melancholy. All these characteristics dwelt particularly in the upper part of the face. The eyebrows, which were delicately pencilled and remarkably arched, imparted a singular character to the whole physiognomy; and, in fact, the whole expression of the brow and eye would have struck an imaginative person as that of a man whose thoughts were habitually and steadfastly directed to things beyond this world.

"Well contrasted with Winthrop was the erect, military figure, and stern, rugged features of the deputy, Dudley. The Low-Country soldier, the bigoted and intolerant Calvinist, the iron-handed and close-fisted financier, the severe magistrate, but the unflinching and heroic champion of a holy cause, were all represented in that massive and grizzled head, that furrowed countenance, that attitude of stern command.

"Was it grief for the wife of his bosom, whose grave was still green, the gentle Lady Arabella,* who had left an earl's palace

with, he being the only one of the trade among them, they substituted an old and bedridden weaver, who could be of no use. In justice to Morton, however, it must be said, that a proposal of this kind, which he mentions as having been made, was, according to his own statement, rejected. It makes just as good a figure in Hudibras for all that.

* The best authorities have been supposed of late to give *Arbella*, and not *Arabella*, as the correct mode of writing this name.

to lie, after a few short months, in the same wilderness grave with her husband; was it grief alone for that flower so early withered on this inhospitable shore, which darkened the melancholy countenance, and bent the slender form, of the youthful magistrate who sat at Winthrop's left hand? Or was a dim consciousness of his own impending fate, mingled with his grief for the departed? Did Azrael's wing, hurtling so near him, already overshadow his soul? Gazing with an air of abstraction, Isaac Johnson sat at the board with his brother magistrates, but his thoughts seemed to be far away. His pale face and retiring figure mingled with the sterner and ruder heads of Sir Richard Saltonstall and the other assistants, and presented a pathetic contrast to them all."—Vol. II. pp. 176, 177.

The company has now crossed over to the opposite peninsula on which is to rise the future metropolis of New England, and we have the following luxuriant description of the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn.

"It was the middle of October. An autumnal day, such as exists only in the western hemisphere, was shining upon Shawmut, or, as it must now be designated, Boston.

"The stately groves, which adorned without encumbering the picturesque peninsula, the scattered trees of colossal size which decorated its triple hills, wore the gorgeous drapery of an American fall. Unlike the forests of the older world, which, thinly clad in their beggar-weeds of brown and russet, stand shivering and sighing in the dark and misty atmosphere, the monarchs of the western soil had arrayed themselves in robes of Tyrian purple and crimson, scarlet and gold, and like reckless revellers in some plague-struck city, attired in all their carnival bravery, and beneath a vault of crystal radiance, were awaiting the destroyer's stroke. The recent pilgrims from the older world wandered through these glowing and glittering woods with admiring eyes. The forests seemed like the subterranean groves with which the African enchanter charmed Aladdin, where rods of blossoming rubies, and boughs overladen with topaz, emerald, sapphire, and diamonds, dazzled the eye with their luxuriant and intertangled magnificence, and where every footstep fell upon countless heaps of crushed but sparkling jewelry. Or, as the eye rested upon some hill, covered from base to summit with its radiant foliage, where every prismatic color seemed flung at random in one confused and gaudy mass, a vagrant fancy might have deemed it nature's mighty palette, with all the blent and glaring colors wherewith she paints the rainbows, myriads of which seemed struggling and wreathing themselves through the forest branches to float into the cloudless heavens.

"There is no power in language to represent, certainly not to exaggerate, the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn. The precise reason for the peculiarity which the foliage exhibits has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but every species of tree and shrub seems to have a tint peculiar to itself. Upon that memorable morning, which may be called the birth-day of the Massachusetts metropolis, the woods which decorated the promontory, or covered the chain of hills which encircled it, were still virgin from the axe, and were robed in all their natural glory. The oak still retained his foliage undiminished, but every leaf, though green in the centre, was edged with scarlet, and spotted with purple; the sumac, bare and leafless, lifted its crimson crest; the grape-vines hung around every cliff festoons of clustering coral; the red maple, first to be transfixed with the frost-arrow, stood with every leaf crimsoned in its blood; the hickory looked like a golden tree transplanted from some vegetable mine, as it displayed its long leaves of pale metallic yellow; the birch looked like a flaming torch, fit for the hand of autumn's goddess, when seeking through the world her ravished Proserpine; while, mingled with and contrasting solemnly with all, the dark pines held on high their plumes of fadeless green."

— Vol. II. pp. 188, 189.

The following language is strong, but the statement in its general spirit is undoubtedly correct.

"If this early chapter of New England annals has any meaning in it, it certainly illustrates the peculiar character of the Massachusetts settlement. Colonies of every other variety had been sent to that inhospitable region, but not an impression had been made upon its iron bosom. It was reserved for exalted, unflinching, self-sacrificing, iron-handed, despotic, stern, truculent, bigoted, religious enthusiasts, men who were inspired by one idea, but that a great idea, and who were willing to go through fire and water, and to hew down with axes all material, animal, or human obstacles, in the path which led to the development of their idea,—it was reserved for such men to accomplish what neither trading companies, nor fishing companies, nor land companies, nor schemers of satrapies, nor dreamers of palatinates, were able to effect. It was a great movement,—not a military, nor a philanthropic, nor a democratic movement, but a religious, perhaps a fanatical movement; but the movers were in earnest, and the result was an empire. The iron character of these early founders left an impression upon their wilderness-world, which has not yet been effaced; and the character of their institutions, containing much that is admirable, mingled with many objection-

able features, has diffused an influence, upon the whole, healthy and conservative, throughout the length and breadth of the continent." — Vol. II. pp. 235, 236.

But a work of this kind is not to be judged of by a few extracts consisting of such passages as admit of being most readily detached from the main work. The tale has now nearly reached its conclusion, the nature of which, as well as various incidents of the narrative on which we have not touched, we must leave the reader to gather from the book itself. We give a single passage, describing the last days of the hermit of Shawmut, who found the infant Boston too populous a place for his residence.

"As for the hermit Blaxton, he soon found it impossible to exist among what seemed to him the uproarious multitude, which now thronged his sylvan peninsula. He lingered irresolutely for a year or two, as loath to leave the scenes endeared to him by his long and solitary residence, but at last he made up^d his mind that there was no room left for him in his much loved Shawmut, and so, taking his pilgrim's staff in hand, he wandered forth into the wilderness again.

"Upon the east bank of the river which still perpetuates his name, a pyramidal mound of alluvial earth rises to the height of seventy feet. Near that mound, then covered with majestic forest trees, the exile again pitched his tent. His cottage he called Study Hall; the mound, which became his favorite haunt, he called Study Hill. Thither he brought his library and all his worldly goods, there he planted his orchard again, and there he lived to a good old age, and died, with singular good fortune, a few weeks previously to the commencement of the bloody war of Philip, in which his house was laid in ashes, his collection of books and manuscripts destroyed, and nothing spared but his grave." — Vol. II. pp. 248, 249.

We have said enough to indicate our opinion of the general merits of "*Merry-Mount*." If it has any fault of style, it is its too great luxuriance. There is occasionally, we think, an unnecessary accumulation of epithets, at least greater than suits our taste. The narrative or description appears a little encumbered, — if we may so express it, overlaid with riches. We should prefer at times a little more simplicity. But this is a fault, if it be such, which time and practice will readily correct. We close with the single remark, in which we fear no contradiction, that, whatever defects a rigid and unsparing

criticism may detect either in the plan or the execution,* the author has evinced powers of a high order, and he has only need to persevere in order to secure for himself a distinguished reputation, and write his name permanently on the literature of his country. Why not try his hand at history? His wide and generous culture — for such the work before us clearly shows that he possesses — must enable him to enter on his task under peculiar advantages, and, with due labor and patience of revision, his success cannot be doubted.

A. L.

ART. IX. — REV. HIRAM WITHINGTON.

IF it be true, as the poet tells us, that

“he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,”

the lamented brother whose name we have placed at the head of this article deserves respectful and tender notice. Although he died young, his life was long; for it was crowded to its close with noble aims and lofty endeavours; although he achieved no wide reputation in the brief period of his ministry, he was already eminent in the fidelity with which uncommon gifts were employed, and in the promise of distinction which, if he had been spared, he would, we believe, have reached. We hardly dare to say how much we hoped of him, — how we honored, nor with what sincerity we loved him. Enjoying no close personal intimacy with him, we yet perceive that he has left in our mind the image of a finely attempered genius, of an harmoniously developed and beautiful spirit, which, if we are so fortunate as to be able to transfer it through these pages to other minds, will be contemplated with interest and be gratefully cherished.

Mr. Withington was born in Dorchester, Mass., July 29, 1818, and from the beginning exhibited those peculiar traits which marked him for the service of the Church. In any other profession than that of the preacher he would have

* Some slight anachronisms undoubtedly occur in the volumes, which the author probably was not solicitous to avoid, and which are permitted, we believe, in compositions of this kind.

been out of place. Our memorials of his childhood are scanty, but we are sure he was a thoughtful, observing boy, of strong affections and quick sensibility, — a dreamer of dreams, yet a lover of fun and frolic, — so conscientious and firm for the right, and yet so gentle, that he won the confidence and love of his whole neighbourhood. Reared in a quiet and secluded home, we have no doubt that his first and most intimate friends were the mute objects of nature, — that he loved the green fields, and knew where to cull the earliest and fairest flowers, — that he would often stand and gaze on the summer cloud, enraptured with the airy castles and thrones of gold, and full of glee at the grotesque shapes, which an affluent imagination detected there ; and yet would be touched with pity when he saw the daisy uprooted by the storm, or the “timorous beastie” turned out of its wintry home. In one of his earliest letters which we have read, he describes the wonderful beauty of a conflagration in his neighbourhood, seen at night in the midst of a shower, lighting up the darkness and making the raindrops “like spangles of silver,” and yet allowing himself to enjoy the spectacle only because no poor cattle were perishing in the burning barn and no poor man’s property was consumed.

He was educated in the schools of his native village, and at the early age of seventeen became an instructor in the grammar and Sunday schools which he had attended. This fact alone is a sufficient proof of the confidence and respect which he already inspired, — so young, and yet so trusted by those who knew him best. In the day-school his youth was against him ; but he was altogether a favorite amidst the more quiet duties of the Sabbath instructor. There was a maturity of thought and feeling beyond his years, and a beauty of expression and illustration, a refinement and spirituality, as if the language of poetry and religion were his native dialect. We are told by one who was his associate in those days, that he awakened uncommon interest in the minds of the old and young. He bore his full share in the deeper discussions at the teachers’ meetings, and when in his turn he came to give the general lesson to the children in the school, so attractive was his little sermon, so simple and beautiful, delivered in a tone so impressive and sweet, that they would cluster around him and hang upon his words, enjoying at once the charm of his stories and the music of his voice.

Mr. Withington seems early to have had intimations of

his peculiar vocation. He could never have had a serious purpose to enter any other profession than that of the Christian ministry ; but his circumstances were such as almost to preclude the hope that he could qualify himself for a work of such moment. Having no patrimony of his own, no influential friend, little aid and no encouragement from his nearest kindred, the necessary means of preparation were so remote and difficult to procure, that one less earnest and resolute would have shrunk from the attempt. And, no doubt, there were times when insurmountable barriers seemed to lie between him and the first wish of his heart. But, as an assurance of his success, he began in the night of his discouragement. He picked up a little Latin here and there, laid aside the small income of his school, and was understood by his fellow-laborers in the Sunday school as already resolved on the service of the Church. At this period he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Hall, the recently ordained minister of the congregation to which he belonged, and by him was advised and encouraged to pursue a more direct and effectual method to accomplish his great object. Through his instrumentality, he obtained a place in the family school of the Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northboro', in the double capacity of assistant and pupil ; and after spending two years in preparatory studies, he passed the next three in the Divinity School at Cambridge. These five years were an important and happy period of his life, and could not fail to awaken a new consciousness of the power that was in him, and reveal that power to others. He had access to books ; he was brought into daily contact with refined and cultivated minds ; he was in the midst of a class of earnest, inquisitive young men of his own age. Breathing the healthful and invigorating atmosphere of free thought and speech, the great field of truth stretching interminably around, he could not fail to find just the influences to call forth his latent energies and mould him into an entire man. Here his genial nature found sympathy. He was a favorite pupil, and endeared himself to all his companions. He grew day by day : his powers were rapidly unfolded, and he began to inspire those hopes in a wider circle which had been cherished by those who knew him intimately. He left the School in July, 1844, and the dissertation which he read at the Annual Visitation, "On the Mystical Element in Religion," afterwards published in the pages of the *Exami-*

ner,* awakened high expectations in those to whom he had hitherto been a stranger. After preaching a few Sundays in this vicinity, he received an invitation to settle, and was finally ordained over the First Congregational Church and Society in Leominster, December 25, 1844.

Here let us pause and see what fashion of a man we had among us ; and if we did not do him all justice while he was living, at least gather up our fading remembrances and inscribe them on his monument now he is dead. Let us contemplate him in the maturity of his powers, at the head of a large and widely scattered parish, and in the midst of duties that he loved.

We pass over the first few months after his settlement, spent as they must always be, in measuring his strength and making acquaintance with his parish. We contemplate him at the close of the first year, and, in a letter to a friend, find him writing in this wise :—

“Never was there a time when preaching seemed so signally to fail of its legitimate and designed results,—so it seems to me. If I were asked the reasons, I should say because it is not uttered with authority, nor with faith enough. It is very eloquent, very ingenious, very refined, very wise. But it is the voice of man to men. The oracles are dumb, and men know no charm to bring back the life to the ‘chill marble statue’ which once they knelt before in prostrate reverence, or to find any substitute for that blind worship. Men do not love God much ; they fear him less ; and it is too true, that, so far as his action or their personal relations to him are concerned, they do not believe in him. They want faith in the great doctrines of a spiritual religion,—repentance, regeneration, retribution, the efficacy of prayer, the actual presence and action of God in the soul. How shall we bring back piety, reverence, and faith ? is the great question for the pulpit now. The first requisite for a minister now is a fervent, living piety. Ay, devotion ! is it not the secret of all worthy achievement ? the want of it the source of all our poverty ? One cannot help reverencing the saints of old time, and wondering how they accomplished so much. We have no men to match them now. St. Bernard, Ignatius Loyola, Pascal,—Protestantism has given the world few such. These men lived in God and for God,—they believed and they worshipped. The popular belief is not strong enough for real prayer. A single doubt of its utility sweeps away the breath of devotion,—extin-

* See Christian Examiner for November, 1844.

guishes the kindling flame of our aspiration. Let the man rejoice and thank God, who, in sincerity and fulness of heart, can daily kneel and commune with the Infinite ; and if any consecrating power of habit, of times and seasons, of thoughtful meditation, can bring him one truthful, yearning aspiration after the Father, let him beware how any coldness or neglect, any speculative difficulty of metaphysical device, rob him of that privilege. Let him cling to that as the dearest portion and joy of his soul, — the promise of his progress and prosperity, — the talisman of his inward peace."

By this extract from a private letter, we are let into the mind of Mr. Withington at this period, when he had surveyed the field and was in the midst of his labors. And with what ability and success did he solve the mighty problem which he himself had stated ? In our estimate of his ability, we must not forget that he was never robust in health, but that he brought to the exacting labors of his profession a frail and broken constitution, which forbade long-continued application, and which required remission from toil at least three months in the year. And then his education must be considered. It lacked the fulness to be acquired only by the severe discipline of a regular course of study, and oppressed him with a sense of deficiency. As we looked upon his countenance, if luminous with thought, yet so marked by disease, and observed his frame, if compactly built, yet wasted by ill health, and then remembered his scanty opportunities for preparation, we wondered at the temerity which led him to undertake so great a work ; but as we knew him better, we wondered that he had not been called to a greater.

There was one characteristic which, while it renders it difficult to describe him, never failed to awaken our surprise and admiration. What Goethe said of Schiller — that in the intervals of their intercourse, however brief, he grew so rapidly, he took such strides, that he could scarcely keep sight of him — seemed to us, in a measure, true of our friend. A single month might have passed since we saw him, and we felt that he had done the work of many months. Yet he was not a close student, nor a very diligent reader of books ; for the habits of systematic and unremitted study he never formed, though he endeavoured to acquire them. He could not be a plodder, and had no taste for the metaphysical subtilities of his profession. Nor was he, in strictness of speech, a theologian. He knew little of the polemics of religion.

He could not make nice distinctions nor give all the arguments for any established doctrine, nor could he describe the rise and decline of dogmas as recorded in the history of the Church. And yet he seemed to have read much, and to have reached clearly defined opinions on almost every subject, and could give a reason for the faith that was in him. Herein we see the leading characteristic of his mind. He better loved to think than to read and study. His intellect was exceedingly active. He learned almost by intuition. By a glance he would possess himself of the contents of a book; and once possessed of a fact, he would retain it; — once the master of a principle, he would see in a moment all its applications and trace it to all its conclusions. So that what he knew, he knew accurately; what he saw, he saw clearly; and what knowledge he had, arranged in every part in the storehouse of his memory, was ready to come forth at his bidding. Hence it was that he was able to speak with more than common clearness on the general doctrines of a spiritual religion. His own faith in them had the distinctness of vision, and what he vividly conceived he could exactly state. Hence, too, the ease and rapidity with which his best productions were composed. Discourses which enchained the attention of audiences, and from which the intelligent hearer would retire in admiration, wondering how many days were spent in maturing so much thought and in producing such an elaborate finish, were thrown off at a sitting, — were even, perhaps, the work of a single evening.

Another characteristic of Mr. Withington's mind was an exceeding richness of fancy. His imagination revelled amidst the ideal and lovely. Fair forms floated around him, and "the faculty divine" created the element in which he lived, informed all his tastes, and gave the tone and coloring to all his speech. He loved nature with the reverential affection of a child. Going his parochial rounds generally on foot, he communed with her intimately. He was equally alive to her minuter and her grander displays. He felt the solemnity of night and storms; he enjoyed the morning breaking in the east and the glorious hour of sunset, the fields in the spring-time and the brown woods of autumn; he saw, too, a beauty in the modest flower, paused to examine the delicate moss that grew by the way-side, and was attracted by the winged seed that floated across his path. He was familiar, also, with the modern poets, lingered over their

beauties, and knew their best passages by heart. In this way his imagination was improved, and a mass of striking images was accumulated in his memory and his discourse greatly enriched. It is true, he was sometimes lavish of his wealth of fancy ; and his sermons, especially his earlier ones, may have had more of poetry than of exact theology. Wordsworth and Tupper were more largely quoted than the language of John and Paul. This undoubtedly was a mistake ; but it was the sin of youth and inexperience, and it was a fault which his maturer judgment corrected. Employed with the moderation with which he afterwards used his fancy, it gave him unusual powers of delineation and illustration, and spread a charm over his preaching, which, attracting both old and young, distinguished him as a favorite preacher in the circle of his exchanges. His was not the imagination which electrifies and astonishes, but rather that which soothes and elevates. He had acquired a rich vocabulary, and he could paint ; but the colors were laid on with delicacy rather than with boldness. He loved to draw pictures, but they were the pictures of a summer's evening, of the Sabbath's stillness, and of the peace of the Christian.

His judgment was as accurate as his fancy was rich. Although of a temperament essentially poetical, his views of life were as really practical and his plans of usefulness were as sober as the severest utilitarian could desire. In rising into a world of ideality, he never left the solid earth. He was the life of his Sunday school, and all its details were arranged by his own hands. He attempted important changes in his church, — resolving it into an association, as he conceived it should be, for religious improvement and benevolent action, — and he entered into the work in a business-like manner, as if it had been his occupation all his life to adapt means to ends. "This was not a scheme," writes one of his parishioners, "beautiful in theory, but impracticable, but its beauty consisted in its practicalness." On all subjects connected with the ministerial office, as his views were at once enlightened, comprehensive, and practical, the brethren of his Ministerial Association will testify to the value which they attached to his opinions, — to their general soberness and soundness, the more remarkable in one of so brief an experience.

Thus much we have thought it just to say of the intellectual traits of Mr. Withington : there were traits of character, too, on which those who knew him dwelt with fond and affection-

ate interest. His fine powers were faithfully developed. He combined in an uncommon degree qualities that at first view seem irreconcilable and inconsistent. He was simple in his habits, almost to plainness. In his dress, his domestic arrangements, his social intercourse, his pastoral walks, his pulpit exhibitions, he was the farthest possible removed from a finical elegance. He was content with a plain exterior ; he never put the humblest of his people to shame by a show of fastidious refinement ; he was more often seen, in making his exchanges, on foot, than driving the best vehicle in the neighbourhood ; and when he stood in the pulpit, he sought only with a quiet and modest simplicity to deliver his great message. And yet there was in him a peculiar refinement of taste and feeling. If he had possessed the means, he would have enriched his house with the choicest works of art. His unstudied conversations, expressed in elegant language, often glowed with refined thought and sentiment. He shrunk from the most distant approach to vulgarity.

He was gentle in his manners, speech, and thought, — loving in his affections, — tender in his feelings, and most tender of the feelings of others, — true in his attachments, — pliant in his temper and yielding in his disposition to a certain point, to any extent of personal inconvenience, — playful almost to hilarity within the bounds of innocent freedom, but beyond those bounds, when truth and duty demanded it, he was fixed and firm and unyielding as a rock. Who can recall a harsh word from his lips, or a bitter or sarcastic word on his tongue ? We remember once what was construed as a hasty and unkind expression, but we remember that the next day brought a letter full of penitential regrets, far deeper than the occasion required. Who ever accused him of infirmity of purpose, or of indifference to human suffering ? We know that he was all alive to the wrongs and woes of humanity, — that in his opinions and feelings he stood on the very verge of ultraism, — that he always spoke the word which he thought should be spoken and did the thing which he thought should be done, and yet spoke so sweetly and acted so wisely, that, however unwelcome the subject, no one's opposition was aroused, no one's prejudices were offended, none censured him, however they might censure themselves. And how cordial and genial, too, he was ! His playful fancy would gather the most grotesque and ludicrous images ; he would sit by the hour and pour out an inexhaustible fund of fresh anecdote,

with such charming effect that we never grew weary of being with him ; and yet almost in an instant, without a change of tone, with the same cheerful serenity on his countenance, he would enter into the most serious subjects, discourse on the spiritual life, or describe some touching scene which he had just witnessed, and almost move us to tears. His brethren will remember the joyousness of his spirit, the contagion of his hopeful and happy temper ; his parishioners speak of the cordiality of his intercourse, of the tenderness of his sympathy in the chamber of sickness and the house of death.

There is one more trait in the character of our brother of which we must speak. We should do him injustice, if we did not refer to the spirit of devotion, the unaffected, childlike piety, which imparted life, which gave the hue and coloring, to all the rest. A friend who knew him intimately, who was in the habit of daily intercourse with him, and was familiar with his daily thought, speaks of his rare combination of Christian graces, of a singular beauty and maturity of the Christian life seen in him. He says, —

“ I consider him to have passed the point where constant watchfulness and consideration are needed to a right course of action ; right-doing had come to be a sort of second nature with him. What he did well, nobly, he did unconsciously, impulsively ; if I may say so, he had arrived at ‘ the state of play ’ : not wholly, of course, but to an extent which certainly is not common. Undoubtedly, it was all the result of the inward culture and discipline to which he had subjected himself. If he had got beyond conscious obedience (we mean in regard to the more common phases of the Christian character) it was because he had passed through it. ‘ He was no longer under the law,’ because ‘ he lived by the spirit.’ It was this spiritual culture, his purity of heart, his elevation of soul, that made him what he was. His was a nobility of soul that was gained by secret means, by private culture. His ‘ life was hid with Christ in God.’ We knew the fountain, not because it lay open and exposed to view, but from the surpassing clearness and sweetness of the stream. His was a life of prayer. He was never forward, forthputting in devotion, but in private he was often — always — with God, and at all times in that spirit of prayer which preserved him in his beautiful calmness and self-possession.”

Let no one regard this as the exaggerated praise of partial friendship. We saw in our brother, day by day, a pervading, animating, and controlling spirit, which could be drawn only

from the fountains of life. Although he had attained to an unusual simplicity, purity, and beauty of character, he yearned to be an abler and better man than he was. He was haunted by visions which beckoned him onward ; he heard voices that said to him, "Come up hither." Well as he preached, and knew that he preached, he strove to do better ; he sought inspiration and strength far and near ; he communed with his brethren, he invited criticism, and when they had pronounced judgment, and had, justly or unjustly, condemned his fairest productions, he would sit and listen with a charming meekness, and condemn with a juster discrimination, a more unsparing severity, than any. Although he was most faithful in his parochial duties, — inviting his people to his own house, visiting them in their scattered homes, charged with the superintendence of their schools, addressing them in religious meetings, lecturing before their Lyceum, doing an amount of work which, with his broken health, seems incredible, — yet he thought he had done nothing. There was "the mystical element" in his own religion, and at the same time the active. In the young hour of his hope he had consecrated himself to the service of God and man ; he had given his whole heart to the work, and never relinquished it until he could work no longer.

And with what a spirit of sweet, cheerful submission did he persevere in it ! In a few months after his settlement, when the heats of summer came on, his health began to fail him. With the slow martyrdom of the invalid he dragged his enfeebled frame about, or, as he expressed it, — what to him "seemed a sad limitation, — he felt tied down from labor by this miserable chain of the flesh." Yet under such circumstances he could write to a friend in language like this : — "My love and hopes to ——. When I see her, I think sickness is a beautiful and almost coveted experience. I know that the good God never cheats us, but gives us always so much for so much ; and when the poor body pines and aches and languishes, the spirit is oftentimes full-fed and developing new energies and more divine powers. Many of the fairest flowers sow themselves by darting their seeds arrow-like into the soil where they germinate." In one short year from the time of his settlement, the home where he had garnered all his earthly hopes was desolate. He saw himself in the sole charge of an orphan child, while he had laid the mother, the object of his early attachment, in the grave. But he met

his friends with his accustomed smile, and to the outward eye went on his way as cheerfully as ever. He pressed on in his work with a serene brow, and if there was any change, it was seen in the increasing tenderness with which he spoke to the mourner and the deeper solemnity with which he delivered his great message. "Except for duty," he writes, "the present is indifferent to me; and yet I am not sad and lonely. Other people wonder at my cheerfulness. I wonder at my enjoyment, while its sources are inexplicable to myself."

Such was Mr. Withington as we knew him in his strength, — as his image now rises before us. A mind of rare gifts, a beautiful, fervent, devoted, self-sacrificing spirit, has been among us, and has passed away. How far the hopes we entertained of him would have been realized, — whether he would ever have reached the eminence to which in our hearts we destined him, — it is now vain to inquire. He fain would have become all, and more than all, that his friends desired. He saw himself in a position of usefulness and responsibility, in the bosom of a kind and affectionate people, and was regarding them with the fresh feeling of a first love. He had again married, and gathered about him anew the comforts of a home. It was hard to omit duties so urgent, or to relinquish prospects so fair; and, though warned by frequent illness and the remonstrances of his friends, he pressed the feeble frame too far, — it may be, worked too irregularly. Its overstrained cords gave way, and it sunk beneath the fervors of his spirit. Seeing no longer a hope of being able to sustain so weighty a charge, he asked and received a dismissal from his people, July 2, 1848. The separation was mutually painful. But the pain was soothed on the part of the people by the thought that his heart would be with them wherever he should go, and on his part by the assurance of their cordial sympathy, expressed by their votes and by the continuance of his salary to a period which, by a singular coincidence, terminated on the day after his death.

He hoped that after a few months' rest he should be able to resume his labors in some smaller field of duty, but his mental and physical forces had been too severely tasked ever to rally again. He retired to his native village, to breathe once more its healthful and invigorating air, — to enjoy once more the quiet of his early home. The summer passed and the autumn advanced amidst alternate hopes and fears. Then came the autumn's sickness to himself and all his household,

followed by prostration of mind and body : his fine powers were all unstrung, and he lay for several weeks with only intervals of consciousness. The day of darkness had come, the cloud in thick folds had lowered, but its edges were fringed with a golden light. In these intervals, he was calm, collected, undismayed, and expressed his willingness to go. He made his preparation ; he expressed also the wish to be buried in the midst of his people. He died October 30, 1848. After a brief service in the meeting-house of the Rev. Mr. Hall, in Dorchester, his remains were carried to Leominster to be interred in a more public manner, in the spot which he had chosen. Once more he was borne into the house of God ; an affectionate tribute was paid to his memory in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, and prayers were offered by members of the Worcester Association ; and then he was followed by the long procession of his parishioners and friends to the place of his rest. It was the noon of a beautiful autumnal day, and the sun without a cloud was looking down upon a congregation in tears, for he was now preaching to them his last and most impressive discourse. The young pastor who had come to them in the full tide of life and hope three years before, who had walked among them so holily and unblamably, and won their affections, now led them into the beautiful grove where he had so often followed to soothe and sustain. There he sleeps beneath the virgin soil, while the spring-flower above him in its early decay shall image to the heart his brief life, and the pine-trees, that wave over him in their perennial verdure, shall be the emblems of the influence which he has left behind.

A. H.

ART. X.—MOUNTFORD'S EUTHANASY.*

MR. MOUNTFORD has already become favorably known by his two former volumes, published first in London and afterwards in this country. The first publication, "*Martyria*," bore throughout the stamp of originality. It had great depth of thought, expressed in a singularly lucid style, with much

* *Euthanasy; or Happy Talk towards the End of Life.* By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, Author of "*Martyria*," "*Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life*," etc. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 466.

of the richness and quaintness of the old English writers. It was graphic, discriminating, and devout; while over the whole was a poetic glow and ideality which gave it a peculiar charm. The volume on "Christianity," while philosophical in its character, is thoroughly practical and Christian. Though brief, it is full of thought, and instinct with spiritual life. The work which has just been published is not a reprint, but is now for the first time presented to the public from the author's manuscript, under the editorship of the Rev. F. D. Huntington, who has added to the interest of the volume by his brief but admirable Preface. This last work is in no degree inferior in merit to those which have preceded it, and we believe it is destined to become even more generally useful. It is a book which will prove an incalculable treasure to those who are in sorrow and bereavement, and cannot be perused by any thoughtful mind without pleasure and improvement.

Mr. Mountford pursued his studies in the College at York, and afterwards preached at King's Lynn, on the eastern shore of England. He is at present connected with a religious society in a small village near Birmingham, known as the Parsonage. In this neighbourhood the author passed his early days. Here he now engages in his various duties, and enjoys his books and the quiet of the country. In his love for literature, the claims of the needy are not forgotten; he is deeply interested in the poor, and, in addition to his parochial labors, devotes a portion of his time to the instruction of destitute children, having one school wholly under his charge.

Thus in humble and honorable walks has his mind been disciplined and developed, and we think the productions of his pen show throughout the result of his experience. They are the work of one who has an intense love of nature, and who has at the same time a yet deeper love for humanity. They are the expression of a mind which can easily soar into the ideal world, and which yet loves the homeliest duties of actual life. They bear the impress of the most refined culture, and yet are not only free from every thing like pedantry, but are marked by a childlike simplicity of spirit. They are evidently the fruit of deep personal experience. Of his outward life he says little or nothing; to himself in any way he seldom alludes; and yet much of his inner life, with its hopes and fears and impulses and aspirations, is clearly made known to us. No one could write as he has written who had

not passed through the discipline of severe sorrow, and whose mind had not become habituated to spiritual thought. We have seldom read a book which has given us a stronger personal respect for the character of the author.

The work before us is in the form of dialogue. It has few incidents, and little that is in any way dramatic. Those who should anticipate a narrative of outward events would be disappointed, as hardly any thing of this nature is to be found ; not enough, perhaps, to satisfy the wishes of many, who might desire to know more of the worldly fortunes of those whose spiritual condition is so fully exhibited to us. But this is not attempted. The volume presents us with a portraiture of inward rather than of outward life. There are two characters, and but two, introduced, — Marham and Aubin, an old man and his nephew. There is no attempt to give these characters sharpness of outline in the delineation, to make the one, in any way, a foil to the other, or to clothe their thoughts in such distinctive phraseology as to stamp their language with a marked individuality. We have simply the natural conversation of two persons who are in many respects similar, — an old man with freshness of feeling, and a young man with maturity of thought. The conversation commences in a library, and, for aught we know to the contrary, nearly all that passes between them occurs in the same place. We have no recital of actions, but of thoughts ; we are made acquainted, not with place, but with mind. The form of dialogue might seem at times to have been taken for the opportunity it gives to state an objection, or to express a side-thought, or to break up the monotony of a continued discourse ; and for this purpose, it has its advantages, as may be seen in some of the writings of Herder, or, to go to a more ancient date, the Dialogues of Plato. But in this instance there are other advantages. Without any striving for dramatic effect, a certain individuality is given to the two characters introduced, and a personal interest is awakened in them. We cannot but feel veneration for the old man who carries so much of the beauty of youth into the experience of age, who is humble, gentle, and devout. We see, before his retrospective view, the horizon widen, while the past is filled with bright remembrances. His mind is also open to the reception of truth, and the future has its charms as well as the past, though shaded by some slight sadness. We see one who has

cultivated thought and taste, and many of the finer affections and sympathies of his nature.

It is true, that, in this volume, the lessons of wisdom come from the young man. Still, he gives expression to interesting views in regard to age, and we are led to respect age the more for what he says and feels. Nor does it seem presumptuous that youth should thus speak, for it is always with warm affection and respectful deference; and a good old age is not only willing to impart, but willing to receive. And there is, no doubt, a vivacity in the earlier periods of life, which gives to the mind a peculiarly glowing appreciation of the beauty and truth which it beholds. Certainly nothing can be more pleasing than the advantages and privileges of old age as here depicted.

The young man, called Oliver or Aubin, has passed through severe trials. Pain and poverty, sickness and sorrow, have pressed sorely upon him; but they have all been borne with Christian trust, and have thus been made ministering angels. We see one whose body may have become enfeebled, but whose mind has risen constantly upward with increasing vigor. He is poor in the goods of this world, but he has affluence of thought and is rich in the priceless treasures of a devout mind. He is meditative, but it is not idle reverie which he indulges, but earnest contemplation upon the great mysteries of existence. He has a mind that is philosophical and often profound, penetrating the depths of being with a calm insight; and, united with this, a living faith in Jesus, which gives a divine beauty to his whole thought and exalts and purifies every sentiment of his heart.

We cannot doubt that in Aubin we look into the author's mind and have the result of his own mental experience; and this gives value to the whole volume. It is not a romance. It is not a chapter of theories. It is not a mere work of art. It is the expression of a life, the earnest utterance of a living soul in the loftier phases of its being. Biographies detailing external facts may be easily multiplied; and there are many whose lives are so mechanical, that little else could be said of them than what was external. But there are those who have a hidden life, infinitely superior to any outward show. A universe of thought opens before them. They see beneath the material world into its hidden laws. They hold communion with the Father of spirits, and become the recipients of his Divine influence. They have thoughts which run for-

ward into the future, and which unite them with the Infinite and Unseen. They have hopes and joys and aspirations which are peculiar to themselves. They have developed and exercised powers of their nature which in many minds lie dormant, and which, when called into right action, raise the whole spirit into a higher scale of being. Records of such lives we need. They lay bare the hidden springs of character, and make known to us the successive stages of spiritual progress and the joys and experiences which follow. As far as this volume is a transcript of the actual inner life of the author, (and that it is so to a very considerable degree we are confident,) in that proportion it has a rare value.

But this book is conversant not only with inward experiences, but with outward nature, — with society, science, philosophy, life. Indeed, what is society, science, philosophy, life, to us, but what it becomes through our inward condition? What we see and feel depends upon what we are. Let one who lives wholly under the dominion of the senses, and another whose spirit is more finely touched and who sees into the life of things, look upon any scene or consider any subject, and how widely different will appear that which they behold! The one sees but the surface; the other is conversant with the spiritual laws of God, while every thing becomes transparent, so that those laws shine through. How different is literature to the cultivated and to the ignorant mind! How different art to the savage and to the man of refined taste! Every one will find in these what he is capable of finding, — and no more. Thus, as the mind itself rises in spiritual life, it will discover a profounder meaning in all the works of God. Beauty and truth will be more fully seen and understood. Hence it is not only interesting to know what is the spiritual condition of any mind, but how that mind looks upon all outward things. What it would say of the mysteries of life, of death and immortality, of revelation and providence.

In "Euthanasy" we see these subjects reflected, as the sky and the hills are reflected in a calm, deep lake. We find them treated by a mind that has put itself in harmony with the spiritual laws of God. In all the conversations, views upon various subjects of thought are introduced, and important truths unfolded; or at least what has appeared truth to an earnest and thoughtful and devout mind. A few examples will illustrate the character of the work.

In alluding to poverty as one of the means of discipline, Aubin observes : —

“Poverty came to me, and she said, ‘I must dwell with thee.’ And while I held the door of my room half open, she was hideous and ragged, and her voice was hoarse. But when I said to her, ‘Thou art my sister,’ her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart, and she was ragged no longer, nor yet gay, but like the angels, whom God so clothes. And through looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God.” — p. 7.

Of humility, it is said to be not only essential to moral and religious worth, but also needful for the best uses of the intellect : —

“It is from out of the depth of our humility that the height of our destiny looks grandest. For let me truly feel that in myself I am nothing, and at once, through every inlet of my soul, God comes in and is every thing in me. Weak, very weak, I am, and I would not be otherwise, if only I can keep looking towards righteousness ; — this is what I think sometimes ; and as soon as I feel this, the almightiness of God pours through my spirit like a stream, and I am free, and I am joyful, and I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me.” — pp. 264, 265.

Of prayer it is said : —

“Over the head of a saint, the meanest cottage has heaven open ; and nigh him always is a door to be opened by prayer, and at which to ask is to have given him a wealth of goodness and comfort and assurance of heaven. ‘For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth.’” — p. 159.

In reference to the connection between nature and the mind we find such a passage as this : —

“There are landscapes by Paul Potter which are a delight to look at. But the Dutch scenery that he painted from, and painted exactly, is ugly and very dull ; or rather I should say, it is so to most persons ; but to Paul Potter it was not. Now I can believe, if some little want were supplied in my spirit, that the whole earth would be glorified to me, and God be seen throughout it.” — p. 119.

Alluding to the moral effect of nature upon us, the author says : —

“Last year’s birds are dead, many of them ; but many of their songs are lasting on in men who heard them. In my spirit there

are some tones which are the fuller for the birds I have heard sing, — the lark in a morning in spring, the nightingale on a summer's evening, the thrush against a storm, and the robin when the rain was over. In my mind there is what has come of my being awed by thunder-storms, of hearing the wind in the woods, of feeling the air cool on an August evening, and of sitting on the sea-shore at the flow of the tide." — p. 273.

In speaking of the likeness between some appearances in nature and moods of the mind, and of the manner in which the soul is affected by the world about us, the young man is represented as saying, that sometimes a clear night calms his spirit, and, while he is walking in it, "high thoughts rise upon his soul, like stars above the horizon." And then he adds, that, as by looking on the blessed face of Jesus, a happy person will rejoice more purely, and a tearful one sorrow more wisely, and a sinner feel contrition, while a righteous man will drink in righteousness, —

"So it is with nature ; and what it makes in us is most blessedly felt by the soul, which is a child of God, through Christ. O, out in the country, sometimes my soul feels wrapped, as though in the arms of the Great Father. It is as though the wind whispered me divine messages ; and it is as though divine meaning broke upon me from out of the clouds, and the hill-sides, and from among the stars." — p. 269.

Again, of the soul that has become truly God's, it is said, that it will be illuminated from within by such a Divine light as will glorify every thing else : —

"Duty is an angel, reverently beloved, that walks beside the man, with solemn steps ; and common life is a path shining before him more and more ; and the future is a mist which he will pass through, and so be nigher God ; and if to-day the world feels round him like a temple for worship in, then to-morrow there will be a further world for him to pass on into, and it will be the holy of holies." — p. 369.

The power of faith in Christ is thus described : —

"If Jesus Christ had all power over my soul, and were present with me, and were to lay his hand upon me, I should say, 'Lord, do with me what thou wilt.' And if the horrors of death compassed me about, and frightful appearances of judgment took shape before my eyes, and if everlasting death gaped against me, I should not fear, if I could look into the face of Christ ; for my soul would be calmed, and I should say, 'What thou wilt, Lord, —

whether it be life or death, — let it be for me what thou wilt, O, what thou wilt! ” — p. 275.

Thus he reasons upon the immortality of man : —

“ As the world itself is not eternal, therefore we ourselves must be. The Infinite must have an infinite end in what he does. And in the making of this world, we human beings are the infinity. It is our souls which are the everlastingness of God’s purpose in this earth. And so we must be — we are — immortal.” — p. 331.

“ Any day I may die, and so there is no day but feels like a porch that may perhaps open into the next world. Yes, death, the hourly possibility of it, — death is the sublimity of life.” — p. 228.

Of the enduring influences of every right endeavour we read as follows : —

“ For every good deed of ours, the world will be the better always. And perhaps no day does a man walk down a street cheerfully, and like a child of God, without some passenger’s being brightened by his face, and, unknowingly to himself, catching from its look a something of religion, and sometimes, not impossibly, what just saves him from some wrong action.” — p. 168.

“ Years ago, a beggar and I exchanged looks on a road-side, and we have never seen one another since, and we never shall again, in this world ; but after many ages, perhaps, we shall find ourselves standing side by side, looking up at the throne of God.” — p. 173.

Of genius, he remarks that it is more or less darkened, unless purely Christian. When, therefore, a truly Christian spirit becomes common, an artist will have that for his usual temper which, as yet, is only his genial, and, in many cases, very rare mood.

“ Yes,” he adds, “ the purely Christian spirit will be the inspiration of a glorious literature ; and it will possess the minds of sculptors, painters, architects, and musicians, and make them priests unto God.” — p. 297.

These passages will give some slight insight into the mind of the author. They have been selected, not because they are more striking than other portions of the volume, but because they exhibit its prevailing thought and spirit. Passages might be quoted, perhaps, to show more condensed power and force of illustration ; as where, in his “ Vision of

Tasso," he describes moments of great depression. "I prayed," he says, "for peace, long, long before it came to me; and, flat on the ground, I have wept like an only and an orphan child, till, in my wretchedness, the cold earth under me has felt like the bosom of a dead mother."* How could language more forcibly express a consciousness of utter desolation? The imperfection of human virtue calls forth the following exclamation: — "It is to me as though the brightest life of man would be but a dark track on the shining floor of heaven."† And in alluding to the few whose names will live for ever, it is said, — "There are only one or two persons in a generation, and not ten out of a whole people, who stand in the sun of life in such a way as to have their shadows lengthen down all time."‡ York Minster is spoken of as a noble thought made into stone:—

"I look at its western front, — I go through the door, and up the nave, and into the choir, and up to the east window. And round my head I am conscious, as it were, of the sublimity of the stars; and under my feet the floor feels as though it were low, very low, down in the earth. I experience what the builder meant, — how humility is the basis of that character which has glory for its crown. I return down the aisle in the spirit of the place, and I feel, that, while walking humbly with God, there is heaven above a man very soon about to open." — p. 201.

But it is not so much in separate passages as in the spirit and tone which pervade it, that the chief value of this volume consists. It seems throughout the simple and truthful statement of a mind alive to the divine beauty of truth and goodness. There is in it a singular combination of qualities. It appreciates fully what is most common in life, while there is a keen love of the ideal; and the one is never made to contrast or conflict with the other, but both are always in perfect harmony. In fact, the writer has that power of genius which looks beneath external nature.

"He feels

A presence that disturbs him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;

* p. 425.

† p. 383.

‡ p. 167.

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

He has an eye for external forms, he sees the outward beauty of rock and river, — but he sees far more. He sees a spirit of life with which his soul communes until at times he is moved to awe and joy and tears. And more than this, he sees wisdom and love, and he recognizes them as the wisdom and love of God. Then nature becomes a temple, where he listens to the whisperings of the Infinite Spirit, and feels the Divine presence. This gives a mystical charm to all that is seen ; but it is not an unmeaning or pantheistic mysticism. It is the mysticism of Christianity, which recognizes the omnipresence and omniscience of God, and sees even in the delicate flower

"An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

"The world is never so far out of tune," he says, "but some strain of heaven is to be heard in it by the ear that is spiritual"; and the greater the spirituality, the more there will be of heaven. Is not this the truth uttered by Jesus, when he declared that the pure in heart shall see God, — see him in providence, in revelation, and in all his works ? Thus the subtle and mysterious changes of nature delight the soul. There is a solemn sanctity connected with all.

"The clouds are touched,
And in their silent faces do we read
Unutterable love."

But it is not in nature alone that our author feels this Presence. He is penetrated with a sense of the paternal character of God, and in every event recognizes his overruling care. Every severe dispensation is contemplated from this point of view, and all is so spoken of as to reveal the hidden wisdom that is within it. The spiritual laws are often traced where they are not perceptible to every mind. He discourses with a heart full of living faith on immortality, and brings near to us the spiritual world, and shows us that we ourselves make the gates of the grave "either frown upon us, as dungeon-doors, or gleam with golden light."

The great object of the book is apparent from what has been said. It is to transmute into familiar feeling the doctrine of immortality, and to develope such corroborations of this grand truth as are seen to be latent in nature, history, science, and art. It gives us the spiritual aspect in which all things appear to a devout mind that has been touched and purified by sorrow.

In reading these conversations, we have been reminded at times of King Alfred's version of Boethius, where that philosopher, in the reign of Theodoric, is represented as being in prison, and when much disturbed in mind and very sorrowful, heavenly Wisdom comes to him, and they converse together, day by day, upon many of the mysteries of existence. At times, also, the quiet and quaint beauty of the delightful Izaak Walton has been brought to mind. "So when I would beget content," would that rare old angler say, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk in the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This," he adds, "is my purpose, and so 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord,' and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine." Then, says his companion, — "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." The cheerfulness, the quietness, the love of the beautiful, the homely truthfulness combined with ideality, which we love in Walton, are in a measure to be found here. The volume takes us under the soft shadows and the mild sunlight which fall on the world, and through the green pastures and valleys, and by the river of life.

The author evidently loves the writings of such men as Dr. Henry More and Ralph Cudworth and Sir Thomas Browne. We can understand with what a keen relish he must also listen to that sweet singer of the Temple, George Herbert. One can see how he would enjoy the subtile reasonings of Plato, or hang enchanted over the melting music of the old Greek bards, or lose himself for a time in the mysticism of Swedenborg. But if he can enjoy communion with such minds and has caught something of their spirit, yet he evidently writes from his own nature, and, while he has peculiarities of

style, there seems nothing strained or affected. In fact, the naturalness of the book constitutes one of its prominent characteristics. It is marked by clear and sound thought, and breathes throughout "the still, sad music of humanity." We cannot but believe, therefore, that this volume will be generally read with pleasure and profit. It will prove to many, amidst the infirmities of age, and in hours of illness, the means of rich consolation; while to others it will be a source of suggestive thought and spiritual impulse; and we are confident that few will read it without being lifted into truer views and higher sympathies. R. C. W.

ART. XI.—PEABODY'S SERMONS.*

THE feelings with which one welcomes a volume like this are unusually mingled. The affection and admiration which the author inspired, his excellence as a student and expounder both of the word and works of God, his quiet but signal fidelity as a Christian pastor, his peculiar powers of pleasing and blessing in social intercourse, cause in us a poignant grief at his seemingly premature removal. And yet not only are these very thoughts our comforters, but we feel also that a great blessing has been bestowed in the power of a death so beautifully consistent with the life, and a death that could hardly have spoken so impressively at any other period of life.

Then there are emotions, not confined to a few perhaps, but peculiarly deep and tender in those most intimate with the friend thus removed. With the exception of Henry Ware, whose sphere was larger from difference of station, but whom in many qualities he resembled, we doubt if any other has so unconsciously, yet so powerfully, touched the deepest springs of sympathy and love. Speaking, as we do, both from observation and experience, we may be allowed the indulgence of personal recollections. Having enjoyed the privilege of beginning the ministry as his nearest neighbour in the same household of faith, we found in Mr. Peabody even then, though but recently settled himself, a friend who seemed to unite the rela-

* *Sermons by the late WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D.; with a Memoir, by his BROTHER.* Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1849. 12mo. pp. cxli., 258.

tions of brother and father. Without ever assuming the office of adviser, or appearing to know that he had the power of giving information or exerting influence, he was constantly dropping precious words, beautiful truths, useful hints, conveyed in original, varied, delightful illustration. Such humorous yet truthful delineation of character, such kind yet searching and severe discrimination, so perfect a catholicism with so individual a judgment and fearless a courage, we have seldom found. None could sit at his fireside, especially in the first months of a most favored domestic union, and witness the mutual confidence and feel the combined influence of those two characters, beautifully blending in a ministry of truth and peace, without a deep impression of the blessedness of meek and cheerful views of providence and life. How large a place *she* filled in that Christian home, how tender the love and strong the arm with which she sustained *him* in weakness and struggle, we must not attempt to show. Hard is it to suppress the tribute which rises to our lips, as the lovely image of that true and noble woman comes back to us after years of separation. Few names of the many devoted wives of ministers and missionaries, at home and abroad, deserve to be more cherished, or will be more cherished, in grateful remembrance. Not one, we are sure, would have been more pained in life, — perhaps we should feel would be more grieved even now, — to be made the subject of eulogy. We forbear. But we will ever thank God for the influence of that life and death.

In the volume just published, we have the promise fulfilled — so far, at least, as God permitted — of a Memoir of Dr. Peabody by his brother, and a selection from his Sermons by another friend. That God did not permit the Memoir to be finished by the hand that began it, but struck that hand also with death in the midst of its work, gives new interest to this impressive family history. The leading facts are known, having been presented in this journal,* and in other forms, soon after Dr. Peabody's death. His biographer has not attempted to give many new facts, but to arrange all in their natural order, interspersing and illustrating them with extracts from his brother's correspondence. He has also thrown in those two "Addresses," — which many of us had seen in manuscript, but which have not before been published, — deliv-

* Christian Examiner for September, 1847.

ered just after the deaths of the wife and daughter, and marked by a simple pathos and devout eloquence, such as we have never seen surpassed. In connection with the sad occasion of those addresses, portions of letters are given, full of interest. Indeed, the whole Memoir, written simply and frankly by one who was "kindred" in more than the usual signification of the term, will take its place among the good biographies of the best men. It sets him before us just as he was ; and we again look upon him, and again listen to him, with the impression, which he always gave us, of a true man and an ever advancing Christian.

It is known that he was fitted for college in Exeter, his native town, and after graduation at Cambridge at the early age of seventeen, returned to Exeter, and spent a year there as assistant to Dr. Abbot, in that academy where so many of the finest minds in New England have been trained. Going to Cambridge again to prepare for the profession of his choice, — the profession for which he seems to have been ordained of God, — he began to preach in 1820, and was at once called to Springfield, where he passed the rest of his life. His loneliness there for several years, his inexperience and self-distrust, the difficulties he encountered, the loss of health and impaired sight, from which he never entirely recovered, will be seen in this Memoir to have created a more serious and peculiar probation than may have been supposed. It was no ordinary trial, as some well knew. Few have been called to a greater effort. It was made, — and it prevailed. A work was accomplished in his own soul, in his congregation, in the town and the community, such as would have been honorable to any one, in the best health, with favoring circumstances and long life. That he accomplished it in the absence of all these, and by the simple power of faith and character, is the grand lesson.

A few passages from the Memoir we wish to give, and we take those which are likely to be least familiar. Though his love of nature is well known, and his knowledge of natural history, his use of that knowledge in his profession, as seen in the following extract, may be new to many.

"For several years he occupied a detached building as a study, situated in his garden. In this retired spot, he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the varieties of birds, and of studying their habits. This persecuted race have abundant sagacity to distinguish the idle destroyers, from whom it is well that

they can fly, from those who are disposed to be their friends. With these they are glad to be familiar, as if to show that they deserve more attention and better treatment than they have ever yet been able to secure. Mr. Peabody's researches on this subject were curious and minute; more so than is usually to be expected from one whose mind is earnestly employed upon more important things. But he endeavoured to bring all his occupations into harmony with the great object to which his life was devoted, and he believed that this pursuit would not be without its value, if it should enable him to cultivate a taste for it in the children of his charge, before they learn from the example of their elders to become acquainted with birds only for the purpose of tormenting or destroying them. There is extant among his papers a series of lectures, delivered before the Sabbath school of his society, in which the subject of plants and birds is treated in a manner that could not fail to engage the attention of the young. These were illustrated by drawings, made and colored by his own hand, with an accuracy and beauty which would have done no discredit to the skill of an accomplished artist. Indeed, in youth he exhibited a decided taste for drawing, and, though he subsequently ceased to cultivate it, practised the art occasionally for the benefit of his friends, or for some purpose of his own. There is reason to believe that the instructions to which I have alluded were not without a lasting and beneficent effect upon the minds of those who received them." — pp. xxix., xxx.

From the letters here introduced, we must draw an illustration of that quiet and racy humor for which he was so remarkable, and which often covered earnest and severe truth, — as in the following passage.

"Dec. 17, 1834. — I suppose E. keeps you advised of all that goes on here, — or rather does not go on; for a general palsy seems to have affected the social system. We should be glad even to have phrenology back again; for we are fast hastening to that ideal state in which the individual shall be every thing, and associations of every description be done away. We looked to the lyceum for relief, but Dr. — began an extemporaneous anatomical lecture last Wednesday, to be continued, — how long was not stated; but I fear he will hold on till the house is as thin as one of his skeletons. I confess, however, that I admired the man's courage; for I never dared to follow the ancient clerical practice so far as to announce the after part of the sermon for the after part of the day, having fears lest the after part of the audience, meantime, should disperse past recall."

"Oct., 1840. — I am rather curious to see how far the anti-Sabbath-and-clergy mania will extend. I see that my old ac-

quaintance, Mr. —, is engaged in it; and if he is at all zealous, the movement must be on its way down hill, since that is the only direction in which he could charge with vigor and effect. I was a good deal edified with —'s explanation, that their desire was to have the Sabbath more spiritually observed. In answer, I should say, that to put a friend on trial for his life is not the happiest way of clearing up his character; the danger may be, that it will throw a suspicion over him in the minds of many, which, but for this ingenious process of purgation, never would have existed. If they have any doubts themselves, the best course they could pursue would really be to keep the Sabbath, and see if it might not do them some good. She quoted to — a remark of Mr. —, that to oppose such investigations implied an apprehension that the institution might not be able to stand it. This reminded me of the time and again when I have called my children away from my neighbour's mill-pond, — they thinking my caution very preposterous, no doubt; but it was not from any alarm with respect to the pond, but simply from the fear lest they should fall in, — a view of the subject which they could not be made to understand. Well, if it is any comfort to them to employ their energies in this way, I do not know why any one should object. They may dig down to the foundation on which Christianity rests, and satisfy themselves that their teeth and nails are inadequate to the operation of removing it, so as to clear it away, or make it stand more to their minds. When they learn to make the best of things as they are, the instruction will be worth what it costs them." — pp. xxxv. — xxxvii.

We find, likewise, in the Memoir extracts from the diary of that admirable wife to whom we have already alluded; and if such private meditations should ever be given to the world, it is when they relate exclusively, as do these, to plans and exertions for the attainment of the complete Christian character. The death of Mrs. Peabody, after a short illness, occurred in October, 1843, and that of the only daughter in the January following. Such blows, falling so quickly on a loving heart and enfeebled frame, seemed too much for human weakness. Let those who would see that weakness clothed with a strength almost preternatural, yet consistent with the whole nature and life, read the addresses which he made to his people, and the letters which he wrote to private friends. The following extract is from his diary, bearing date the very month of his wife's death.

"October, 1843. It was a heavy day when I followed my beloved Amelia to the grave. At the funeral service, in the church,
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they sang her favorite hymns, — ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ and ‘Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings.’ I was glad that her form was laid where the communion-table usually stands, that I might have that powerful and affecting remembrance connected with the place. At the grave, where a great number were assembled, they sang, ‘There is a land of pure delight.’ And now she lies in those beautiful grounds. How I bless God, who disposed me to interest myself so much in the preparation of the cemetery! For all that I have ever done for it, verily I have my reward.”

“And now it begins to open upon me why I needed this terrible blow. Had we been laid in the same grave, as I could have wished and prayed, had it been right, we should not have been united in death. She was too far above me. She was so heavenly-minded, so charitable, so thoroughly excellent, that, dear as I was to her generous heart, I could not have stood at her side. But now, perhaps, under the stern teaching of death, in solitary communion with my own heart, with the inspiration of her spiritual presence, with the light of her memory before me, I may do the duties assigned me, and thus form such a character, that, when I go, she may stand ready, with her sweet smile and open arms of love, to welcome me to the skies.

“But I bless God that in the earlier days of my solitude and sorrow I did not derive my support from such thoughts as this. God was present to me, — I realized that he was with me, — and what could I want beside? In a condition as helpless and hopeless as possible, I was supported by the Everlasting Arm, as if it were visibly extended from the skies. I thought not of reunion. I was perfectly resigned. I had no wish to alter in the least what was appointed me. ‘The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?’ was the language of my soul. All these thoughts of consolation were present, no doubt, but they came not by themselves; they seemed, like all other glorious, happy, and inspiring thoughts, to be assembled in the single thought of God, and to float in the great ocean of his boundless love.” — pp. lxii. — lxiv.

This was written while his daughter was yet spared, and he was rejoicing in the opening promise of her filling the void to him, his family, and people. In four months, she also was taken. He wrote thus from his sick-chamber and desolate home: —

“Feb. 5, 1844. When I wrote you last, I told you that I was prepared for whatever might come; but I did not know. So far as to be able to receive it with grateful and undoubting confidence, with unaltered love of my Heavenly Father, and without a wish that it might be otherwise, I was prepared. But not to feel wound-

ed, stricken, and desolate, — for this I was not prepared. I was lifted above my former sorrow, but now, ‘He hath brought me down to the dust of death.’ . . . Perhaps, as I gain my physical strength, which is now entirely subdued, I shall feel stronger in spirit. I shall commit myself to Him, and he will do with me as he thinks best. His will be done!” — p. lxxxiv.

After these terrible trials, instead of flying from the scene, or shunning any labor, though in extreme debility, he gave himself more than ever to his people, and appears to have walked among them as a being of a higher sphere. His brother says: — “He seemed at every moment standing on the confines of the eternal world, as one ‘ready to be offered’; permitted, just before entering its gate, to point out to those he loved, with the failing accents of a dying voice, the way to reach its blessedness.” It was after this, and in one of his last public efforts, that many of us were permitted to see and hear him at Cambridge, before the Alumni of the Divinity School; and we can testify to the truth of his brother’s words, that “his voice sounded like that of one who is on the border of the grave.”

It is one of the peculiar associations between these twin-brothers, in life and death united, that the significant words which we just quoted were the last that the survivor wrote. Permitted to bring the story of his brother’s life to the point where he represents him as “on the border of the grave,” he is compelled to drop the pen, and lie down himself in the dust! With reason did he say to a friend, while engaged in writing those last passages, that “he felt as if he were carving the letters on his own gravestone.” The Memoir is resumed and finished by a friend intimately acquainted with both brothers, who carries the first through the remaining “six months of debility” to the end, — the end of life and the end of toil.

The volume contains, besides the Memoir, brief Notices of the brother who began it; and then follow the Sermons, twenty-one in number, on a variety of subjects, devotional, critical, and practical. Of the ability of these sermons we leave others to judge. Of their spirit, their piety, earnestness, and Gospel simplicity, there can be but one opinion. As a preacher, Dr. Peabody was eminently Christian. He preached Christ. He built upon the Gospel. He left no hearer in doubt, and these discourses will leave no reader in doubt, as to his faith in Christianity, or his views of its authority. On every subject his opinions were carefully formed

and freely given. But he did not carry every subject into the pulpit, nor think it necessary to express his opinions at all times. He held the old and half-obsolete notion, that the Lord's Day and the pulpit are designed for the inculcation of Gospel-truth ; and while he sought all truth, and used all to illustrate and apply the Gospel, he considered every thing else secondary to this, and believed, that, as men heard enough and thought enough about secular matters all the week, they both needed and desired a little *religion* one day in the seven. This is one great reason for the high rank which we give to Dr. Peabody as a preacher. For such we believe to be the true and essential view of preaching, and we honor every man who adheres to it in this day of differing opinions and conflicting demands. It is not that the preacher is forbidden to touch what are called exciting topics, or should be restrained from any expression of honest conviction. It is not that men have a right, or the power, to exclude religion from any province, by calling it political, commercial, or sectional. The religion of Christ pertains to every thing human ; and the minister of Christ is bound to show its application to all relations of life, to all principles of character, courses of conduct, temporal and eternal interests. Wherever man is, he owes obedience to the commands of God. Wherever there is power or opportunity, there is obligation. Wherever sin lurks or defies, it should be exposed and rebuked. The danger is not of too severe denunciation of sin, — but of denunciation in a wrong temper, the consideration of lighter to the neglect of weightier offences, a superficial and trivial use of Gospel truth, or the introduction of every thing else in its place. The most thorough and most comprehensive of all preaching was the preaching of Christ ; and he who preaches in his name, and to those who expect and need to hear of him, should preach in his spirit, the spirit of gentleness and faithfulness ; should preach by his authority, which is of God, and not of man ; should preach his truth, as it came from him, as it stands in his life and death and resurrection, without mixture, without reserve, definite and divine.

For an example of such preaching, we should be at a loss where to look with more confidence or satisfaction than to the man and the sermons now before us. They are not remarkable, except for the character and qualities just indicated. Dr. Peabody, as all know, was not an attractive or forcible speaker, but had defects of voice, intonation, and

physical power. These do not appear, of course, in his writings, and yet it is possible that some readers may find similar defects in his printed sermons, from a want of arrangement, variety, and what is called "point." But let every one judge. To us these sermons are of high character, intellectually and spiritually. They have no artificial arrangement, but they are full of truth and beauty. There is not in one of them a numerical mark, setting off the divisions, but there is in all an object, a relation, and progress. Best of all, there is humility, charity, spirituality, pointed rebuke, kind encouragement, the faith that fears not nor fails, the hope full of immortality.

From a sermon on the "Sisters of Charity" we take the following passage.

"But while it is not necessary that a human being should be happy, it is necessary that every one who values his soul should be united in full sympathy with the Saviour, drawing the support of its religious life from him and through him, as a branch is nourished by the vine from which it grows. Christ thus in us, exerting influence in us, and quickening life in us, is our only hope of glory; and there cannot be an object more important to every true heart than to secure this union of sympathy, desire, purpose, and endeavour with the Saviour, which shall make his feelings our feelings, which shall make us look on all things as he saw them, and give us a deep and sincere interest in that which he most delighted to do. There is no way in which this union can be formed so surely and so soon, as to engage with all the heart in those labors and charities which were the daily work and pleasure of his life when he was on earth. Perform a kind action and you find a kind feeling growing in yourself, even if it was not there before. As you increase the number of objects of your kind and charitable interest, you find, that, the more you do for them, the more you love them. If such charities are guided by your taste or fancy, and limited to those in whom you happen to be interested, it will not be so. You will find that charity itself may be a self-indulgence merely, and then it will only strengthen selfish feeling. But only act upon the broad principle of love, as unfolded in the Saviour's life, — serve others, not because they are your friends, not because they are interesting, not because they are grateful, — serve them when they are unfriendly, when they are distasteful, even disgusting, — serve them when they are ungrateful, — serve them because they are the children of your Father, and therefore are all your brethren, — and you will soon find that the fervent heart keeps time with the charitable hands, and warms towards the Saviour as its best and kindest friend.

Surely such labor is not vain ; and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, you will rejoice that you chose that path, however hard it may have been to tread." — pp. 15, 16.

On the same subject, in another form, we see his discrimination ; as in the sermon on " Preparation for Heaven."

" But very often there is a selfishness in the midst of benevolence. There are those who are willing to do good, but will do it in their own way, — thereby showing that they are thinking quite as much of themselves as of others. Thus, in relieving the distressed, — for there are persons distressed, and that with no fault of their own, — each one is apt to give what he values least. Here we must be on our guard. Let him who gives his money give what he values more, his attentions or his time ; let him who gives his services, if he values other things more, give them, in order to be sure that his very kindness is not selfish, or, at least, that it has in it no other selfishness than the manly and honorable desire of securing one's interest in the future world.

" Even the benevolent must be on their guard ; they are far too apt to take as much with one hand as they give with the other. You will sometimes find that those who are liberal of wealth to others wound them with their neglect and scorn. You will find those who, with a manner all kindness, encourage hopes of friendship which they never intend to redeem. You will find those who will sit night after night by the bedside of the sick, and at the same time stab them with what the Scripture calls the edge of the tongue. Therefore inspiration tells us to ' be perfect and entire, wanting nothing ' ; then we may know whether we are innocent merely because we are not tempted, — whether we are kind from principle, or only from feeling. Mere feeling will not face the wind and tide ; mere feeling will do good as long as it is pleasant, and no longer ; — principle is something worth having ; it is patient, not easily discouraged, and enduring." — pp. 140, 141.

Having implied that Dr. Peabody, while he seldom carried into the pulpit the common topics of the day, did regard and use those which involve the principles of the Gospel, it should be shown how fearlessly and faithfully he dealt with them, when he touched them at all. We do not know a more searching, uncompromising discourse on Peace, than that which bears the title of " The Ethics of War." We do not quote from it, simply because its substance has appeared in our pages, expanded by the author himself into one of his ablest articles, called " The Moral Influence of War."* His views of

* Christian Examiner for March, 1847.

“Religion and Philosophy,” and of a question often raised now, may be seen in what he says of inward and outward light.

“Much is said of *the light within us*, and some appear to feel as if it superseded the necessity of any illumination from on high. But what is it? Nothing but a power of vision like that which resides in the bodily eye. It is compared to the eye, to explain to us what it is. Now does any one suppose that light originates in the eye, or that the power of sight would help us, unless there were light by which we may see? It is the same to the body that a window is to a house,—the avenue through which the light passes in. And this light within is nothing but a power of moral sight, by which we may discern the moral and religious truths presented, and therefore, so far from rendering light unnecessary, would itself be useless to us, if there were not light by which it is enabled to see. Jesus Christ is the light of the moral world. He is the source and fountain of that light by which our spiritual sight is able to discern the truths which it is so much concerned to know. Without him, the spiritual sight would be as helpless as the eyes in utter darkness; so that the light within us, of which so much is said, only increases our dependence on him.

“This being the case, it is evident, that, except we possess and enjoy the light without, we can have no benefit from the light within, and nothing can be vainer than to speak of being guided by this inner light, to the exclusion of the other. Guided by the eyesight without any light from the sun? While he shines, we may feel as if we could do without him, but not so when the horror of deep darkness falls. Those who have depended on the inner light, without regard to the other, have gone fearfully astray. It would not be easy to number the crimes, the unnatural and revolting crimes, committed by some who thought they were obeying the dictation of God within them, and at the same time refused to consult his revealed and written law. And now, when we hear men speak as if this inner light alone were sufficient for our guidance, it is as if they should say,—‘Break down the lighthouse which for ages has shone through the storms, conducting thousands of voyagers safe into the harbour; there is no need of it, for each vessel can carry a rush-light at its own mast-head, and thus find her way through the entrance channel, winding, and rough, and rockbound though it is.’ She would probably find her way to the bottom; and he who trusts to the inner light alone for guidance will also be in danger of shipwreck of the soul.” — pp. 149–151.

Connect with this another passage, from the sermon on “Divine Communications,” and it will be seen, that, in fidelity to the Bible, nature and the soul are not forgotten.

“It was, as the Bible itself teaches, in concession to human sin, not on account of the want of other original means of light, that the Christian revelation was made. How well it supplies the hunger and thirst of the soul may be seen in the value which is attached to it by the spiritually disposed. Observe, it is of real wants, and not of tastes and fancies, that I speak. Those dreamy and imaginative minds, which have had little as yet to trouble and distress them, may find something more exciting elsewhere. To them it is as a lamp, unvalued in the thoughts of him that is at ease, though so welcome to the benighted stranger. To the sorrowful, to the heavy-laden, to those who are fighting a life-long battle with human woe, to those who are stripped of other blessings and whose earthly crown is fallen from their head, to those whose minds are made intensely earnest by fear, anguish, and the presence of death, the Bible is a priceless treasure. They would not for worlds surrender it, for it speaks to them in tones of deep sympathy of that God who is the only dependence they have, and brings the glories of heaven in living brightness before their eyes. Thus the Bible, so often rejected by the vain and happy, is sure of a warm welcome wherever a suffering heart is found. When sorrow comes to the lordly mansion or the straw-built shed, when death is raging on the bleeding deck or the trampled field, when the light of life is sinking low in the chamber of the dying or the prisoner's dreary cell, — wherever man is called to deal with the stern realities of life, — he clasps the Bible with both hands to his heart till its beating is still for ever.

“But it is not every one who understands how God communicates with us through the Scriptures. It is not by the letter alone. To this must be added the suggestions which they give, the trains of thought which they awaken, the active energy which they inspire, in the thoughtful mind. Reflect on some of our Saviour's words, and you are struck with their depth of wisdom ; but you see not all at once. As you ponder, their meaning seems to spread itself out before you ; it continually unfolds itself in new aspects and relations, showing how truly it was likened to a small seed containing all the parts and proportions of the tree which is to lift itself to the skies and give shade to many generations. It is by appealing to that which is within, by quickening the spiritual powers into life and action, by drawing out all the resources of the soul, and making it earnestly attentive to the teaching of nature and God's spirit, that the Bible fulfils its highest function in the upright and trusting heart. The direct information which the words convey to us, vast as it is, seems of little worth, compared to this quickening and life-giving power.” — pp. 186 – 188.

One other extract we desire to make, on a distinct subject.

Dr. Peabody, it is well known, was never a controversialist. The disposition and influence which all parties ascribed to him, in the community in which he lived, appeared particularly in his preaching. Yet we have never known the man of any sect, whose opinions on all points of theology and doctrine were more distinctly defined, or more readily avowed. A catholic Christian, first and most, he was also a firm and open Unitarian believer. How much he preached or taught doctrinally we do not know. Only one discourse of such a character is here published, but it is enough to show, at once, his decided views, his style as an expositor, and his large charity. The subject is the "Trinity,"—from the words, "I and my Father are one." We can give only the conclusion, in which, after speaking of Jesus as presenting "a union of God and man such as the world never before saw," he says :—

"I dwell on this union longer, perhaps, than is necessary, for I wish that my meaning and my view of the subject may be thoroughly understood. I am not fond of believing that my brother Christians profess absurdities and contradictions. I care much more for my own feeling toward them than I do for their feeling toward me. I would fain respect their understandings as well as their hearts. Hence I rejoice to see, that, when they first used the word 'person' in this connection, they meant *character*, and the doctrine of the Trinity originally was, that God manifests himself in three different characters,—in creating and preserving, in redeeming and saving, and in comforting and sanctifying, the sons of men. Who will deny it? Who stands ready to controvert a truth which is so little at war with the Gospel? The union of God and man,—which, when first thought of as a union of person, seems impossible to believe or understand,—if we remember that *person* originally meant *character*, and that a union of character is all that is intended, ceases to be a mystery or contradiction, and becomes an inspiring truth. And thus it is that every doctrine which has ever gained large acceptance was originally founded on a basis of truth, and if we dig through the fragments which have crumbled and fallen round it, we shall come down to the living stone,—to the rock of ages on which it stands.

" I have no doubt, you will find that those who really have opinions on these subjects agree very nearly with each other. The great difficulty is, that so many take up with *words*, and never are at the pains of forming an *opinion*. Looking at the words which Christians use, you would suppose them to be

fearfully disunited ; but words are not much, — words are the daughters of earth, and therefore perishable ; while things are the sons of heaven, and do not pass away. Words cannot keep men apart for ever, any more than air-lines can form permanent inclosures. There are some animals which, if you draw a line round them, will feel as if it could not be passed over ; but the greater proportion of those which have wings and feet are always ready to use them. No one needs be troubled about party feelings ; they are of those things which perish with the using. Now they are like ice upon the living waters, binding up their channels and suppressing the music of their flow ; but when the sun of righteousness rises higher, — and rise it will, — all these chilling restraints on the free action of the mind and heart shall feel its influence, and for ever melt away.

“ I see the Divine mercy in this provision, that in all matters of profound importance men cannot think very unlike each other. They may talk very differently ; they may feel some alienation ; but these things are written so plainly on the front of the sacred page, that he who runs may read, and read the same practical meaning. As Christians grow more spiritual, they take less note of things outward, and give more heed to those that are within. When they look under the distinctions of party, they see that one Christian is like another Christian ; his real character is not affected by the name which he happens to bear. And thus narrowness and exclusion are wearing away ; — things are leading to that consummation when there shall be one fold and one shepherd, — one faith, one baptism, — one God and Father of all.” — pp. 99–101.

The volume closes with the “ Address delivered at the Consecration of the Springfield Cemetery,” in 1841, published separately at the time ; and showing, as do all his writings, the poet’s as well as the Christian’s use of natural imagery, and all material forms of beauty, wisdom, and love.

We are glad to see in a Note, that “ another volume of selections from the writings of Dr. Peabody will probably be given to the public.” The writings of such a man are all valuable. As compositions alone, there are few, if any, better specimens in the language, and their sentiment is always pure, always elevating. They speak to the whole nature of man, from a soul in harmony with God. They strengthen our faith in the power of character, and the influence of a Christian minister, true to himself, true to his people, and his Master. Mightier power there is not on earth, nor richer blessing. God be thanked for such an illustration, in life and death !

E. B. H.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Complete Works of the HON. JOB DURFEE, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Rhode Island ; with a Memoir of the Author. Edited by his Son. Providence : Gladding & Proule. 1849. 8vo. pp. xxvi., 523.

WE do not know any book with which this original and interesting volume may be fitly compared. Where shall we look for an author who appears before us at once as poet, historian, jurist, and metaphysician, and who, respectable in all his literary efforts, is preëminent alike for practical sense and metaphysical acuteness ; — a sound New England judge and a daring German idealist united in the same person ? Such was Chief Justice Durfee, in whom Rhode Island has recently lost one of her most honored and gifted sons.

He was born at Tiverton, R. I., September 20, 1790, and passed his childhood and youth amid the romantic scenery around the heights that overlook Narraganset Bay. The plough and the school had about an equal share in his early training. In 1809 he entered Brown University, and was in due time graduated with high honor. He immediately entered upon the study of law in the office of his father. In 1814 he was elected representative to the State legislature, and continued to hold that office until he was called, six years afterwards, to a seat in Congress. In 1826 he returned to the State legislature, and was elected Speaker of the House ; and in 1829 he withdrew from political life, hoping in his retirement to have time, from his labors in the law and upon his farm, to give to literary pursuits. He then wrote "What-cheer," a poem in nine cantos, celebrating the "exodus" of Roger Williams from the persecutions of Salem, with the vicissitudes that attended on his wanderings through savage wilds, and his final arrival on the shores of the Narraganset in 1636. The poem takes its name from a tradition, that, when Williams was landing on the bank of what afterwards became the town of Providence, he was accosted by an Indian with the salutation, in broken English, "Wha-cheer ? Wha-cheer ?" This production met with a warmer reception in England than here, and was very favorably noticed by John Foster, in the *Eclectic Review*. It is more interesting as a manifestation of Rhode Island feeling than as a specimen of poetical genius, although by no means without literary merit.

In 1833 Mr. Durfee was appointed Associate Justice of the

Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and two years afterwards was made Chief Justice. He continued in office until his death, July 26, 1847.

We presume, that, to general readers, the historical portions of the present volume will be most interesting, exhibiting as powerfully as they do the fortunes and character of the native Indian races, and sketching graphically the prominent points in the history of the State. The portions, however, which claim the highest regard from thinking men are the philosophical treatises, and such passages of the legal papers as deal with abstract principles. The "Panidea" is a metaphysical treatise on the Logos or omnipresent reason, and is as lucid as any work on that topic from the days of Philo of Alexandria to those of Swedenborg or Schelling. It is surely a very able work, and will reward any man's perusal, if entertainment be not his object so much as the sharp exercise of his metaphysical wits. The Discourse before the Historical Society and the Phi Beta Kappa Oration rest upon the essential principles of the Panidea, and assert what none of us can deny, that in all history and social progress there is the manifestation of the Eternal Word, the omnipresent reason. Whatever practical men may think of Judge Durfee's metaphysics, who will demur at such Platonism as these noble words from his Charge on Perjury convey?

"Gentlemen, Justice herself is nothing but truth carried into action. She appears here in the shape of legal evidence, — she passes through the forms of judicial proceeding in the verdict of a jury, — thence into a judgment or sentence of the law, and thence into final execution. He is a superficial lawyer and worse philosopher, who holds with Helvetius, that justice is created by legislative enactment. She is created by Truth. She is Truth herself, ever in substance the same, yet manifesting herself under a variety of forms, — now in the shape of laws, which are nothing but instruments declarative of the preëxistent requirements of society, giving them definite forms, and bringing them within the scope of judicial power, — now in the shape of evidence, which is but declarative of the relations in which an individual stands to those laws, — and now in a combination of these declarative forms in the judicial sentence or judgment. Truth, Gentlemen, to conclude, is every thing to society, and that man who can come into court and commit deliberate perjury is an enemy to himself and a traitor to mankind." — pp. 501, 502.

Law such as this surely rests quite as much upon St. John as upon Blackstone. o.

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley; comprising the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. SQUIER, A. M., and E. H. DAVIS, M. D. Accepted for Publication by the Smithsonian Institution, June, 1847. Pub-

lished for the Authors. New York and Cincinnati. 1848.
4to. pp. 306.

THE official authorities of the "Smithsonian Institution" have apportioned its annual income, of about forty thousand dollars, to two uses. One half is to be devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge by original researches and publications; the other half, to furnishing a Library, Museum, and Gallery of Art. Works of original research are invited, and, when offered, are to be submitted to the inspection of a Committee competent to pronounce upon their merits. The elegant volume before us is the first fruits of this wise arrangement. Setting homely questions of utility aside for the occasion, or, what is better, giving to the word, utility, its widest and fullest meaning, we may express a high satisfaction after having examined the volume. Its subject, its contents, its authors, and its execution harmonize with the national character which it is desirable to have attached, in a proper degree, to the Smithsonian Institution. We are left to infer that the investigations and results here exhibited were undertaken without a view to the medium through which they have now come before the public, and were allowed to pass through this channel solely on the ground of their own merits. The manuscript was submitted, through the officers of the Institution at Washington, to a Committee of the American Ethnological Society, and by that Committee it is highly commended. The printer and the engraver have labored to present the literary and the scientific tasks of the authors in a fair form. The volume contains a most elaborate and intelligible account of those remarkable "earth-works" in the Mississippi valley which have puzzled so many philosophical inquirers, and which have just enough of resemblance to natural or accidental phenomena to have suggested the idea that they might be "the results of diluvial action." They are proved incontestably to be the works of man, though their date, and builders, and some part at least of their purpose, are unknown. Messrs. Squier and Davis pursued in their examination a systematic and thorough method which had never previously been applied to them, while they engaged the help and availed themselves of the labors of all others who have shown an interest in the subject. They do not offer any speculations or theories, but content themselves with a simple statement of facts, with their vouchers.

A section of the Scioto valley, of which Chillicothe is the centre, was the scene on which they commenced their examination, which they afterwards extended over Ohio and the adjacent States. More than one hundred inclosures and groups of the ancient earth-works have been examined by them, and more than two

hundred mounds excavated, for the first time. They estimate the number of *tumuli* in the State of Ohio at ten thousand. These structures, if we may so call them, have proved more durable than erections of stone or brick. They are classified by our authors into "works of defence," and "sacred and miscellaneous inclosures." The chief ground of distinction seems to be, that the ditch exterior to the embankment marks the military work, and the interior ditch or fosse the religious or sepulchral work. The most striking and extensive of the works of either class are described at length, and with far more interest than we expected. Of course there is much similarity in the descriptions, and the laborious investigations of the diligent and pains-taking authors must be inferred from the necessary repetition of the same tasks with but little variety. They have produced a highly creditable work, and deserve the respectful returns of commendation from the friends of science, research, and archæology. The remains of ancient art found in the mounds are lavishly represented and described. The volume contains forty-eight plans and maps, and two hundred and seven wood-cuts. E.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the New York Historical Society. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848. 8vo. pp. 412.

How far the rights asserted for us in our Declaration of Independence, and yielded to us by our treaty with the monarch of Great Britain, absolved us from allegiance to the "King's English," might afford a subject for a debating society. It would involve the question of our liberty to make what new words we pleased, and even to form a new language, if we wished for one. This liberty has been assumed and acted upon to some extent in our country, and Mr. Bartlett has given himself to the task of searching out the fruits of its moderate exercise, and of its occasional excesses. His work must have required great labor, yet could not have been without interest to one, like the author, fondly addicted to ethnological and philosophical studies. Of the precise value of the volume before us there will be different estimates. For ourselves, we commend Mr. Bartlett's object, and would bear testimony to the pains with which he has pursued it, and to the successful and satisfactory result. Two useful purposes may be supposed to be answered by his volume. First, to the inhabitants of different sections of this country respectively,

and to foreigners, it will furnish a glossary of words and terms which occur in our local anecdotes, in our political contests, and in our letters, newspapers, and books; and, secondly, it may help towards preventing the further corruption of our language, may restrain the use of vulgarisms and barbarisms, and may favor refinement of speech among all classes of our citizens. The work must necessarily be imperfect. The wonder is, that Mr. Bartlett has been able to collect and define so many words and phrases which are used as vulgarisms or colloquialisms in different parts of our country. Probably every reader, who has had much intercourse either in a wide neighbourhood or over the whole Union, can at once supply many words and phrases that will not be found in this volume. But at the same time, he must be a very sociable and inquisitive man, and have travelled widely and have mingled with a great many people, who has actually met with all the articulate utterances collected in this book.

The Introductory Remarks on the Dialects of England and America contain much condensed and valuable information. Mr. Bartlett quotes English authority to substantiate his own belief, that "the English language is in no part of the world spoken in greater purity by the great mass of the people than in the United States." The following sentence might challenge discussion, if we were examining the volume at any length:—"But the greatest injury to our language arises from the perversion of legitimate words and the invention of hybrid and other inadmissible expressions by educated men, and particularly by the clergy." The following are quoted as specimens,—*to fellowship, to difficult, to eventuate, to doxologize, to happify, to donate*. It happens, at the present day, that a "clergyman" and "an educated man" are not identical terms. We never heard either of the above quoted expressions from an educated person. We have frequently met with the spurious verb *to fellowship*, and the still more objectionable compound *to disfellowship*, in the papers of some religious denominations. We cannot agree with Mr. Bartlett in his opinion, that "residents of the city of New York are, perhaps, less marked in their pronunciation and use of words than the inhabitants of any other city or State." We can distinguish a New Yorker as far as we can hear him. His *shil'n* for shilling, and his *haaf* for half, etc., betray him at once;—to say nothing of the practice which prevails in some pulpits of that city, of uttering such words as broken, open, token, as if they were written *op'un, brok'un*, etc. Speaking of clergymen, we would suggest to Mr. Bartlett the propriety of giving, by way of appendix to his second edition, a glossary of the new words invented and used by the late Dr. Chalmers, who exceeded all the divines whose works are known to us in his liberties with language.

E.

Memoirs of American Governors. By JACOB BAILEY MOORE.
Vol. I. New York: Gates & Stedman. 1846. 8vo. pp. 439.

THIS book has not attracted the notice it deserves, as one possessing real and substantial merit, and supplying a want met by no other work. "Our best biographical dictionaries," as the author justly observes, "contain but meagre sketches of a few of those public men who have been distinguished as Governors; while of others, who were renowned in their day, and exercised an important influence upon the times in which they lived, no account whatever is to be found." Belknap's biographies cover only a small part of the ground which Mr. Moore proposes to occupy, and these admit of additions and corrections from sources explored since his day. Mr. Moore's work is to embrace the lives of those who have held the "office of Chief Magistrate, in the several Colonies, which now form [a part of] the United States; to be followed by Memoirs of the Governors of the several States." The present volume comprises the lives of the Governors of "New Plymouth, from the Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, to the Union of the Colony with Massachusetts Bay, in 1692," and of those of Massachusetts Bay, from 1630, the time of the settlement of the Colony, to the expulsion of Andros, in 1689. "It has been the aim of the author," he tells us, "to make his work full in details, precise in facts, and, as far as possible, accurate and reliable as a book of reference." The volume already issued bears marks of patient research and attention to accuracy, of the value of which the language just quoted shows that the author has a just conception. We hope that he will meet with encouragement sufficient to induce him to persevere. The work, if completed as begun, will form an important addition to our biographical and historical literature. L.

History of the Town of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, from its Settlement in 1717 to 1829, with other Matter relating thereto not before published, including an Extensive Family Register. By ANDREW H. WARD, Member of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. Boston: S. G. Drake. 1847. 8vo. pp. 508.

History of the Town of Groton, including Pepperell and Shirley, from the First Grant of Groton Plantation in 1655. With Appendices, containing Family Registers, Town and State Officers, Population, and other Statistics. By CALEB BUTLER. Boston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 499.

THESE histories of towns we are always glad to see. The

labor of their preparation is great, requiring much research among obscure records; they are not showy performances, but they do something more than gratify an idle curiosity or antiquarian taste; they preserve from oblivion many facts worth knowing, as illustrating the character and manners of times gone by, and throwing light on the origin of our institutions. Mr. Ward's *History of Shrewsbury* may be, in some respects, incomplete, and, artistically viewed, may have some defects. It was designed, he says, to be a history of the "people," rather than of the "town," and "the chief, if not the sole, cause of the undertaking" was to "furnish a family register of the inhabitants." This statement should be kept in view, in judging of the volume. Still, with all its imperfections of plan, and occasional prolixity, it contains a great deal which merits preservation, and the author is certainly entitled to gratitude for what he has done. The *Family Register*, occupying more than half the volume, will be acceptable to those who are fond of genealogical researches, as well as to the descendants or connections of the families of which notice is taken.

Groton was incorporated in 1655, forty-four towns, as the author of the present history states, having been previously "established within the Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies." Its history furnishes many incidents worthy of record on the printed page; some of them—as those connected with the Indian wars, during which Groton "had its full proportion of suffering"—possessing a thrilling interest. Mr. Butler has executed his task thoroughly and well, giving, in a clear and well-arranged narrative, an account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the town, and its efforts in the cause of education, with notices of its topography and remarks on various matters pertaining to the settlement. The history of Pepperell and Shirley, originally "set off" from Groton, is very properly included; and to the whole is added an elaborate Appendix, containing, besides other documents, "family lists of marriages, births, and deaths," and a map of the three towns, exhibiting their present condition. L.

Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Illustrated by H. BILLINGS.
Boston: B. B. Muzzey & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 384.

THE poetry of Whittier, like a long smothered fire, has at last found its way in flame to the surface of the literary world, and not a few persons, we imagine, will be startled and surprised at the splendor that bursts so suddenly upon their eyes. Almost every body, indeed, who has taken an interest in American literature, must have known that John G. Whittier, a respectable

Quaker of Massachusetts, long prominent as a reformer, has secured a foothold within the domain of the muses. But we doubt whether one man in a hundred is aware that this disciple of George Fox is actually the most fiery and powerful of American lyrical poets, who from the depths of a passionate soul pours forth gushes of inspired song, as natural and impetuous and musically beautiful as the very streams that leap from the heart of Parnassus. Yet so it is. Gifted with something of Shelley's magical instinct of expression, with much of Scott's chivalric spirit and power of scenic description, and with all of Körner's self-forgetting Tyrtæan enthusiasm, this champion of freedom transports us with an irresistible power into the true heroic atmosphere. With Sir Philip Sidney, "we confess our barbarousness that we never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that we found not our heart moved more than with a trumpet," but never song of sword or shield so stirred us as have some of Whittier's clarion-voiced lyrics. Nor is his delicate, loverlike appreciation of the beautiful everywhere less remarkable than his stern devotion to the right. His pictures of woodland and river and mountain are exquisitely faithful and fresh; his poems of the affections are fragrant with an inexpressible simplicity and tenderness. His very faults, of occasional roughness and inelegance of metre and language, spring from his eminently natural and practical habit of mind. In books he is said to take comparatively little interest, and there is probably no living writer of equal ability who has written so seldom with a merely literary purpose. He has left those serene and shady spaces of the imagination in which the poet loves to linger, for the hot strife of reform; and if he has thus sacrificed much, his reward will be great,—in that consciousness of a brave, true life which is the "palmshade of eternity," and in the grateful reverence of the future to whose glory his hope and labor have been given.

The edition of his Poems which has elicited these remarks is the first worthy monument of his genius. Those who have admired his productions in the two very imperfect collections formerly published will be rejoiced to find their old favorites united here in one society. We must, however, complain of the absence, annoying and unaccountable enough, of the "Songs of Labor" from this goodly company. The *physique* of the book is charming. The illustrations, although better than the majority of American engravings, do not equal our expectations either as regards the design or the execution.

H—t.

Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 16mo. pp. 272.

THE present edition of Dr. Holmes's Poems contains all that

were published in the first edition, together with those added in the London edition, and nine poems which are now first collected, —including that strangely disconnected but profound and beautiful “rhymed lesson,” somewhat vaguely called *Urania*. Of the new poems, we think “*The Stethoscope Song*,” with its blended humor, wit, and sarcasm, the best; although “*A Modest Request*,” “*Nux Postcœnatica*,” and “*A Sentiment*,” nearly equal it in merit, while the last surpasses it in quiet beauty. The older poems are, probably, more or less familiar to our readers, and have already passed into general favor.

The distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Holmes’s poems are a happy combination of wit, humor, pathos, and sound sense, and the easy, unconstrained flow of his verse. A perfect master of the art of versification, he touches no subject upon which he does not leave the impress of his peculiar powers. Alike successful in writing an anniversary poem, or throwing off an after-dinner song, he is certainly the finest humorist that our country has produced; for, while he ridicules the arrogant pretensions of the intellectually small, wherever found, there is no spice of vindictiveness or personality in him. He is ever the same genial lover of mirth for its own sake; and the object of his humorous hits is constrained, in spite of himself, to laugh as heartily as any disinterested person. Possessing as keen a perception of the incongruous as Halleck, he never, like him, debases a really serious subject by the introduction of grotesque images or ideas. Though best known as a humorist, his graver productions have a subdued beauty and a depth of feeling not often found in a poet possessing so much wit and such skill in its exercise. Several of his minor pieces, and numerous passages in his longer poems, display a pathos and a felicity of imagery which charm as much as the sparkle of his other productions. Indeed, we think his powers are generally shown to the best advantage in his didactic and purely imaginative passages.

s—h.

Verses of a Lifetime. By CAROLINE GILMAN. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 263.

In this volume Mrs. Gilman has collected most of the fugitive pieces which have helped to establish the reputation she enjoys as a pleasing and popular writer. Her admirers will give the book a hearty welcome, and to those who are acquainted with her as yet only by fame, these very various poems will afford a fair criterion of her literary abilities and accomplishments, and a just insight into her character.

H—t.

Poems. By WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Cambridge: G. Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 275.

Some ten years ago (in the *Examiner* for January, 1838) we

noticed favorably a volume of youthful poems by the author of the present collection, and we now kindly greet him again as he comes to us with an offering of the fruits of his maturer days. Mr. Bacon is not "of imagination all compact," but belongs rather to the class of thoughtful and meditative minds, and his poetry possesses a corresponding character. He writes with truthfulness and nature, and with a deep love of the beautiful and the good; and whoever does this will be sure to strike a chord in the reader's breast which will send forth an answering note. L.

Pompeii and other Poems. By WILLIAM GILES DIX. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1848. 16mo. pp. 160.

The poets, according to Bembus, were "the first bringers-in of civility," and it is but grateful to acknowledge the benefit in our treatment of all members of the sacred fraternity. Worse poems than these have been published by men who afterwards did the world good and notable service in fields remote from the fountains of Helicon. We do, in all courtesy and sincerity, suggest to the author of "*Pompeii*" a fearless emulation of their wise and honorable conduct. H—t.

The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible. Edited by REV. EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Phillips & Sampson. 1849. 8vo. pp. 293.

Beauties of Sacred Literature. Illustrated by Eight Steel Engravings. Edited by THOMAS WYATT, A. M., Author of "*The Sacred Tableaux*," etc., etc. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 220.

The Women of the Bible. Delineated in a Series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by Eighteen Characteristic Steel Engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. WAINWRIGHT., D. D. New York: Appleton & Co. 1849. Royal 8vo. pp. 214.

As a general remark, it may with truth be said of all the annuals, poured upon us in such number at Christmas and New Year's time, that their literary character and value will not bear comparison with their typographical execution, with the beauty and finish of their engravings, and the costly splendor of their binding. While art has done all in its power to make them attractive, learning and genius have done little to make them instructive, or even highly entertaining. Of late years, many of the annuals have been not simply moral, but distinctly religious

in their character. These, however, do not form an exception, we fear, to the remark first made. We have seldom read a religious annual and not laid it down with the feeling that it wanted heartiness, — a genuine, earnest purpose, — that it was “got up” more for its mechanical than for its intellectual beauty, to please the eye and gratify the taste, rather than instruct the mind or touch the conscience and the heart. The writers seem to feel that it is not their thought that is to give the principal interest and value to the volume; and this imparts something of a constrained, cold, formal air to their articles. To this cause is it owing, probably, that the selected pieces, written for some other purpose, are commonly better, more full of life and vigor, than the original communications. Then, again, the articles, in order to have a sufficient variety, must necessarily be short, affording little room for learning to unfold its treasures, or imagination to display its power, or genius to soar into the highest realms of thought and feeling. There are, therefore, intrinsic difficulties in the way of making a really good religious annual, — a book that shall be as valuable for its literary merit as for its exhibition of the skill of the engraver and the printer. In the volumes before us these difficulties have not all been overcome, though they are an improvement upon most works of the kind that have been published in this country.

“The Rosary of Illustrations” has six mezzotinto engravings, which do not seem to be of the highest order of merit, if we except two, — “Hagar sent out,” and “The Women at the Tomb.” The letter-press of this volume is principally composed of selections, which are made with the taste and judgment that it might be supposed Mr. Hale would bring to the task. These selections are arranged so “that the passage from author to author may not always seem sudden and vexatious”; and both in making the selections and in their arrangement, it seems to have been the further object of the editor to meet, provide for, and illustrate “the three different stages that mark every man’s true religious experience.” This gives something of plan and purpose to the volume, although the connection and relation of the parts to the whole are not often very distinct and perceptible. Much of the poetry in the “Rosary” is very beautiful, and one or two of the sonnets of Mr. Jones Very are gems of their kind.

The “Beauties of Sacred Literature” has eight mezzotinto engravings, all of which represent some scene or event in Scripture, except one, entitled “The Friend in Adversity.” This engraving has some merit, but, as a matter of taste, and to preserve the harmony of the plates with the title and purpose of the volume, we think that it should have been excluded, and the same truth — the power of religion to console the afflicted, and bring peace to the penitent — have been represented by some Scripture scene.

The articles in the volume seem to be principally original contributions, written expressly for it by persons in different parts of the country, and of different religious denominations, and some of them are deeply interesting and instructive.

"The Women of the Bible" has eighteen line engravings, most of which are beautiful. Some of the "Sketches" are prepared with care and thoroughness, some seem to us meagre and deficient, and to others we should seriously object on the score of the criticism and theology directly or indirectly inculcated in them. There are some instances of bad taste, of low, vulgar comparison; for example, the opening sentence in the sketch of Deborah: — "Doubtless, if Deborah had lived in our day and been an American, the people would have elected her for President of the United States. There is such a madness in the world for military glory, that nothing but her piety and poetry, with her hatred of slavery, would have prevented her political success." We are surprised to find this sentence, as well as some others, sanctioned by Dr. Wainwright. Some of the women, also, brought forward in this volume, might better, we think, have been passed over, as unworthy of a place in it. The "conception and plan" of the work are good, and its mechanical execution surpasses any book of the kind that has been published in this country. Yet we are compelled to confess to some feeling of disappointment in examining it. It did not fulfil our expectations. A much better book on "the Women of the Bible" might be prepared.

L—p.

* * Messrs. Little & Brown, of this city, have published the twentieth volume of the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge*, for the year 1849. The care which has been bestowed on this work in former years has given it an authority, both at home and abroad, which will be sustained by the amount of various and accurate information embodied in the present volume. The astronomical, meteorological, statistical, historical, and biographical departments all show diligence and ability on the part of the editors. We may notice a single error that has fallen under our eye. In the table of "Religious Denominations" are assigned to the "Unitarian Congregationalists" 300 churches, 250 ministers, and 30,000 communicants. If by "communicants" be meant worshippers, the number is much too small; if, according to the usual import of the word, it mean attendants on the Lord's Supper, it is, we grieve to say, too large.

The *Unitarian Congregational Register*, for the year 1849, issued by Crosby & Nichols, (12mo. pp. 72,) we have examined

with pleasure. The statistical portions appear to have been prepared with care, and the extracts which compose the "Miscellaneous Department" indicate good judgment and taste in the compiler.

Among the recent publications in medical literature, indicating the rapid and extensive introduction of agencies for the alleviation of human suffering, we notice *A Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth, illustrated by five hundred and eighty-one Cases*, by WALTER CHANNING, M. D., (8vo. pp. 400,) issued by W. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston,—a work mostly professional, but containing facts and reasonings of great interest to the cause of science and humanity.

A Fable for Critics; or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies, is a part of the title of a thin 12mo. volume, from the press of G. P. Putnam of New York, but, as it seems to be well understood, from the pen of a gentleman whose poetic effusions have usually been dated from Cambridge;—in which, somewhat after the slipshod style of Byron's "Don Juan," the author describes several of the living writers of our own country, generally in terms of commendation and good-humor, and with a liveliness and frequent felicity of expression that will doubtless secure for it a wide perusal.—Of another work understood to come from the same hand, *The Biglow Papers*, published by George Nichols of Cambridge, (16mo. pp. 163,) though it contains no small amount of humor, and many happy "hits" at men and things, we are compelled to say that it fails through a twofold excess. The exhibition of Yankee phraseology becomes a caricature, and the affectation of vulgar shrewdness, which might amuse in an occasional *jeu d'esprit*, grows wearisome and offensive when pursued through a whole volume.

We have been pleased with a small volume, issued by W. H. Wardwell of Andover, bearing the title of *A Manual of Morals for Common Schools, also adapted to the Use of Sabbath Schools and Families*, (12mo. pp. 175,)—a timely and useful publication, marked by great purity and freshness, and a more easy and attractive style than books of the kind have usually exhibited, as well as by the introduction of a greater variety of topics, showing the author's appreciation of a refined and liberal culture.

An octavo volume of four hundred and eighty-five pages, entitled, *Important Doctrines of the True Christian Religion*, etc., as understood by the disciples of Swedenborg, has just been published by Messrs. J. Allen of New York, and O. Clapp of Boston, being a *Series of Lectures*, by Rev. S. NOBLE, with an *Introduction* by Professor BUSH. The position which Mr. Noble has long held in England, as "a distinguished advocate and expounder" of the doctrines of the "New Church," will doubtless give this

work currency among the members of that Church in this country, and secure for it the attention of those who may wish to become acquainted with their peculiar tenets.

We are indebted to Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, for a thick 8vo. volume (of 552 pages), the typographical execution of which is highly creditable to their press,—*The Sacred Poets of England and America, for Three Centuries*; edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD; illustrated with Steel Engravings. The editor acknowledges that he has done little more than “rearrange and combine materials” furnished in recent English volumes of a similar kind; but he has incorporated several valuable additions, and has given a choice collection of the sacred poetry of our language from Gascoigne and Spenser to our own day, made, as far as we can perceive, without any undue influence of religious opinion or peculiar literary taste. The brief biographical sketches prefixed to the selections from the different authors, though they contain little more than a notice of the outward life, will be found useful.

C. S. Francis & Co., of New York, have issued a neat volume, in 16mo., of *Poems by William Wordsworth; with an Introductory Essay on his Life and Writings*, by H. T. TUCKERMAN; by whom also “the selection of the contents of the volume,” containing “about one-fifth of all Wordsworth’s poems,” appears to have been made. Its editor has studied “variety in his choice of pieces,” and to those who are contented with a part instead of the whole this will be an acceptable book.—The same publishers have also issued a volume of similar size and appearance, containing *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; with an Introductory Essay*, by H. T. TUCKERMAN. We shall be glad, if it bring Coleridge’s poetry within the knowledge of some who regard him only as an unintelligible metaphysician.

The Rose of Sharon: a Religious Souvenir for 1849, edited by MRS. S. C. EDGARTON MAYO, and published by A. Tompkins of Boston, is worthy of high commendation, when compared with other similar publications. It contains thirty-one articles, some of them of remarkable excellence, most of them meritorious, and all of them, in a moral and religious point of view, unexceptionable. We deeply regret the loss which the public, as well as a wide circle of friends, has suffered in the death of Mrs. Mayo, who has edited the *Rose* from its commencement. She possessed uncommon talents, united with uncommon virtues.

Professors M’Clintock and Crooks, of Dickinson College, have issued, through the press of Harper & Brothers, New York, an admirable *First Book in Greek* (12mo. pp. 315) for those who approve of the general system of Ollendorff. They have, however, while careful of Greek accent, forgotten to say any thing of the accent to be used by an English reader.

Our juvenile readers will be pleased with the issue of a fresh edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, (12mo. pp. 347,) by Messrs. Francis & Co. of New York, — a delightfully executed work, intended to serve as an introduction to the original, which can be read with profit only in riper years.

The Childhood of Mary Leeson, by MARY HOWITT, republished in Boston by Crosby & Nichols, abounds in hints to parents and teachers that are both valuable and timely, though the narrative in which they are scattered seems to us somewhat tedious, in consequence of the excessive minuteness with which all sorts of trifling scenes and events are described.

The *Sixth Report of the Middlesex Sunday School Society*, made at the seventh annual meeting, held at Weston, October 11, 1848, and prepared by Rev. T. H. Dorr, Secretary of the Society, consists mainly of extracts from replies to a circular sent to the different schools. The extracts are valuable for the remarks they contain upon points connected with Sunday school instruction, and discover a laudable interest on the part of the teachers in Middlesex county.

Among the books which we have received too late to notice in the present number of the Examiner are the "Mirror of Nature, a Book of Instruction and Entertainment, translated from the German of E. H. Schubert, by William H. Furness," and "Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, jr." (of Portsmouth, N. H.), with a "Memoir by A. P. Peabody." A volume of Sermons of the late Dr. Brazer is now in the press.

A Discourse delivered before the First Congregational Society, Sunday, October 8, 1848. By JAMES H. PERKINS. Cincinnati. 1848. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Christian Church and Social Reform. A Discourse delivered before the Religious Union of Associationists. By WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.

Christianity in History. A Discourse addressed to the Alumni of Yale College, in their Annual Meeting, August 16, 1848. By LEONARD BACON, of the Class of 1820. New Haven. 1848. 8vo. pp. 31.

An Address delivered before the Art-Union of Philadelphia, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, on Thursday Evening, October 12th, 1848. By WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.

THE purpose of Mr. Perkins's Discourse is to persuade the congregation which he addressed to "abandon the ground upon which

it was originally gathered," — not to renounce Unitarianism as a matter of individual belief, but "to declare to all interested, that, as a society, they abandon the Anti-Trinitarian faith as their bond of union, as the basis of their religious association: 1. because it tends to make them sectarian; 2. because it is too narrow for our day; and 3. because the time calls for societies which recognize the need of, and are willing to labor for, a social as well as an individual regeneration, trusting in the power of faith in Jesus Christ, and the influence of the holy spirit of God." As we agree with Mr. Perkins neither in regard to the wisdom of the step which he advises, nor in respect to the pertinency of the reasoning by which that advice is enforced, we are glad to learn that the society at Cincinnati decline adopting it as the basis of their action. — After some preliminary remarks, Mr. Channing proceeds to speak of "the special work allotted to Christendom to-day"; he presents "a brief historical review," which, he says, "will show us where we stand, and what humanity expects of us"; what it "commands to-day is not destruction, but construction; not revolution, but reform; not dissolution, but resurrection"; he treats of the revolutionary tendencies of our times, in relation to which we stand in the "position of judge," — of its "unitary tendencies" and the "position of prophet," of "reconciling tendencies" and the "position of mediator," and of "socialism." But this bare enumeration of some of his topics will give our readers no just idea of the discourse, which abounds in the writer's usual affluence of thought and is marked by his wonted intensity of feeling and expression. — Dr. Bacon introduces his Discourse with some felicitous allusions to the occasion; he then enters on his main topic, — the inseparable connection between the "history of Christianity" and that of "human progress," which he treats with marked ability and with as great fulness of illustration as the limits of a single address admit. Some graphic description occurs, and the whole performance bears the stamp of vigorous thought and good taste. — In Dr. Furness's instructive and beautiful Address we have, first, some account of "Art-Unions" in London and in this country, and the benefits resulting from them; this is followed by remarks illustrating the "value of the fine arts," — the "love of the beautiful" being, as the writer observes, "the central life of art"; the connection between the fine and the useful arts is touched upon, as also the connection between the arts and religion; in conclusion, a delicate and feeling tribute is paid to the memory of Mr. Carey, "a generous and devoted lover" of painting and sculpture; and the "group of Hero and Leander, a duplicate" of which has been recently received in Philadelphia, is noticed with warm expressions of admiration.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — Without any special manifestation of religious zeal, our churches appear to maintain the institutions of worship with an increasing rather than declining interest. Many of them enjoy visible prosperity, and all, we believe, internal harmony. If some are feeble, others exhibit a growing strength. The religious societies in the immediate neighbourhood of this city, particularly, are in a good condition. Among our younger ministers are men of fine gifts and a right spirit. The causes of disquiet and separation, which have resulted in the removal of so many ministers within the last few years, are not, we apprehend, so active as they have been. A portion of our people carry their disinclination to doctrinal discussion, both in and out of the pulpit, beyond the bounds of a just regard to truth or charity; and but few discover that warmth or earnestness of the religious life which is not less essential to the stability of a denomination than to the welfare of an individual; but we doubt not that direct, strong, fervent preaching, united with faithful (and by faithful we mean both abundant and spiritual) pastoral intercourse, would be accepted as a response to wants of which the people are conscious, and would secure a large return for the labor bestowed. Of such preaching and such intercourse many examples may be found among us. Let there be more. Let all our ministers preach as if they felt the unutterable majesty, beauty, and authority of the truths which they deliver, with man's need of those truths for his proper enjoyment of life here and his preparation for a life to come; let them use their opportunities of close approach to the conscience and heart in private communication as if they understood at once the privilege and the responsibility of holding a relation which gives them such opportunities; and the result will show that we have no reason for distrusting either the acceptableness or the efficacy of the views which we entertain on religious subjects.

On looking over our record of the last year, we find that within this period we have taken notice of twelve dedications, fourteen ordinations, and twelve installations. When compared with the whole number of our religious societies, this enumeration must appear large, and indicates either great readiness on the part of our people to provide themselves with regular religious services, or singular ease in transferring their affections from one spiritual teacher to another, or, perhaps, — both.

Rev. Dr. Abbot of Peterboro', N. H., who some time since retired from the pulpit on account of his bodily infirmities, has, upon the settlement of another minister, relinquished his pastoral relation to the people. — The connection of Rev. Dr. Dewey with the "Church of the Messiah" in New York has been dissolved, from his inability to take the whole charge of the pulpit. — Rev. Mr. Fisher having resigned his office as minister of the Irish Protestant congregation in this city, religious services have been suspended, and the society will probably cease to exist. —

Rev. Mr. Perkins of Cincinnati has resigned his care of the pulpit of the First Unitarian society in that city. — Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield will close his ministry in that place on the 1st of February. — Rev. Mr. Stetson, formerly of Medford, has become the pastor of the church in South Scituate. — Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre will preach to the Unitarian society in Lincoln through the winter. — Mr. N. O. Chaffee, from the Meadville Theological School, has taken charge of the pulpit at Montague for one year. — Mr. G. G. Channing of Boston has renewed his connection with the people at Mendon for another year. — Mr. D. W. Stevens, of the class last graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted an engagement to preach at Somerville for six months.

Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America. — The Annual Report of the Select Committee of this Society, presented November 2, 1848, contains copious extracts from the correspondence of the missionaries employed in its service. "At no period within the remembrance of the Committee, or, they believe, since the commencement of the Society, have its operations been more varied or extended than during the past year." The whole amount of funds at the present time, the income of which is devoted to the furtherance of the objects of the Society, exceeds \$ 51,000, having, "by skilful management and a late munificent bequest," increased within the last four years nearly \$ 14,000. The charter limits the number of members to fifty; the present number is forty-five, — Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. William J. Buddington of Charlestown, having being chosen at the late meeting in place of Hon. Samuel Hubbard and Rev. John Codman, who died the last year. The missionaries now "in the employment of the Society" are Rev. W. G. Eliot, — St. Louis, and destitute vicinity, Mo.; Rev. Mordecai De Lange, — Quincy, etc., Ill.; Rev. A. H. Conant, — Geneva, etc., Ill.; Rev. G. W. Woodward, — Galena, etc., Ill.; Rev. W. T. Huntington, — Milwaukee, etc., Wis.; Rev. T. C. Adam, — Manchester, etc., Mich.; Rev. Henry Emmons, — Vernon, etc., N. Y.; Rev. E. T. Gerry, — Standish, etc., Me.; Rev. Addison Brown, and Rev. A. M. Bridge, — Vernon, etc., Vt.; Rev. L. D. Blodget, — Isle of Shoals, N. H.; Rev. Abraham Plumer, — Island of Matinicus, Me.; Rev. Phineas Fish, — Indians of Marshpee and Herring Pond, Mass.

Dedications. — The Second Congregational Society in MARSHFIELD, Mass., having remodelled their meeting-house, it was dedicated anew by religious services October 24, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Marshfield, from Genesis xxviii. 17; the Dedicatory Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Moore of Duxbury, Bradford of Bridgewater, and Smith of Pembroke.

The meeting-house erected by the First Congregational Society in BROOKLINE, Mass., in place of one which they had found inconvenient for the purposes of public worship, was dedicated December 1, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Knapp of Brookline, from 1 Chronicles xvi. 29, and 1 Corinthians iii. 16; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline; and the other ser-

vices were conducted by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, and Messrs. Hill of Waltham, and Reynolds of Roxbury.

The meeting-house erected by the First Unitarian Society in UPTON, Mass., was dedicated December 14, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Tenney of Upton, from Matthew v. 17; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Willson of Grafton, Stacy of Milford, and Hale of Worcester.

Ordinations and Installations. — Rev. LIBERTY BILLINGS, of Augusta, Me., a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in PETERBORO', N. H., October 25, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Boston, from John xvii. 17; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H.; the Charge, and Right Hand of Fellowship, were given by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Whitwell of Wilton, N. H.; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Whitwell, and Clarke of Jaffrey, N. H.

Rev. WILLIAM CUSHING of Hingham, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as an Evangelist, at Sherburne, Mass., October 25, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Stone of Chelmsford, from Mark xvi. 15; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Robinson of Medfield; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Richardson of Hingham; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Hubbardston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Stone of Sharon, and Hill of Hubbardston.

Rev. JAMES FRANCIS BROWN, of Quincy, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Church and Society in WEST CAMBRIDGE, Mass., November 1, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston, from Matthew vi. 6; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Appleton of Danvers; the Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge; and the other services, by Rev. Dr. Ingersol, and Rev. Mr. Muzzey, of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

Rev. JOSEPH HOBSON PHIPPS, of Weare, N. H., a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the First Parish in FRAMINGHAM, Mass., November 16, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester, from Matthew xxii. 40; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barry of Lowell; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Fox of Boston, Reynolds of Roxbury, and Dr. Allen of Northboro'.

Rev. WILLIAM ORNE WHITE, of Salem, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Unitarian Society in WEST NEWTON, Mass., November 22, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton, from 2 Corinthians iv. 18; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; the Address to the People,

by Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Hale of Worcester, Knapp of Brookline, and Hill of Waltham.

Rev. AMOS SMITH, late of Boston, was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in LEOMINSTER, Mass., on Sunday, November 26, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston, from John vi. 68; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Charge, and Address to the People, were given by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Willson of Grafton; and the other services, by Rev. Mr. Smith and Dr. Parkman.

Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, late of Charlestown, was installed as Pastor of the Hollis Street Society in BOSTON, Mass., December 6, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Dewey of New York, from Ephesians ii. 1; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; the Charge, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; the Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Chapin of New York; and the other services, by Rev. Drs. Frothingham of Boston, Ballou of Medford, and Parkman of Boston.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

University at Cambridge. — The internal state of this institution, we learn, was never better than at the present time. It is therefore the more to be regretted that President Everett's health is such as imposes on him the necessity, under advice of his physicians, of retiring from the office on which he entered with such auspices of success, and to which he has devoted himself with so conscientious and laborious a purpose. The choice of his successor by the Corporation and its confirmation by the Board of Overseers will not take place till the regular meeting of the Board, during the session of the Legislature which will commence on the first Wednesday in this month.

From the Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University recently published, it appears that the number of Theological Students is 19; Law Students, 103; Students attending Medical Lectures, 139; Special Students, etc., in Scientific School, 16; Resident Graduates, 6; Undergraduates, — Seniors, 75, — Juniors, 58, — Sophomores, 68, — Freshmen, 72; total, 556. The present members of the Corporation are Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Lemuel Shaw, Charles G. Loring, Esq., Rev. James Walker, D. D., John A. Lowell, Esq., Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., and Hon. Samuel A. Eliot. The number of persons engaged in instruction in the different departments of the University is thirty-two. The President, Librarian, and Assistant Librarian, Director of the Observatory, and Assistant Observer, four Proctors, and three Professors bearing the title of *Emeritus*, make the whole number of "Officers of Instruction and Government" to be forty-four. Two vacancies remain to be filled. The Public Library of the College includes 54,500 volumes; to which, if the Libraries of the Theological, Medical, and Law Schools be added, the whole number of books belonging to the University will be 71,700. The necessary expenses of an undergraduate, "included in the College bills," are estimated at two hundred dollars a year. Fourteen hundred dollars, the income of various bequests

and donations, are distributed annually, "in sums ranging from twenty to sixty dollars," to "deserving Students in narrow circumstances"; besides which, the interest of a Loan Fund, now amounting to about one thousand dollars, "is annually distributed to meritorious students desirous of receiving it, in sums ranging from twenty to eighty dollars."

From the Triennial Catalogue published this year, we learn that the whole number of persons graduated at Cambridge is 6,131, of whom 2,088 are now living. Of these graduates, 1,489, or nearly one fourth, have afterwards entered the ministry, 319 of whom are living.

A note to the Annual Catalogue refers to a very common error, and corrects it by the information which it gives:—

"'Harvard College' is the name given to the institution by the Charter of 1650, which still remains unaltered and in force. The legal style of the Corporation is 'The President and Fellows of Harvard College,' and their rights and privileges are confirmed to them under that name by the Constitution of the Commonwealth. The chapter of the Constitution in which this is done is entitled, 'The University at Cambridge and Encouragement of Literature, etc.,' and in its first section Harvard College is spoken of as 'the said University.' The name of 'Harvard University' prevails extensively; more so, perhaps, than either of the other designations. But 'Harvard College' and 'The University at Cambridge' are the only names known to the Charter, to the Constitution, and (it is believed) to the legislation of the Commonwealth."

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER MACKINTOSH died at Cambridge, Mass., July 28, 1848, aged 60 years.

Mr. Mackintosh was a native of Boston, and spent his life in laborious usefulness within the city of his birth. Educated at the public schools, he engaged in business at an early age, but met with disappointment and reverse that induced him to quit mercantile pursuit, and qualify himself to become a teacher. In 1822 he was placed at the head of the writing and mathematical department of the Hancock School, where he remained till his death, a conscientious and successful instructor, by his faithfulness securing alike the love of his pupils and the confidence of those who have the oversight of our public schools, as was shown in twenty-five successive elections to the responsible office which he held. Mr. Mackintosh was a religious man in his convictions and his habits. At the age of twenty-seven, he connected himself with the Second church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and in 1824, during the ministry of Mr. Ware, was chosen deacon. By Mr. Ware he was highly esteemed as a friend and parishioner, as in everything relating to the prosperity of the church, and the interests of religion generally, he took a deep interest. Some years ago he removed his residence to Cambridge, and upon the formation of the Lee Street church, in which he took a part, was chosen one of the deacons, acting, also, as superintendent of the Sunday school. Of an ardent temperament, his benevolence was yet governed by judgment, and his life controlled by principle. In his various domestic and social relations he fulfilled the law of love. Possessing a strong faith and a patient trust, he bore a protracted illness with perfect submission, and died in the beauty of a Christian departure.

MR. ISRAEL ALDEN PUTNAM died at Danvers, Mass., October 31, 1848, aged 27 years.

The death of Mr. Putnam struck us all with surprise. He was so full of health, so instinct with life, so earnest in hope and fervent in faith, that we could hardly credit the report that he had been smitten down upon the threshold of professional life. He was ill but ten days, of a malignant disease, by which others of the same household were also dangerously affected.

He was born in Danvers. His early life was marked by a thirst for knowledge which prompted him to surmount serious difficulties and the dissuaves of revered friends, that he might devote his life to truth and holiness. He entered Dartmouth College in 1844, with the settled purpose of spending his strength for the cause of Christ; but circumstances which he could not control obliged him to abandon the hope of a collegiate education almost as soon as it began to be realized. After one college term, he connected himself with the Cambridge Divinity School, passed honorably through its whole course, and when he entered upon those duties at first so unworthily and feebly discharged by all, his services were acceptable, wherever rendered. Engagements pressed upon him, and the new society at Winchendon, which he had done much to gather, desired that he should become their minister, and were ready to erect at once a suitable house of worship. But Providence did not will that it should be so. In the midst of successful activity, and on a day of earnest pulpit-labor, he was seized with the malady which terminated his life.

What struck us most in Mr. Putnam's character was its singular disinterestedness. He never asked of any service which he was desired to render, if it were to many or few, in a school-house or a crowded city church, for little compensation or much. He conceived that the minister ought to present an example of self-sacrifice; and he gave that example. His really superior abilities would have been as cheerfully put forth in the Western log-hut as in the Gothic cathedral. He seemed to prefer to begin with "taking the lowest room," and, while capable of the largest sphere, he chose that which was least coveted, because it was the least, and which, under his profitable ministry, would have soon risen into consequence. But the root of our friend's disinterestedness was his earnest, unaffected piety, his growing spirituality, his constant thought of consecration to doing good. He did not contemplate the ministry as a means of comfortable maintenance, or as an avenue to distinction, and cared little for the formal respect attending upon it as a profession. He wished to be loved for his "work's sake," to live in and for the Church of Christ, to build up the living temple of God's spirit at least in renewed hearts, if not outwardly in flourishing institutions. Hence, short as his professional course was, it has not failed, and it cannot be forgotten. It lives in those for whom he labored, and it lives with us who witnessed his labors. By the smoke of such sacrifice, to adopt Goethe's thought, we are warmed. By his willingness to toil the sluggard-heart is rebuked, as by his generosity the selfish thought is dispelled and the worldly motive changed. Would that we, would that every Protestant ministry, had many such martyr-missionaries! H—d.

*** We have added eight pages, in the present instance, to the usual size of our numbers.

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